REAL WEST

50¢ NOV. 1972
A CHARLTON
PUBLICATION
CDC 00174

TRUE TALES
OF THE
AMERICAN
FRONTIER

the MAGNIFICENT SIOUX

CHIEF
HIGH
HAWK

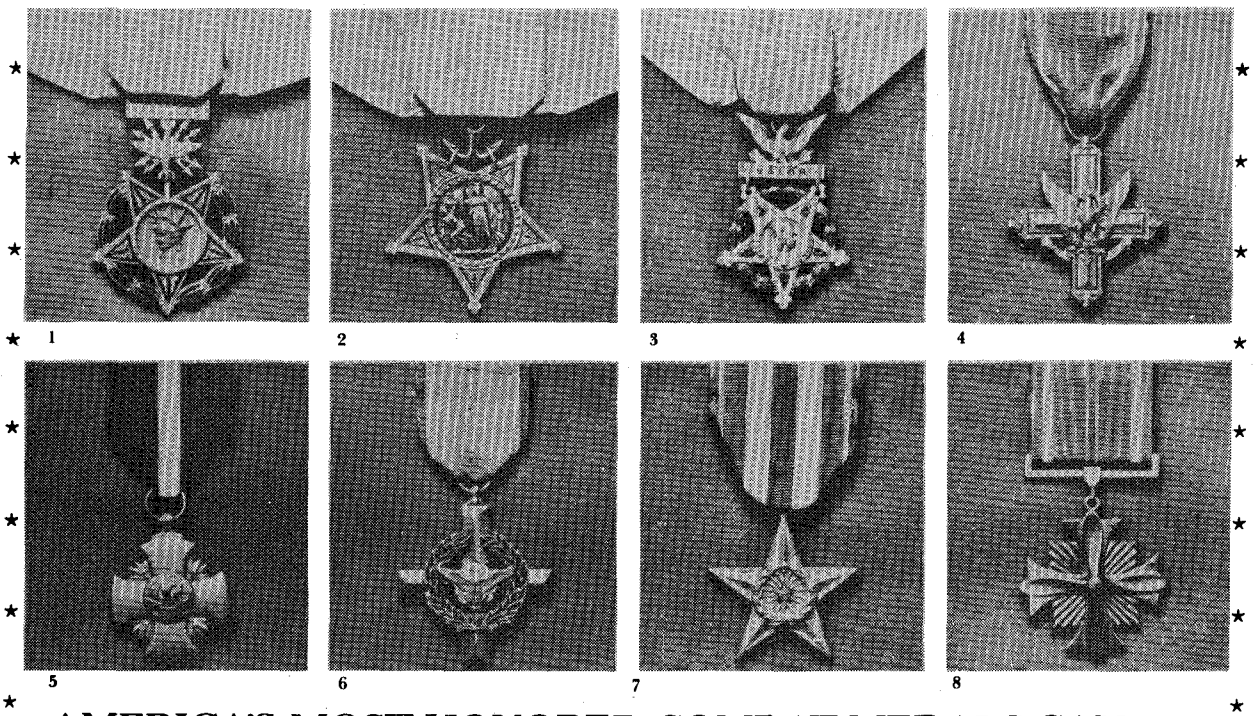
WOUNDED
BEAR

Jack McCall
FRONTIER
ENIGMA

Killer of
J. B. HICKOCK

REAL WEST MAGAZINE
00174

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AMERICA'S MOST HONORED COMBAT MEDALS CAN NOW BE DISPLAYED IN YOUR HOME OR OFFICE

1. Congressional Medal of Honor, Air Force
2. Congressional Medal of Honor, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard
3. Congressional Medal of Honor, Army
4. Distinguished Service Cross, Army
5. The Navy Cross, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard
6. The Air Force Cross, Air Force
7. The Silver Star
8. The Distinguished Flying Cross

These medals are a proud nation's homage to its greatest heroes. Displayed on your wall, they show how you feel about America and patriotism. In beautiful plaque form, they add to the appearance of any room or office. By displaying them you honor the brave men who faced the enemy with dauntless courage on a hundred battlefields.

Our unique casting process makes these extraordinary wall plaques more like sculptures than mere wall hangings. They are thrilling and lifelike, due to their high relief and three dimensional appearance. They stand out-every detail of the fine art work, every shade of color highly visible. The details are so fine that you could enjoy their beauty with your eyes closed-just by running your fingers over them. Jewellers call three dimensional work in precious metals, such as gold and silver, raising. Thanks to a recent technological breakthrough, this same technique is used in the careful manufacture of these unique wall plaques. America's finest artists were commissioned by our government to design these medals. Your wall plaques will reflect the ageless beauty and the heroic spirit of the original designs. They are manufactured in this country of the finest materials carefully chosen to accent the beauty of the plaques and to guarantee their durability.

YOU WILL RECEIVE

1. 8 magnificent wall plaques, each 8½x11"
2. Free thrilling history of each medal.
3. Free professional decorators guide.
4. Hanging kit, everything included.

WHAT MAKES THESE WALL PLAQUES UNIQUE

A. Sculptured lithography, three dimensional high relief.

B. Bordered in real gold.

C. Exquisitely lithographed in the original five colors.

D. Over-size, each 8½x11".

E. Highly durable.

F. Designed to last for years.

G. Made in America.

H. In seconds you can move them any place you want and never damage your wall again.

I. These beautiful wall plaques are coated with a special space age material which guarantees they will always remain in mint condition.

CONTEMPORARY HERITAGE
Dept. 14835
1044 Northern Blvd., Roslyn, N.Y. 11576

Gentlemen,

Enclosed you will find full payment for the selections checked below:

A ☐ *The complete medal collection* of 8 wall plaques, only $9.95.
(a savings of over 6.00 with postage and handling included)

B ☐ *Send me the following individual wall plaques*, $2.00 each.
(please circle your choice and add 25¢ ea. for postage/handling)
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

name (please print)

address

city, state, zip

Satisfaction guaranteed or your full purchase price refunded.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution • **417 S. Dearborn Street, Dept. 83-034 , Chicago, Illinois 60605**

Please send me, without cost or obligation, FREE booklet and full information on the field I have checked below:

ACCOUNTING*
- ☐ Complete Accounting
- ☐ Income Tax
- ☐ CPA Training
- ☐ Bookkeeping

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT*
- ☐ Management Training

REAL ESTATE*
- ☐ Complete Real Estate
- ☐ Real Estate Brokerage

TRAFFIC & TRANSPORTATION*
- ☐ Complete Training

STENOTYPE
- ☐ Machine Shorthand

LANGUAGE INSTRUCTION
- ☐ French ☐ Spanish

COMPUTER PROGRAMMING*
- ☐ Basic Training

DRAFTING*
- ☐ Complete Training

DIESEL MECHANICS*
- ☐ Basic Training

AIR CONDITIONING & REFRIGERATION*
- ☐ Basic Training

INTERIOR DECORATING*
- ☐ Complete Training

DENTAL OFFICE ASSISTANT*
- ☐ Complete Training

ART TRAINING
- ☐ Complete Training*
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Oil, Water Color

LAW COURSES
- ☐ Bachelor of Laws Degree*
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Insurance Law*
- ☐ Claim Adjusting Law*
- ☐ Law for Police Officers*

No state accepts any law home study course, including LaSalle's, as sufficient education to qualify for admission to practice law.

MOTEL/HOTEL MANAGEMENT*
- ☐ Motel Management
- ☐ Hotel Management

RESTAURANT MANAGEMENT*
- ☐ Management Training

WRITING
- ☐ Non-Fiction ☐ Fiction

MUSIC INSTRUCTION
- ☐ Piano ☐ Guitar ☐ Other

HIGH SCHOOL*
- ☐ High School Diploma

Mr.
Mrs. ..... Age....
Miss *(Circle title and please print)*

Address ..... Apt. No.....

City & State ..... Zip 3

O4D *APPROVED FOR VETERANS TRAINING

© 1972 LaSalle Extension University

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS COUPON BEFORE?

It has helped to start many men and women on the road to higher pay. Just looking at it won't get you anything . . . but putting it in the mail may change your whole future!

The LaSalle coupon is one of the most often-seen coupons in America. To many of those who have already mailed it, it has proved a first step to opportunity and good fortune. Isn't it time that *you* sent it on its way – and set in motion a practical program for your *own* success?

Right now, ambitious men and women in many walks of life are preparing for new careers with the help of LaSalle spare-time training. If your goals are bigger pay and more frequent promotion, you owe it to yourself to find out without delay, what LaSalle home study can do for you.

LaSalle offers you many choices. Regardless of your previous experience, your choice of study is wide. LaSalle gives you modern, comprehensive instruction in many well-paid, fast-growing fields where there is a continuing demand for trained personnel.

You learn at home; lessons come to you by mail. You are a class of one; you choose your own study hours, set your own pace.

For more than sixty years, LaSalle has been a leader in home study. It has a large staff of experienced instructors. That is why your training is in good hands; why a LaSalle diploma is a respected credential. The cost of training is low.

You should act now. The broadened opportunities resulting from LaSalle home study may make a big difference in your future. One student reports: "I received a $2,000 yearly increase since enrollment with LaSalle. My regret is that I didn't enroll before." Many letters like this come to LaSalle. Why not get full information right now on the field that interests you? Mail the coupon to LaSalle, 417 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL WEST

Volume XV
Number 109
Nov., 1972

The Brand of Quality

Executive Editor/Salvatore Gentile
Managing Editor/Edward T. LeBlanc
Gun Editor/Major R. O. Ackerman
Treasure Editor/E. S. LeGaye
Art Director/Madelyn Fisher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE EARLY WEST
By Doris Cerveri

●

NEVADA'S FIRST INDIAN BATTLE
By Richard F. Taylor

●

GOLD ADVENTURERS IN IDAHO
By Clarence M. Fink

●

A LEGEND NAMED BLACK JACK
By A. J. Simmonds

●

CORPORAL GARDNER'S PRONGHORN
By George Hart

●

ROCKY MOUNTAIN COWBOY
By Maurice Kildare

●

WE PICKED THE TAILINGS
By Harriett Farnsworth

●

FRED HARMAN, WESTERN COWBOY ARTIST
By Mario A. DeMarco

●

COLONEL JACK HAYS OF THE TEXAS RANGERS
By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

●

THE PROSPECTOR'S TRAVELING COMPANION
By Cy Martin

●

FIREHOUSE LILLIE OF SAN FRANCISCO
By Clarence M. Fink

●

UTE RAID AT LITTLE NAVAJO
By Maurice Kildare

●

TRUE REAL WEST ADVENTURES

8/A Western Tale of Two Cities
by Stephanie C. Shulsinger

12/Lady Sourdough: A Woman Who Dared
by Harriet Farnsworth

16/The Magnificent Sioux
by Ronald J. Morgan

18/Jack McCall, Frontier Enigma
by George Hart

24/Real West's Movie Hall of Fame - Bob Steele
by Mario DeMarco

26/Colorado's Guerrilla Loot
by Maurice Kildare

30/Thomas Tibbles, Champion of Indian Rights
by Samuel Stanley

32/Four Dead In Ten Seconds
by Leon C. Metz

38/Samplers, A Lost Art
by Doris Cerveri

42/Who Was Dick Wick Hall?
by Sam Bloom

46/Chinaman's Chance
by A. J. Simmonds

50/"The Dirtiest, Meanest City This Side of Hell"
by Clarence M. Fink

52/Will Croft Barnes: Horatio Alger of Arizona
by Clarence M. Fink

SPECIAL FEATURES

35/The American Indian - Indian Households
36/Real West Pictorial

DEPARTMENTS

6/Mail Roundup
57/Ask Your Questions
68/Bunkhouse Bookshelf
70/Editor's Corral

REAL WEST published monthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. Division St., Derby, Connecticut 06418. Vol. XV, No. 109, Nov., 1972. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Derby, Connecticut. Second Class Postage Paid at Derby, Conn.

©Copyright 1972. Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

Executive offices and office of publication, Division St. Derby, Connecticut 06418. Subscription $5.00 per year. Subscription Manager: Ida Cascio. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. All material must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Printed in the USA. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long will it take me to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To receive a free copy of the 32-page booklet, HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, Dept.* 840-02 *555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 840-02 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____

If 18 or under, check here for special booklet. ☐

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

INTERESTED IN SANTIAGO, LOWER CALIFORNIA

Dear Sir:

I wish I could find some people over 70 who remember Santiago, Lower California or of a ship called PELATOS that called there. I also would like to correspond with any person who knew or knows the Easthope family. (Elizabeth Easthope married Robert Jennings in 1896). Also with any persons with any information regarding my relations who left to go to San Francisco. My father was a Mexican who came to Australia in 1917. He died in 1941. His name was John Jennings and he was with the merchant marine.

Thank you,

Mary Jennings
23 Vincent Road
Morwell 3840
Victoria, Australia

CALIFORNIA JOE

Dear Sirs:

In your column, Ask Your Questions, a man, B. Wade of Poughkeepsie, New York asks the question, "Who Was California Joe?" Your answer is partly correct. As he was my grandfather's cousin and I have done a lot of research on him, I will give you the information I have. The name is correct and he lived in either Oregon or Washington. His descendants still do. I corresponded with one of them some years ago, but have forgotten the place. Joe was the scout that located the Cheyenne winter camp on the upper reaches of the Washita River in western Oklahoma. Custer and his men rode in there in the snow and completely destroyed it killing a large number of men and some women. A large number of women and children were taken north to Hayes, Kansas. All this caused the Cheyennes and Sioux to hate Custer so bad that when they caught him at the Little Big Horn they wiped him out as you know.

Now California Joe was supposed to be with him at this battle and would have been, but he had been kicked in the belly by a mean mule and was laid up in bed in Deadwood, Dakota Territory. This was at the time his good friend and pal, Wild Bill Hickok was shot in the back by Jack McCall. When Jack was cleared in his first fake trial, Joe made some rather dirty remarks about Jack and his bunch. As you know Jack was later tried, convicted and hanged. But it was one of his bunch that shortly after in Ft. Robison, Nebraska, which is just over the state line, shot Joe in the back. He is buried there, and a small stone marks his burial site. I have a picture of it.

Respectfully yours,

C. Milton Milner,
Box 852,
Ardmore, Oklahoma

THE TWO SAN DIEGOS IN MICHIGAN??

Dear Sir:

The article in your June issue on the two San Diegos was very interesting, as it happened the same way here. Our city fathers went to our neighbor town of Iron River and got their city fathers drunk and into a poker game and then stole the courthouse papers. The Iron River men came to Crystal in strength with deer rifles, but were met with an almost equal number of men, so they decided to have a vote. Crystal Falls had thirty lumber camps with as many as 300 men. They were given plenty of booze and urged to vote for Crystal Falls. Also the dead people voted. Iron River did the same thing, but Crystal Falls won. They built a fine courthouse on *their* hill. This happened in 1892 and the fight still goes on. Just mention the courthouse in this neck of the woods and you can get a good argument started. People bury the hatchet with the handle up, so they can grab it quick and start the fight all over again.

Yours truly,

Eino A. Nelson,
Rt. 1 Box 154,
Crystal Falls, Mich. 49920

CORRECTS SPELLING ERROR

Dear Real West:

Please accept this note as a minor correction for the spelling of the name of the three sisters referred to by Nono Minor in your June 1972 issue. The spelling is *Grant*. There was a lengthy article concerning the sisters in a recent issue of The Navajo Times, Window Rock, Arizona. Also I would like to bring to your attention an international Hopi artist, Charles Loloma who has had shows in Paris and New York. He resides at Hoterilla on Mesa 2 and maintains his studio there.

I am a student of western lore and Indian history and teach Navajo students on the reservation for the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Yours truly,

Bob Norvill,
Lukachukai, Arizona 86507

HARVEY LOGAN NOT SHOT IN SOUTH AMERICA

Dear Sir:

May I express my appreciation, not only of the historical content of your magazine, but of the superb cover paintings by Ed Vebell. "Real West" is now more easily obtainable here in England and I recently bought up a pile of back issues.

May I make a belated comment on Carl Breihan's account of Harvey Logan who supposedly shot himself to avoid arrest in 1903. Photos of the dead body show a sharp nose, whereas photos of Logan establish a fleshy bulbous one. In his memoirs, "Exploration Fawcett", the author Percy Harrison Fawcett, mentions several meetings with an American outlaw named "Harvey" in a South American jungle outpost. The encounters, casually mentioned by Fawcett who had probably never heard of the Wild Bunch, occurred in 1911 and 1913. The color of the hair of Fawcett's "Harvey" and the real Logan also tally. Harvey is (or was then) a sufficiently unusual name for a train robber for this reference to be given serious consideration.

Sincerely,

David Giacardi,
71 East Dulwich Road,
London, S. E. 22 England

LOOKING FOR DOROTHY MAY DUELFER

Dear Sir:

I would like to know if any of your readers would know the whereabouts of Dorothy May Duelfer or about any of her relatives. Her mother's name is Ruth, father's name, Harry. She was born in Calexico, California. Her last known whereabouts was in Seattle or Vancouver in 1942 or 1943. Please write is you have any information.

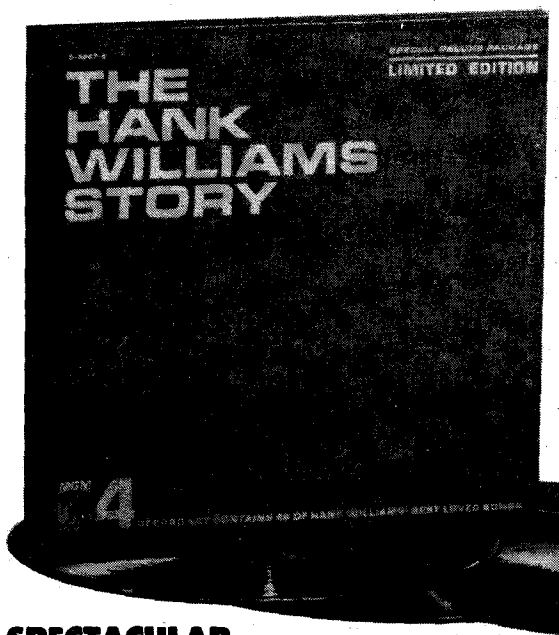
Sincerely,

Ethel May Maxwell,
General Delivery,
Valsetz, Oregon 97393 ●RW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

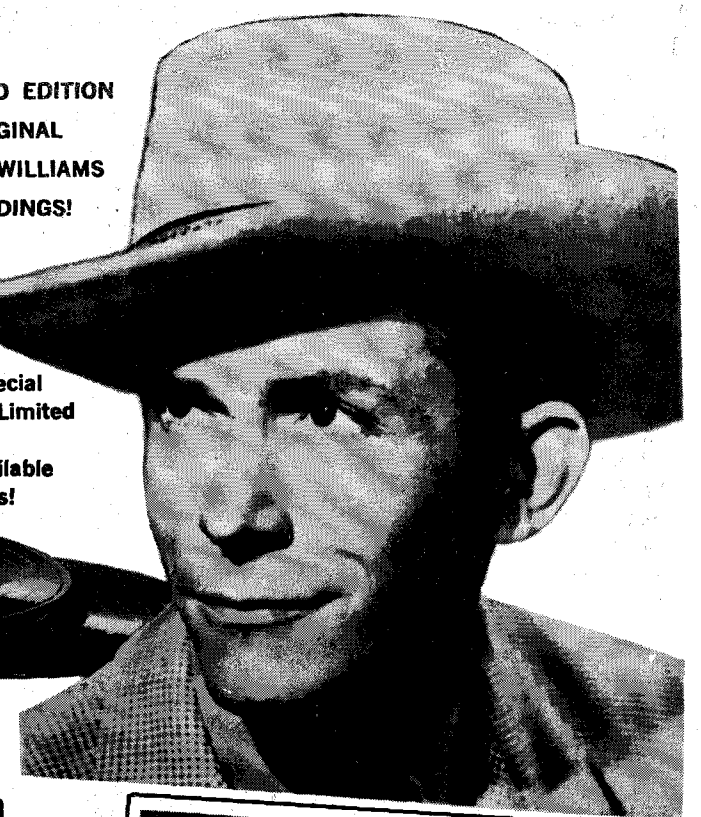
Here he is...The Immortal King of Country Music!

HANK WILLIAMS



LIMITED EDITION ... ORIGINAL HANK WILLIAMS RECORDINGS!

This Special Deluxe Limited Edition Not Available In Stores!

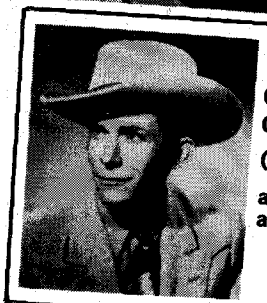


SPECTACULAR MEMORIAL ALBUM OFFER through special arrangement with MGM Merchandising Corp.

48 All-Time Sensational Hits on 4 Deluxe 12-Inch LP Records

ENJOY THEM FOR 10 DAYS FREE!

Then, if you choose to keep them, they're yours for only $5 a Month until you've paid a total of only $12.95 plus postage and handling charge!



MAIL COUPON AT ONCE & GET HANDSOME PHOTO OF HANK WILLIAMS (suitable for framing) as an EXTRA BONUS!

Hank Williams died in 1953; he was only 30 years old. He had not even reached the peak of his career, yet he was recognized as "the king of country and western music." His death was a tragedy. It meant that America had lost one of its greatest artists, for Hank Williams had brought joy and pleasure to millions . . . had truly interpreted "country and western music" so greatly that his influence is evident in many country and western artists popular today.

In memory of this unsurpassed artist, here is a wonderful Memorial Album, produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for whom Hank Williams recorded exclusively. Hear Hank Williams sing—as only he could—such haunting hits as *Cold, Cold Heart . . . Your Cheatin' Heart . . . Move It On Over . . . Hey, Good Lookin' . . . Jambalaya . . . Honky Tonkin' . . . Howlin' At The Moon . . . Lonesome Whistle . . . You're Gonna Change (Or I'm Gonna Leave) . . . A House Without Love* . . . and dozens more!

Truly a fitting memorial to Hank Williams are these four 12-inch LP records containing 48 hits! Faithfully reproducing every note and nuance of his homey, haunting delivery, these records will thrill and delight you as only Hank Williams' voice and music can.

And best of all, you can hear these records in your own home for 10 days FREE! You can sit in the comfort of your own living room while you listen to the hit songs previously mentioned . . . plus *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry . . . There'll Be No Teardrops Tonight . . . Rootie Tootie . . . Lovesick Blues* . . . and still more—most of which were Hank's own compositions.

Yes, play these fabulous records in your own home over and over, to your heart's content! Then, if for any reason you decide you don't want to keep them, return them in 10 days and owe nothing. Or if you decide to keep them (as we're quite sure you will), you need send only $5 a month until the total price of $12.95 plus postage and handling is paid.

So act promptly. SEND NO MONEY . . . but do mail the coupon today . . . so we can rush this wonderful, heart-warming 4-Record Memorial Album to you for your enjoyment . . . and 10 days FREE trial!

CURRIER/NAST ENTERPRISES, INC., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

MAIL COUPON FOR 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

CURRIER/NAST ENTERPRISES, INC.,
509 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me the deluxe 4-record Hank Williams Memorial Album. If I am not completely satisfied for any reason whatever, I may return the album within 10 days and owe absolutely nothing. If I decide to keep it, it's mine for only $5 a month until the total price of $12.95 plus postage and handling charge has been paid. And please include as an extra FREE bonus the handsome photograph of Hank Williams, suitable for framing.

☐ CHECK HERE IF YOU PREFER TO PAY THE FULL AMOUNT NOW and avoid monthly billing. Enclose check or money order for $12.95, and we'll send you just *one* statement for the small postage and handling charge, and any applicable sales tax. Same 10-day return privilege with full refund guaranteed.

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss _____
(PLEASE PRINT) FIRST NAME INITIAL LAST NAME

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

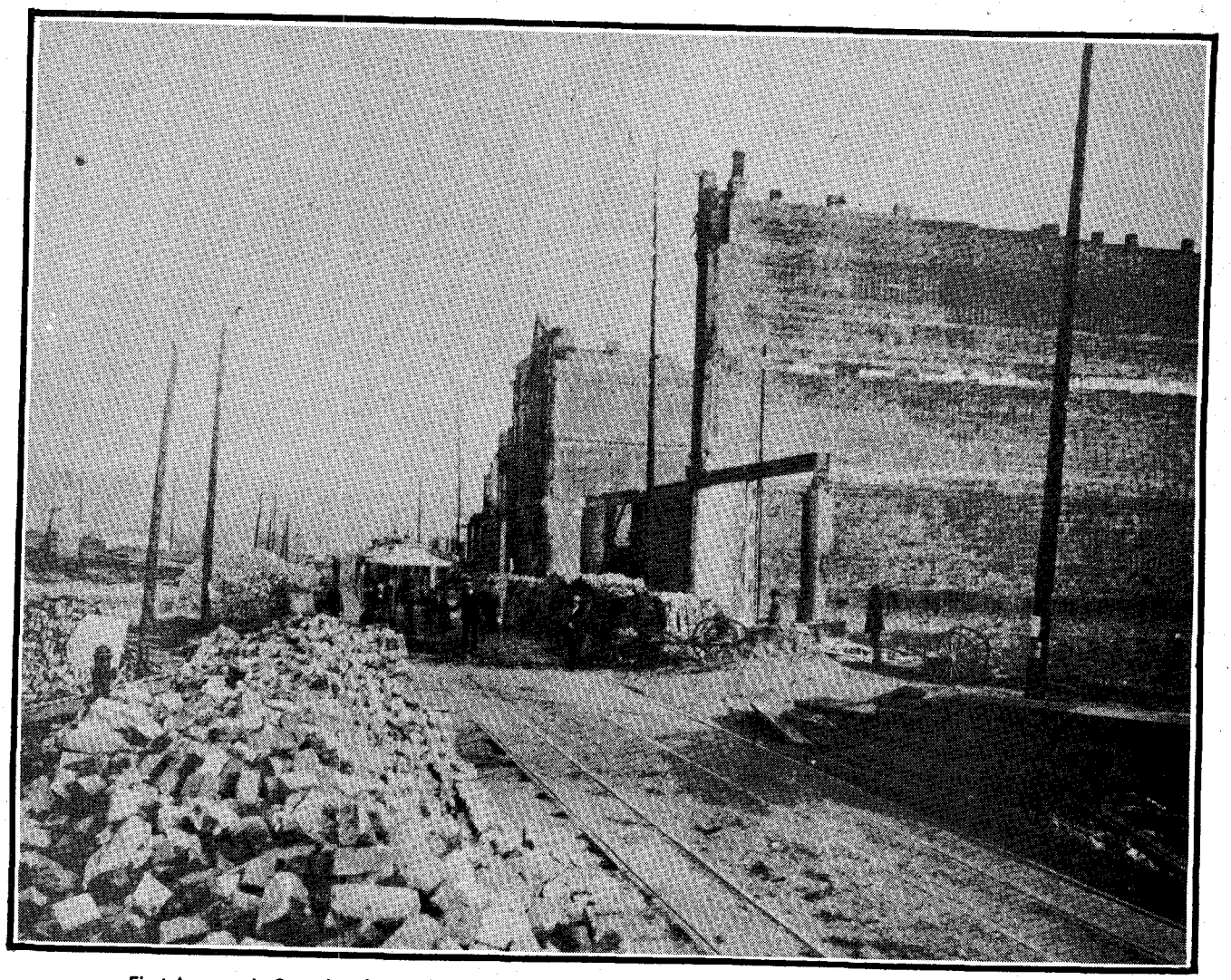
Have you a telephone?
(Please check:) ☐ Yes ☐ No DB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESTERN TALE OF TWO CITIES

By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

From the exploration of Puget Sound in 1792 to the founding of Seattle in 1851 to 1871 when the railroad had to choose between Tacoma and Seattle as a terminus on Puget Sound. The competition between these great cities has continued fiercely ever since.



Washington State Historical Society

First Avenue in Seattle after the great fire of 1889 in which most of the wooden city was consumed.

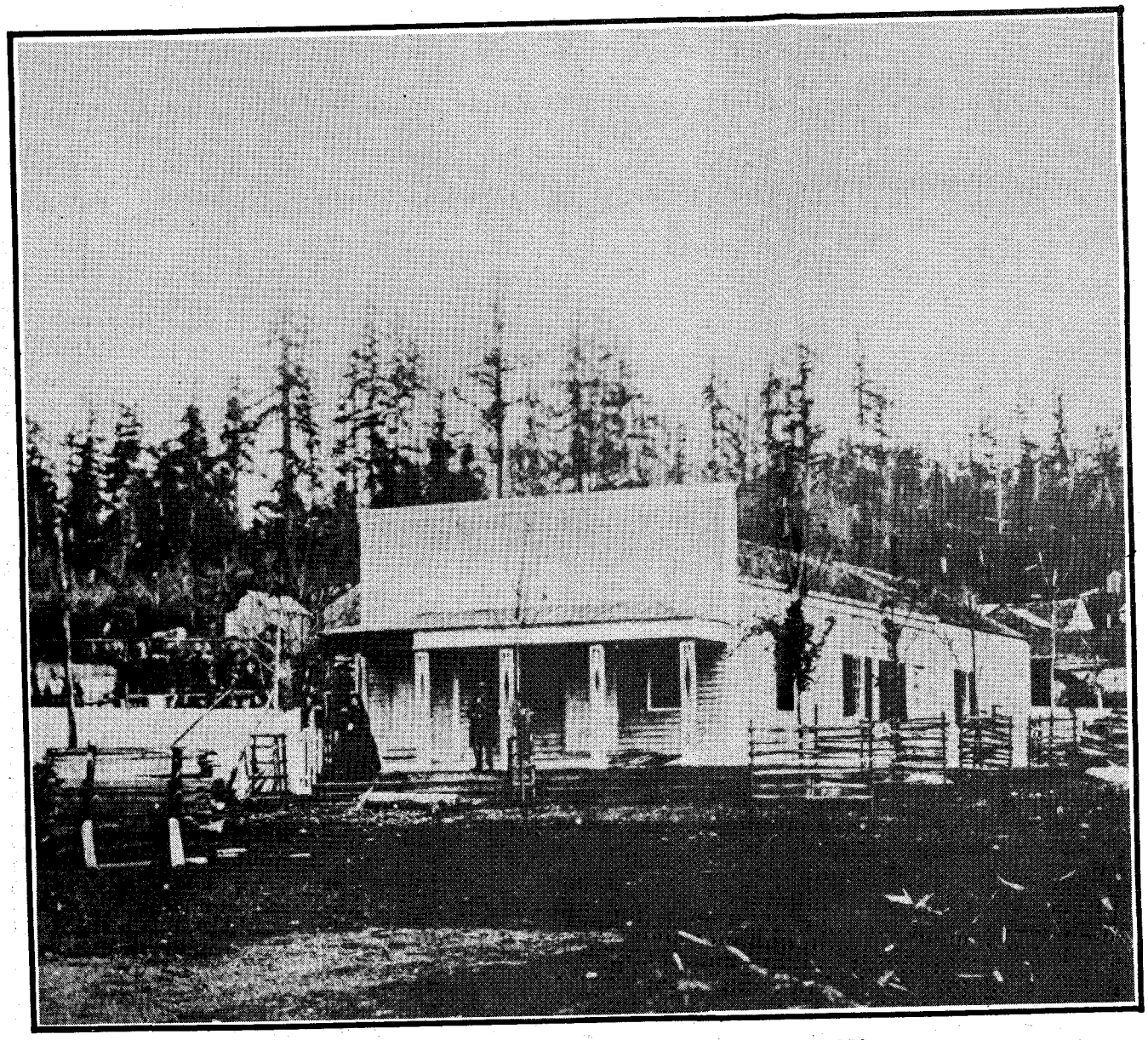
In 1844 there were only about 4,000 miles of railroad track in the United States. The locomotive had first been introduced on this side of the Atlantic in 1831, and progress in such a new and complex mode of transportation was understandably and necessarily slow.

Yet before many more years were to pass, the railroad would star in many a drama, from the Civil War to the winning of the West. One of the most colorful of these was the true story of Seattle and Tacoma, a famous rivalry which was, in many ways, a story of railroads.

It all began in 1792, when the distinguished British navigator, George Vancouver, explored and named the Puget Sound area in what is now the State of Washington. After that, more than half a century passed by before two dozen exhausted and drenched pioneers were landed on a point of land off what is now Seattle's famous harbor. It was November of 1851, and the party of 12 adults and 12 children had timed their arrival poorly weatherwise, having been unexpectedly detained along the way. There was only one roofless cabin to greet them that first night, but the next day, these tough pioneers, with family names now famous in Seattle's history—the Dennys, the Lows, the Terrys, Borens, and Bells-wasted no time building sturdy shelters for their families, including the youngest of the party, an infant only a few weeks old.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEATTLE AND TACOMA



Washington State Historical Society

Northeast corner of Front and James Streets, Seattle in 1859.

Although the Indians called the area where the town was officially established "Tzee-tzee-lal-itch," meaning "little portage," the settlers had dubbed their first landing place "New York Alki," meaning in the Chinook jargon, "New York-By and By." Right from the start, Seattle people had spirit.

From this rather bleak and unpromising beginning, the little settlement of Seattle, named for a popular local Indian chief who traded with the settlers, grew into a lively, prosperous community. By 1870 with a population of 1142 people, Seattle was the second-largest town in Washington Territory, only slightly smaller than Olympia. When there began to be talk of a Northern Pacific Railroad extension leading to a terminus somewhere on Puget Sound, Seattle people became determined to win the honor for their community.

Other towns were also in the running, of course. Olympia, as the largest in population, had many backers, and other hopefuls, some with musical Indian names were Mukilteo, Steilacoom, Anacortes, Port Townsend, Whatcom, and Tacoma.

When several of the candidates had been disqualified for various reasons, the railroad announced that Seattle, Tacoma, and Mukilteo were the three finalists. Eyebrows were raised in many places when Tacoma was included on the list, and Olympia left out. The announcement tersely explained that Olympia was disqualified "because the receding tide left its port a wide expanse of mud and mussel shells for half of every 24 hours." But no one explained what made Tacoma, then a village of only about 200 souls, a contender for [illegible] a piece of business.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seattle considered itself by far the best candidate, with the most to offer. If the railroad people were looking for a good harbor, they would find a fine one in Seattle, with first-rate docking facilities already available. And there were plenty of businessmen, ready and eager to support the railroad as a prime means of moving their goods to other markets, because Seattle already boasted timber interests, coal mines, and even a territorial university, as well as a brisk trade in fishing and other industries. The town was located advantageously on the eastern side of Puget Sound, and had a growing and enthusiastic population.

In anticipation of the railroad's final decision, properly values in all the towns under consideration, before and after the three finalists were announced, bounded up and down like the ride on a roller coaster. Every day brought a fresh supply of rumors, and investors sweated greenbacks waiting for the final decision.

At last, on July 1, 1873, the board of directors announced its choice: the western terminus of the Northern Pacific would be - Tacoma!

As astounding as it was, the selection of Tacoma seemed to be a great victory for one remarkable man, Morton Matthew McCarver. "General" McCarver, as he was usually called, had foreseen that the railroad would want plenty of cheap land to plat and sell in town lots at big profits. In fact, McCarver had turned up in Tacoma in 1868, when it was almost deserted, looking for a likely spot for a railroad to come to.

The first settler in what became the town of Tacoma had actually arrived in 1852, not long after Seattle's first settlers were dropped off at Alki Point. He was Nicholas Delin (or DeLin), a Swede, and he set to work right away building a sawmill. The next year he was joined by some members of the first emigrant train to cross the treacherous Naches Pass through the Cascade Mountain.

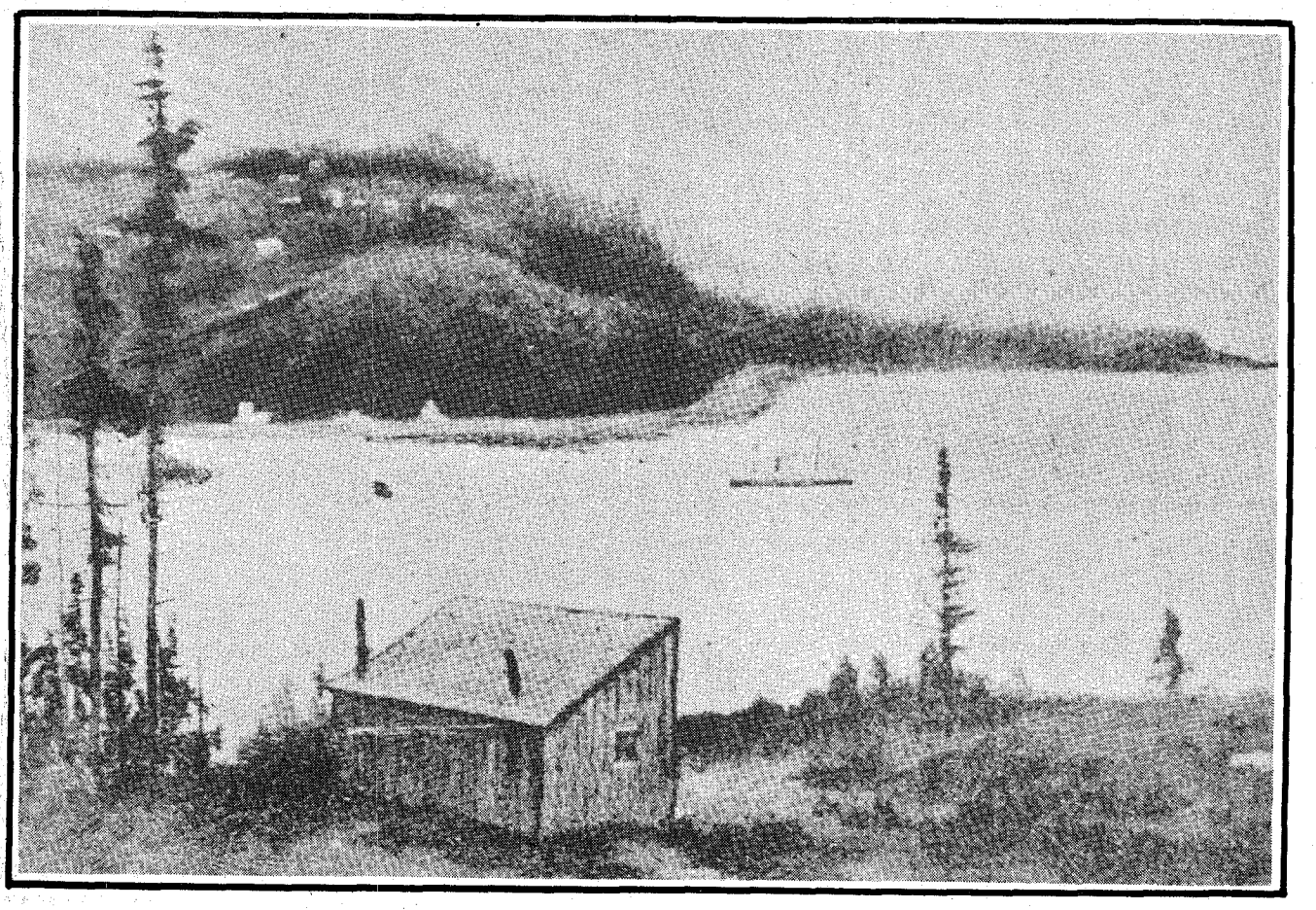
However, a serious Indian uprising broke out in 1855, and the scattering settlers deserted the unprotected area, which they called "Commencement," and the Indians called "Chebaulip." No settlers returned to the area until Job Carr took up a claim there in 1864. Then in 1868, enter M.M. McCarver, who himself had crossed the plains in a wagon train, coming west to Willamette, Oregon Territory, in 1843.

McCarver, who was always a colorful character, was born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1807, moved to Illinois, and participated in the Black Hawk War. He had claims in several places, but as a clever man of business, he knew that the railroad would eventually make it to Puget Sound. He decided to tour the area with the express purpose of investing as much as he could in property that seemed in a likely spot for such a venture.

McCarver had business partners, and he had the added advantage of having married into the family that controlled a northwestern steamship line which served the railroad. No doubt he exerted all possible influence to persuade NP officials that Tacoma, with its fine harbor and cheap land, was the ideal location for the terminus.

However, McCarver was in for an unpleasant surprise.

At first, property values soared



Washington State Historical Society

Alki Point, site of the first settlement at Seattle as it looked in 1889. The settlers named it "New York Alki" meaning in the Chinook jargon, "New York —By and By."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impressively, as people swarmed into Tacoma to get in on the action. Morton McCarver's hopes were very high, indeed, as he sold lots and bought other lands on speculation. The town he platted, the town of Tacoma, so named after an Indian word of uncertain meaning, boomed overnight.

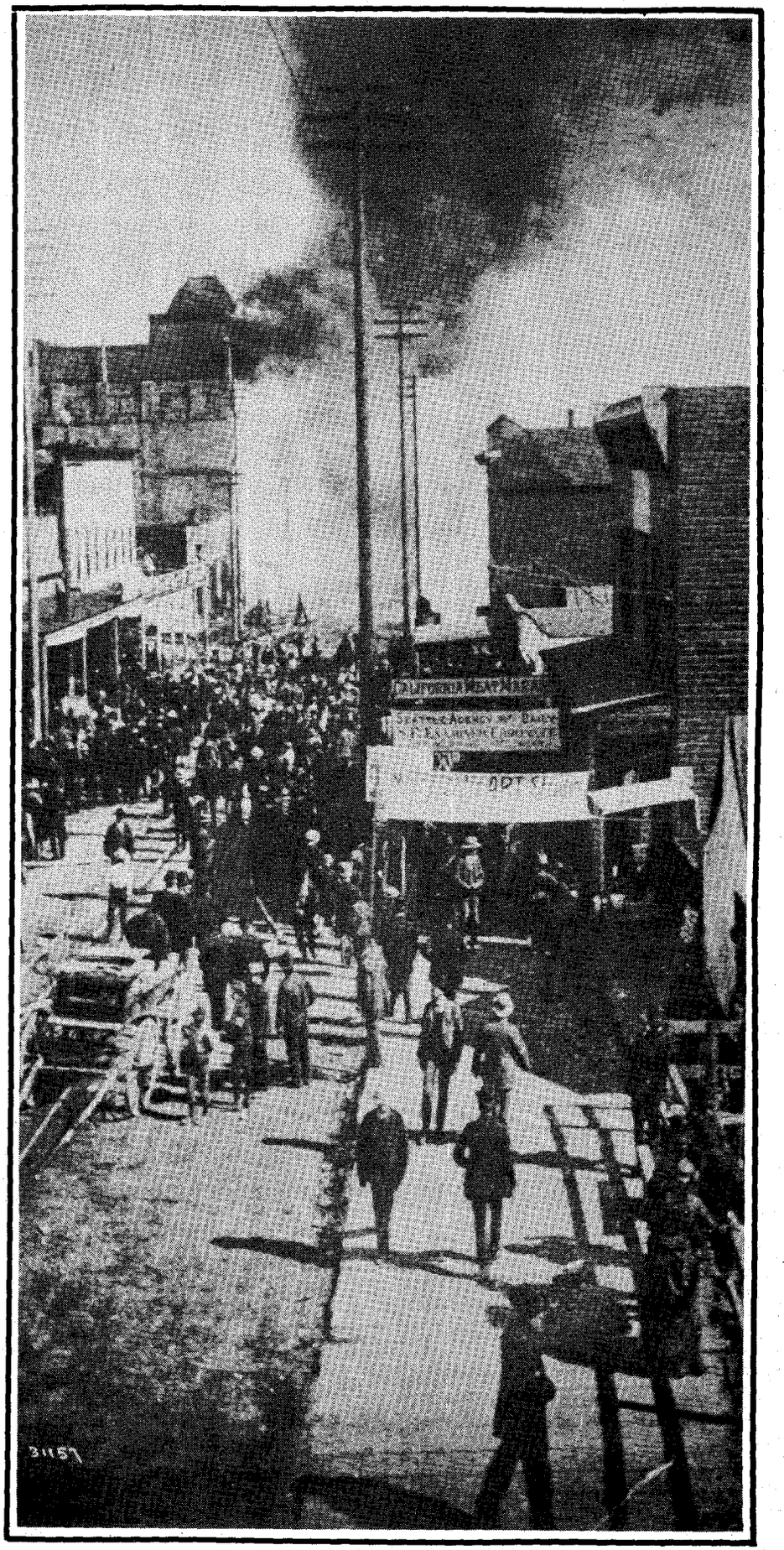
But there was a bitter disappointment in store for McCarver. Northern Pacific officials, deciding to take his advice about cheap land very seriously, platted the town of New Tacoma south of McCarver's holdings, and incorporated it under that name in 1874. McCarver was no pauper because of his dealings, but the big killing he had expected to make did not materialize.

Tacoma thus began a rivalry with itself, as the two Tacomas bitterly competed in every way. McCarver's holdings were on the waterfront, but in that land of extensive waterways, the Northern Pacific could have its own waterfront a few miles away, at a much lower price than his. Inevitably, the newer community won out, helped by Northern Pacific money. The two cities were eventually put together and officially joined as "Tacoma," in 1884. Its motto became "The City of Destiny."

At this time, Seattle had not been idle. In fact, so incensed were its citizens by the Northern Pacific's selection of Tacoma, a mere village nearly swallowed up by forests, as the railroad's terminus, that they determined to get their own railroad, one way or another. After numerous efforts to finance one failed miserably, the plucky Seattle people decided to build their railroad with their own hands, if that was the only way they could get one. At a town meeting that drew over a thousand people, plans were laid and a new company was formed, the Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad and Construction Company. Stock was sold for money land, for a railroad that was to be 300 miles long. When the money ran out, the townspeople packed their shovels and picnic lunches out to the site and started digging. Doctors, farmers, teachers, and bankers pledged to volunteer one day each week until the work was done. It was a noble effort, but it was impractical, as rains impeded the work, and more hard cash was desperately needed to finance the project.

(continued on page 74)

Washington State Historical Society



Seattle during the great fire of June 6, 1889. The scene is near Spring Street on First Avenue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LADY SOURDOUGH, A Woman Who Dared

by
Harriett Farnsworth

From the collections of the author

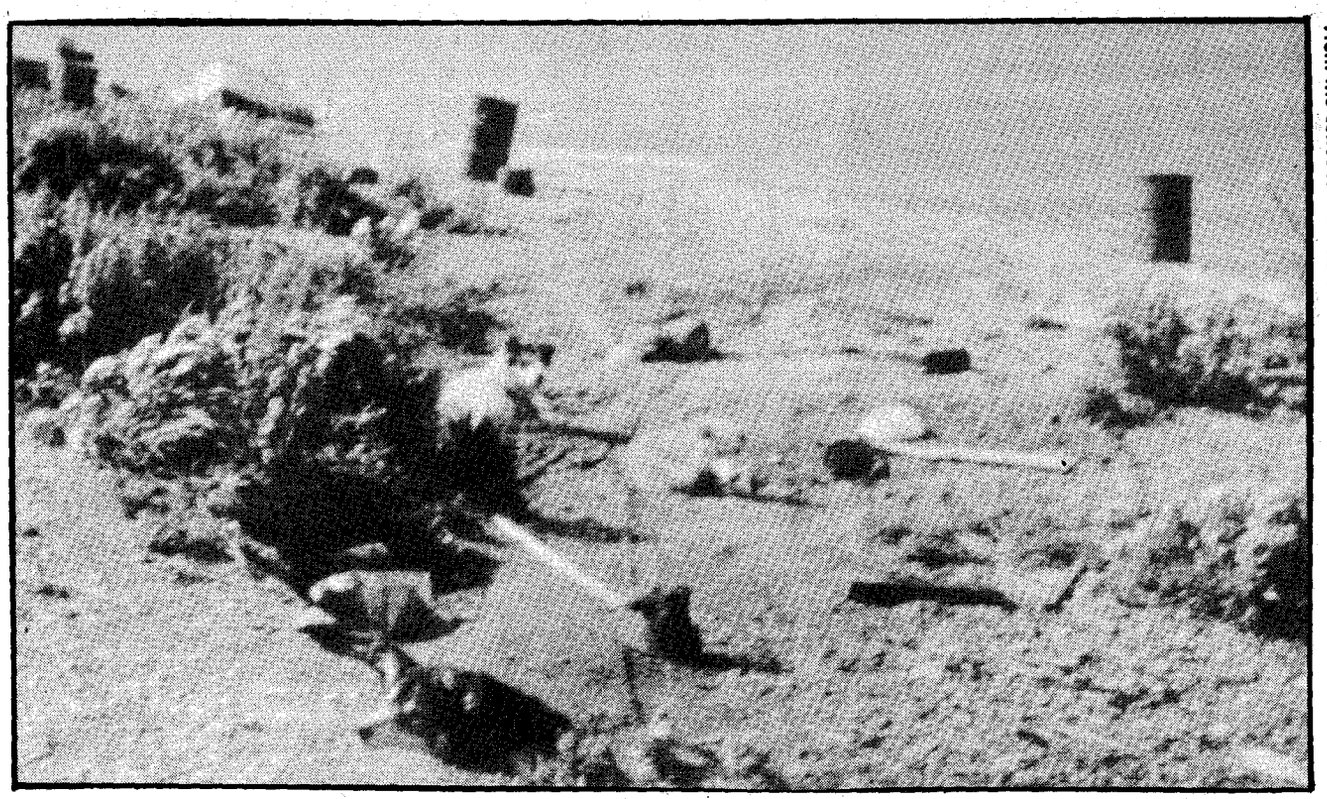
In the Spring of 1900 Frances Ella Fitz hit the Gold Dust Trail. She arrived in Nome, Alaska, at the height of the Gold Rush armed only with her typewriter and powder puff. Before she left six years later, she'd starved, panned gold, and gotten rich at a man's game!

Frances Ella Fitz, Lady Sourdough. She left New York with a contract to perform clerical work in Alaska and ended up making a fortune in mining.

In the summer of 1898, three Scandinavians—later known as the "Three Lucky Swedes"—filed gold claims on Anvil Creek that started the goldrush to Nome, Alaska. By the Spring of 1900, Nome was a wild, tightly packed beehive of desperate activity. Ten thousand men scurried madly for a few feet of space on which to pitch a tent, while mobs wallowed up and down the tundra streets, already too crowded to accommodate a tenth of its people. Men searching for lodgings sank forlornly on their baggage, boxes and crates, worn out from the searching, while pianos banged tunes in Jerry-built saloons and dancehalls; French Floes and Diamond-Tooth-Dorothys' shrilled raucous songs behind the bat-wing doors. Fights broke out. Men's voices rang out in drunken joy or blind rage. Pistol shots often brought a momentary hush to the wild song of the Frontier. Law did not exist in Nome.

In the late Spring of 1900, a slip of a girl—cultured, dainty and self-reliant, arrived in Nome. Frances Ella Fitz a New York Public Stenographer armed only with a typewriter and valise filled with the latest fashions—did not appear the type female to rough it among 10,000 gold-crazed men in a rip-roaring gold camp. But Frances Fitz, born with determination and adventure in her blood, was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From the collections of the author

Beach at Nome, Alaska from photo taken in 1957. In 1900 Lady Sourdough lived in a tent along this beach while working out a contract to do typing and bookkeeping work in Nome.

lured to Nome by tales leaving little to the imagination; such as fortunes in gold could be picked from the sand along the Bering Sea. She decided to take the chance and had come well prepared to make a lucrative livlihood until she found her pot of gold in Alaska.

Typewriters then were a new invention and a competent typist made fabulous wages in the gold camps. And, luckily, through attorney Hume in New York, who had mining interests in Nome, Frances was assured of work upon her arrival.

Eager to be on her way to that land of Great Adventure, skimp and save as she did, because of high prices and poor wages in New York, Frances always came up short of the $500 boat fare to Nome ... Until, unfortunately, she chanced to meet mild-mannered Mr. Bill Rowe, who solved that problem.

Mr. Rowe also had mining interests in Alaska; New York backers furnishing him money, supplies and heavy equipment. So when Mr. Rowe, with the pious face and persuasive voice of a minister, asked trusting Frances to sign an agreement, which would pay her fare to Nome if she would type for the Rowe Mining Company, Frances, too excited to read it, signed. Rowe, further instilling confidence, also got Frances to sign a contract, she did not read, which later she discovered bound her to his terms: A 50-50 division of all her earnings for eighteen (18) months after they reached Alaska; in return the Company would furnish her food and lodgings until termination of the contract. Frances was not then too perturbed over the deal. Everything had its price. Her goal was Alaska. Now she was there.

When the Tacoma docked at Nome, May 15, 1900, Frances, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Rowe, and several young men connected with the Company: Ed Fergusen, a medical student; Monty Marks, a salesman; Barry Keown, a New York athlete; Mr. Pratt a baker from Maine; Mr. Lang a Company attorney; Lyman Woody; Dan Wheedon; Old Man Dowe, a carpenter and electrician, were among the passengers.

A cold rain slanted down steadily as the group went ashore to face unbelievable conditions. Tents and freight jammed the beach for miles. It was difficult to find a place to walk between tents, but luckily, Rowe and the boys had brought tents and eventually Ed Fergusen found a vacated spot to peg down his pup-tent, into which Mrs. Rowe and Frances huddled, grateful for its warmth.

When the rain let up, Frances waded up and down muddy Front Street where she discovered that prices were exhorbitant. A pair of boots and sweater cost $50.00; a small bun, 50 cents each; a cabin, if one could be found, rented for $150.00 a month. But wages compensated. A typist earned $200.00 weekly; bookkeepers the same, letters with one carbon copy, $3.50 a page. Why money would be reeling in!

Next morning Mr. Rowe took Frances to his attorney's offices: Hubbard, Beam and Hume, located on the second floor of a rickety building on Front Street. When Frances offered Mr. Hubbard $50.00 a week for desk space in an empty corner of the room, if he would guarantee her ten pages of typing a day, they signed a short agreement, and, upon learning that Frances also was a bookkeeper, Mr. Hubbard turned over the Company's records, thus doubling her weekly income. Then, upon leaving the office, attorney Conway upped her income $50.00 a month just to tell people HE WASN'T IN. How lucky could she be! Frances was in business. Dividing her income, as Public Stenographer, 50-50 with Rowe wouldn't be missed. She would draw as little of her share as possible. By fall her savings would run into four figures. Why, she could think in thousands! When her contract was fulfilled, she would be on her way to the fortune she had dreamed of making in Alaska.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the collections of the author

Lady Sourdough testing one of her Ophir claims.

Frances dreamed on until, too late, she discovered through the company records that Mr. Rowe was not exactly honest. His intentions were good. But through poor judgment and planning, already over a million dollars had trickled through his fingers with little or nothing to show for it. Where had all that money come from! Why on their trip to Nome, Rowe had kept her busy compiling lists of names and typing glowing letters to potential backers for his Alaskan expedition. Rowe was born a promoter, a plunger wasting money like a madman; through his high promotional deals with strangers, the Rowe Mining Company owned so many claims it would take a million dollars to profitably start mining them. But knowing Rowe as she now did, his inborn characteristics ruled that out.

As the short Alaskan summer passed, Frances, content and absorbed in her work, learned more about contracts and Bill Rowe in particular. From miners crowding the office before freeze-up, having claims and work done on them recorded, Frances realized that mining was hard, back-breaking work in winter weather ranging from 20 to 60 below zero; in summer stumbling over and through muskeg, icy water and knee-deep mud. Yet, paradoxically, when trails dried out one choked on dust clouds. This was Alaska mining country. Hard on men. Harder on a woman. Yet thousands of gold-crazed men struggled on to Anvil, Peluk, Center, Little and creeks yet unnamed. Alaska was the land of golden promise. Fortunes lay just ahead. Gold-fever burned bright in men's eyes. They thought gold and endured.

While Frances worked fifteen to eighteen hours daily at the office, during the rush, and lived up to her contract, Rowe, aware of her excellent income, began asking for advances on account: $1,000 here, $2,000 there, thus cutting in on her 50-50 share. Then, after months of talking, Rowe decided to take Mrs. Rowe and several of the boys, some 100 miles distant, to establish relay stations from Port Safety to the main camp already named Roweburg. For this venture, he would need two boats to haul freight during the summer. He got them, The Fizzi and The Flyer.

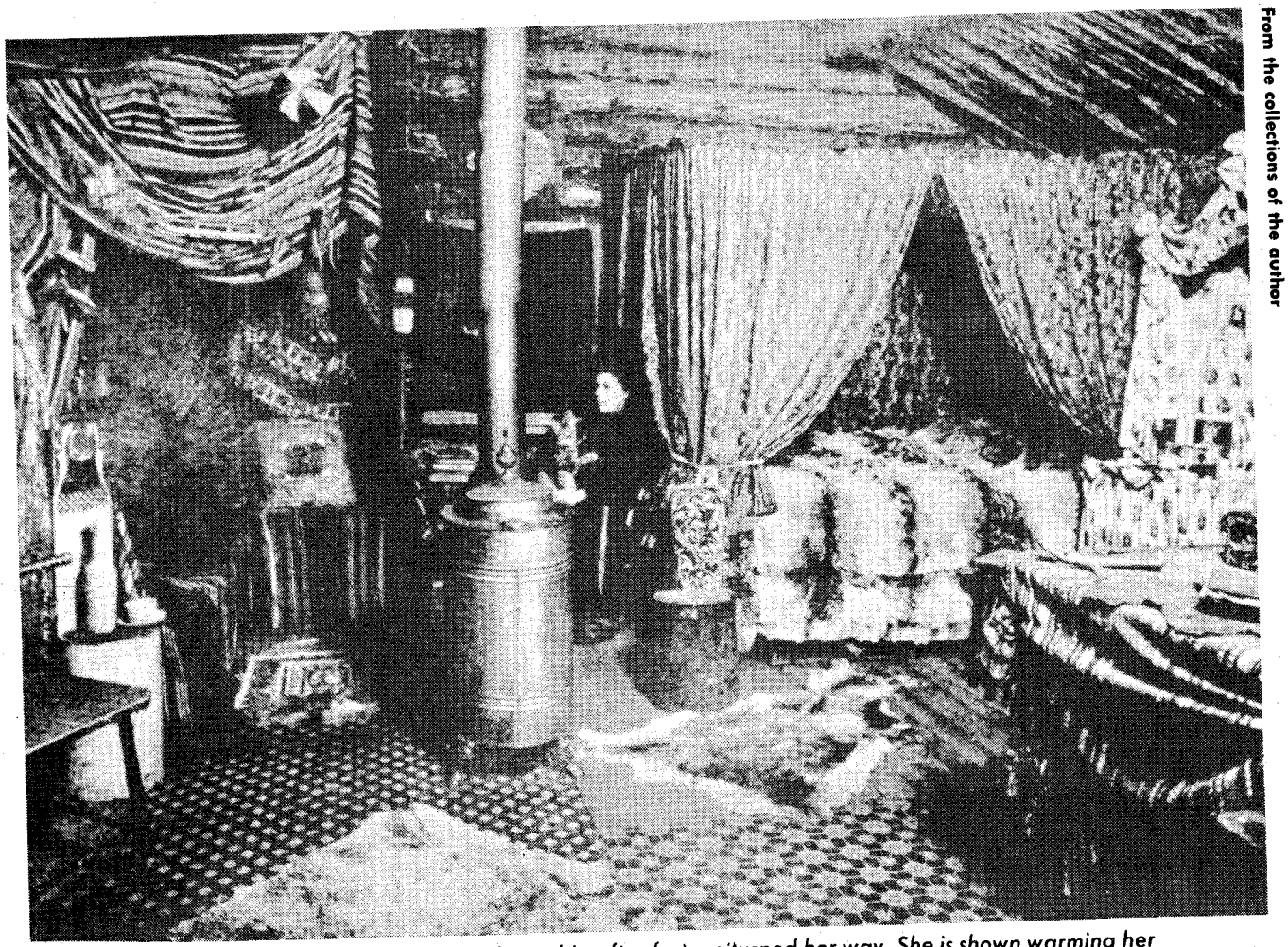
In September the big storm hit. Although Frances and her belongings got through it safely, Rowe had not been as lucky. He sent word that he was having trouble at camp. Work was slow. Heavy seas, continually washing over the Flyer and the Fizzi, had swept away valuable equipment and supplies, including his rifle. Their position was a dangerous one. Money was low. Prospects for the company's future were shakey, indeed. She was part of it. He was depending upon her.

Well, that was Rowe, living up to his office records. Always in trouble. Always broke. But a contract was a contract. She would live up to it. She would check her balance sheet, have an accounting with Rowe, divide what was left of her summer earnings and stake claims on her own. Checking the balance sheet was wasted time. The advances already made had depleted her savings. She would have a checkup with him.

When Rowe came to Nome the last blow fell. Obviously, she had paid little attention when she signed the contract. Not only did the company get half her earnings, but the other half was divided between the twenty-three members, her share amounting to $110.00 a month. Rowe further added that although the boys had worked hard staking mutual claims, they had earned very little cash. This state of affairs, he explained gently, would not have existed had the money due him come through from the New York office.

When winter tightened down and gold-rushers sailed for the States, work at the office slowed to a standstill. Frances' food supply was low. She was existing on beans and cornmeal. Long hours during the rush at the office, and living on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From the collections of the author

Interior of Lady Sourdough's cozy log cabin after fortune turned her way. She is shown warming her hands at the Yukon stove.

beach in that miserable little tent, were telling on her health. She could not spend the winter in Nome. She had to see Rowe. But how? The last she heard of him, he and the boys were staking claims on the Irene River. Frances had given up hope when Rowe, Monty and Ed Fergusen came to Nome for supplies.

Why, of course, he explained gently, he certainly had not expected Frances to spend the winter in Nome. Why, at Roweburg she would be among people who cared, have a warm dry bed and hot meals. There would be no shortage at Roweburg. Already Lyman and Lang had gone to New York to represent them, the company, and raise money to form auxiliary companies with the new claims they had staked. In the spring the men would return with supplies and plenty of cash to carry them through the summer. He had to keep the company together. She was a part of it. Besides, the trip and staking claims would be relaxing, Rowe ended persuasively and optimistically.

When Ed, Barry and Monty returned, pulling sleds each loaded with 500 pounds of supplies, and Rowe's sled piled high with gold pans, picks and camping equipment, Frances was eager to be on her way. Just to be with people again, staking claims was what she needed.

On November 10, five tenderfeet, knowing little of Alaska winter trails, set out for Roweburg, a seven day trip. However, because of stopping to finish assessment work on claims at Beaver Creek and at the IXI camp, the trip dragged out for fifty-two days, ending in a nightmare of uncertainty and suffering which cut dangerously into the food supply intended for the winter at Roweburg.

If Rowe had let her down before, after his glowing pictures of it, Roweburg was a greater disappointment. Where Frances had envisioned a neat group of cabins and tents, Roweburg consisted only of one chinked cabin, three half-finished ones and a large tent for the boys. Nevertheless, she was grateful for a warm bed in the big cabin, hot meals and Mrs. Rowe's company.

While snow piled higher around the cabin there was a lot of unrest among the boys who resented Rowe's promises and tactics. While Frances brought a bit of peace and unity to the camp, she knew that the outside laborers were leaving as soon as trails permitted.

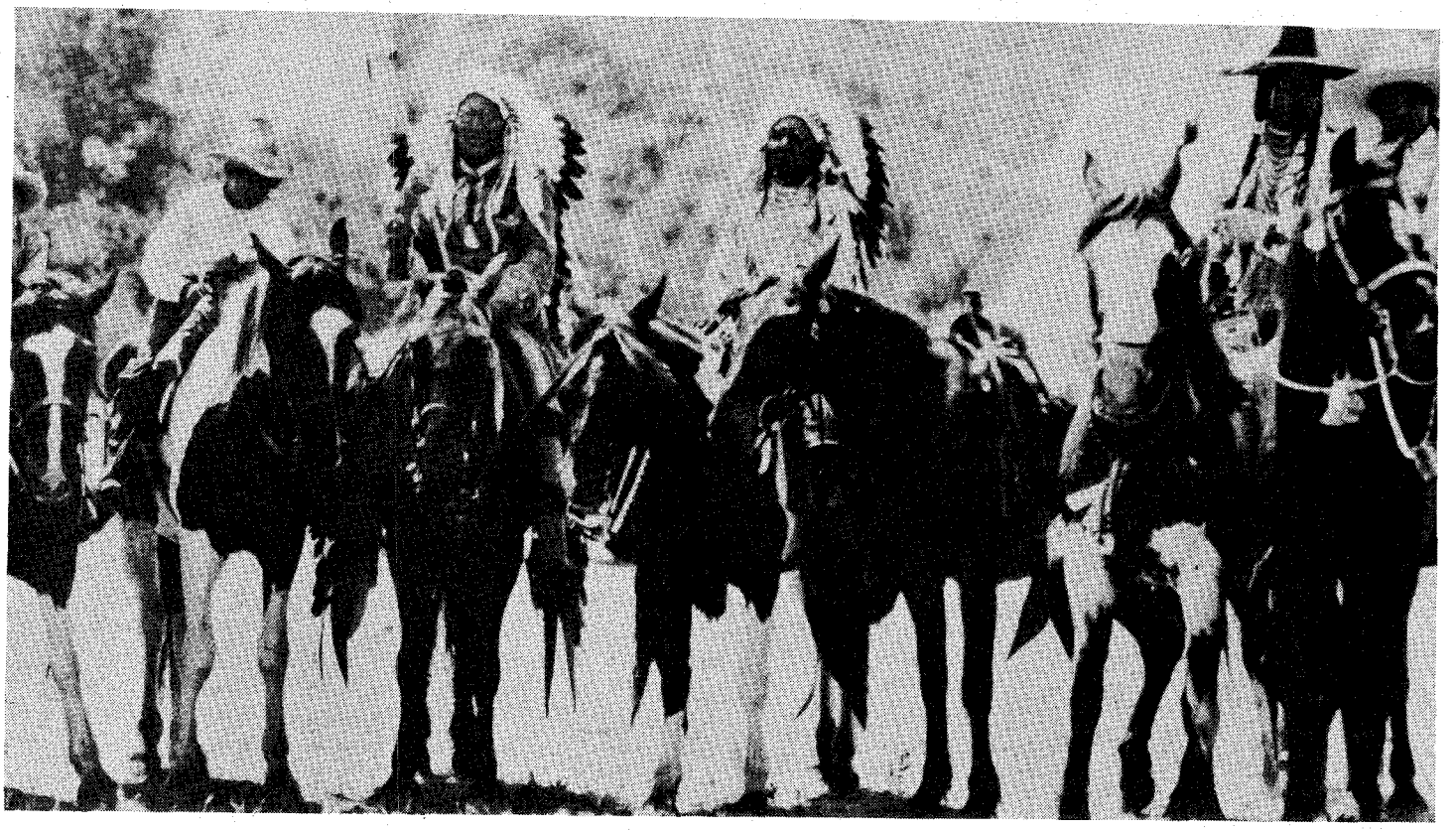
In the meantime, money, food and oil for the lamps was running dangerously low. Beans and cornmeal became a steady diet. While Rowe waited for the $1,000 due him from New York, tempers grew shorter, yet, Rowe was always cheerful and optimistic.

While waiting and wondering where their next dollar would come from, they clung to the cabin lying off the main trail between Nome and Council City, with little hope of anyone passing. Then a miracle happened. An old miner stopped one day and paid Frances $50 to

(continued on page 60)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAGNIFICENT SIOUX



From the collection of the author

Crow Indians from Montana. The Sioux called the Crow "Tow-ka" (Enemy). They were bitter enemies. The Crow served the army as scouts against the Sioux and Cheyenne.

by Ronald J. Morgan

In the spring of 1870 the Oglala Sioux were preparing for their annual buffalo hunt in Southwestern Dakota Territory. It was an elaborate affair, carefully planned and discussed. The best hunters must know their places, the best buffalo ponies were chosen and the Indian police must be chosen to control the eager hunters.

The Indians knew only too well the habits of the buffalo. They knew how the buffalo traveled the same rut worn paths year after year, in their constant search for food. They knew how the great shaggy bulls loved to scratch themselves against cliff walls, trees or rub against each other. And they knew the mysterious buffalo would graze on the prairie grass and for no apparent reason begin to run, causing the whole herd to stampede.

The Indian police were hand picked by the chief or medicine man. They were veteran warriors and hunters and their job was to control the young inexperienced hunters. A successful hunt could be ruined by a few ambitious boys causing the herd to stampede before the tribe was ready for the kill. They had the authority to physically stop a foolish hunter. It was essential that each hunter perform to the best of his ability. When all was ready, the medicine man offered a prayer to Wakan Tanka (Holy Mysterious One). Afterward he painted the bodies of several horses with special markings to assure a swift and successful ride.

When the scouts returned to the village and reported that the buffalo had been seen, the tribe rejoiced. Again the medicine man gave last minute instructions. Several small groups of hunters departed for the herd. Upon seeing them the hunters spread out, always downwind, and charged. Spirits were high as the Sioux arrows found their marks. When the hunt was over the Oglala men gathered around a small fire and ate the heart, liver and tongue of the great beasts. The women, with their pony-drags, butchered the buffalo, cut the hide, and packed the meat for the long trip home.

Running Elk, a Sioux medicine man, tells of the hunts of his youth:

"In the days when the prairies were black with the P-TE-TA-TON-KA (buffalo cows), my people lived well. We often killed more meat than we could eat. This was so we could trade the extra meat and hides to the WASICHUS (white men) for coffee and flour and things we wanted. Sometimes killing a large bull buffalo was difficult and dangerous. The trick was to shoot the arrow in the left side, near his heart. Often one shot would bring a bull down, but if he was only wounded he might turn on you or your horse. I have known hunters who were badly hurt while on a large hunt, but I have never seen an Indian killed on a hunt, only hurt. This is because WAKAN TANKA watches us and we give Him a sun dance when the hunt is over."

The sun dance, a sacred religious dance, is given to the Great Spirit in return for a successful hunt or war. This dance is not praying to the sun at all, as many whites believe. After much meditation, purifying and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preparation, a sacred medicine lodge was built. A large tree trunk was placed in the center of the lodge, with a buffalo skull attached. The men were painted in a special manner as they gathered in a circle around the sacred pole. A rope was fastened from the pole and secured with a wooden skewer, which pierced the man's chest or fleshy portion of his back. Once the man was pierced he pulled backwards, facing the sun and prayed. He was not allowed to free himself, for if he did, the Sioux believed he would die.

Most of the plains tribes had the sun dance in one form or another. The United States Government stopped the self torture portion of the dance for many years. Today, however the dance can be seen in its old form on many reservations.

American Indian names, Sioux names in particular, have confused non-Indians for generations. To the white people the name Sitting Bull is well known. Many people are inclined to believe there was only one Sitting Bull, but actually there were many. To the plains Indian the name "Bull" was very common. In the battle of the Little Big Horn there may have been as many as ten or twenty Sitting Bulls fighting on that hot June day in 1876. Probably more than half of the warriors were named "Bull" in one form or another. To the Sioux the names, Short Bull, Long Bull, White Bull, White Buffalo Bull and Yellow Bull were very popular. When the Indians began to register at their respective agencies, the Indian agents and white neighbors often misinterpreted their names. Sitting Bull's name in the Sioux

(continued on page 80)

From the collection of the author

Chief High Hawk. A true leader of his people and a veteran of many wars and buffalo hunts.

From the collection of the author

Chief Bear Shield was another member of Big Foot's band. Most of his band were killed by the 7th Cavalry at Wounded Knee.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JACK McCALL Frontier Enigma

by George Hart

For awhile, the man who murdered J.B. Hickok was hailed as a hero but this is the thoroughly documented account of what actually happened in Deadwood, Dakota Territory, August 2, 1876. Wild Bill Hickok's assassin almost got away with murder.

George Hart collection. Copyright George Hart 1971. Unauthorized reproduction forbidden.

Wild Bill Hickok, murdered by Jack McCall, August 2, 1876 at Deadwood, Dakota, Territory. This is the only known autographed photo of Wild Bill.

Author's Note.

On July 15, 1957, I contacted the United States District Court, District of South Dakota, Sioux Falls, concerning the trial of John MCall for the murder of James Butler Hickok. Within a short time I received certified copies of the complete court file and journal entries.

In April, 1960, using the records of the Pardon Attorney, Department of Justice, in the National Archives, I secured photostats of the pardon case file for John McCall.

This material had rarely, if ever, been used for research, and I believe I was the first person in modern times to do so.

My original intent had been to combine this data with a study of McCall's life before he murdered Hickok. After an exhaustive search of many years nothing substantial, other than what was already in my files, has turned up dealing with his early life.

It is hoped this article will be read by a descendant of the McCall family who will come forward to add something to the story of Jack McCall. In the 1950's there was a man running around the country claiming to be the nephew of *the* Jack McCall. However, if this was so, he showed a decided lack of knowledge of the facts known about his "uncle".

It just may be that aside from his connection with Wild Bill John McCall is destined to remain a cipher.

****

Throughout the years J. B. Hickok's assassination has been told and retold with varying degrees of accuracy. The hard, cold facts are that he was shot in the back of the head by one Jack McCall in Number 10 saloon at Deadwood, Dakota Territory, on the afternoon of August 2, 1876.

What was the murderer's motivation? None of the theories hold much water. It seems McCall was associated in some way with John Varnes. Varnes was a sometimes hardcase who was used to receiving one-way tickets out of the frontier towns. It is not implausible that he and others of his type utilized McCall as a preventative measure against Hickok becoming Deadwood's lawman. Whether Wild Bill would have accepted such an appointment at this stage of his life is open to question.

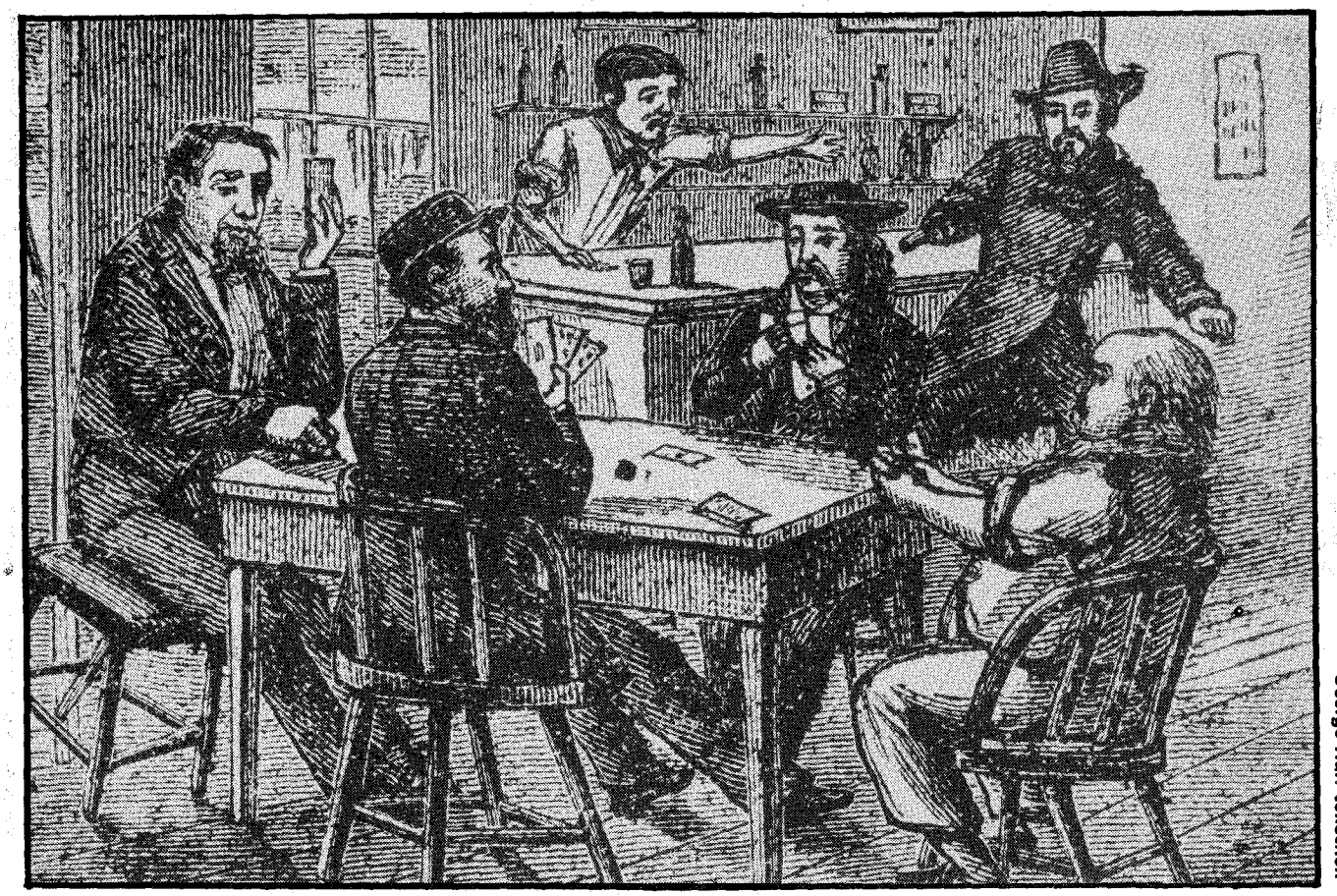
McCall was calling himself Bill Sutherland at the time he committed his heinous act. He was about twenty-five, and reputed to have been born in Jefferson County, Kentucky. What he did between the time he left his home state and showed up in the Black Hills is anybody's guess. A reporter for the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* described him thusly:

"Never did a more forbidding countenance face a court than that of Jack McCall. His head, which is covered by a thick crop of chestnut hair, is very narrow as to the parts occupied by the intellectual portion of the brain, while the animal development is exceedingly large. A small, sandy mustache covers a sensual mouth. The nose is what is commonly called 'snub'. Cross eyes and a florid complexion, and the picture is finished."

Perpetrators of deeds such as McCall's are usually depicted as having "forbidding countenance". In recent years one or two "alleged" pictures of McCall have been floating around, but they are so obviously spurious as to be totally unworthy of consideration. Actually, there exists no known authenticated photograph of him, so until one is discovered we must trust to the supposed veracity of the man from the *Inter-Ocean*.

Almost immediately after he shot Hickok, McCall was apprehended by a group of concerned inhabitants of Deadwood, and the next day he was brought before what was called a "miners' court". The trial was somewhat of a farce. Either bribery was involved or McCall managed to sell the jurors a "bill of goods". On the other hand, it is possible the twelve men just didn't give a damn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



George Hart collection

Highly imaginative woodcut depicting the murder of Wild Bill.

Despite the protestations of the able prosecutor, Colonel George May; the appointed defender, Judge Miller, suceeded in getting McCall off. After hearing the verdict Judge W. L. Kuykendall turned him loose.

Notwithstanding alleged threats by friends of Wild Bill, CcCall seems to have left town under his own steam. He may have considered his present surroundings unhealthy and headed for Wyoming Territory, where apparently he felt much safer. Before his departure he took great pains in painting a grandiose picture of himself to newspaper correspondents who were all too willing to take it down. He regaled them with tales of Indian fighting, buffalo hunting, trapping etc. Of course, he was to tell again and again of Wild Bill shooting down his brother at Hays City, Kansas, in 1869, and how he, Jack McCall, had stalked Hickok for years. No one cared to ask how it was that he took so long to wreak vengeance on his brother's killer. Wild Bill being in the public eye most of those years, he should not have been hard to find.

Each time he told the story he embellished it a bit more. The current version had Hickok challenging McCall's kinsman over some trivial matter. The brother being unarmed refused. Then Wild Bill threw him one of his own pistols and exclaimed, "Damn you, defend yourself!" The elder McCall took it, but before he could raise the weapon Hickok shot him dead.

To hear McCall tell it he was not forcibly taken after murdering Wild Bill, but rather was persuaded to give himself up for trial. Considering the outcome of the "trial" the reporters cannot be blamed for giving credence to that part of his account.

By the time he reached Laramie City, McCall considered himself quite a showpiece. He seemed to be enjoying his new found fame, even though it be based on dispatching a man in a most despicable manner. Unfortunately for McCall he hadn't counted on the redoubtable Colonel May's presence among the crowds that flocked around him. Unable to bear the brag spewing out of the murderer's mouth, the Colonel took note of the contradictions in his tales and sought out the law. Perhaps the following interview, the last one given by McCall prior to his second arrest, spurred Colonel May to make another attempt to see that justice was done. The Laramie *Sentinel* says:

"Considerable excitement was created yesterday by the news that John Sutherland, who shot Wild Bill at Deadwood, some time ago, was in the city. We therefore took some pains to get an interview with him in order to learn the particulars of the shooting. We met Sutherland-and with several who were more or less acquainted with him at Deadwood-drew him into conversation upon the matter, the substance of which we give our readers:

"It seems that on the day previous to the shooting, Sutherland and Wild Bill had an altercation, the former claiming that Bill had stolen his dust in a 'poker game'. The trouble increased until Sutherland struck Wild Bill in the face, Bill did not resent it, however, but smiled and said, 'that is all right'. The next afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock, Sutherland went into the 'Cricket Saloon' where Wild Bill, in company with several others, was playing cards and after walking up and down the hall a few times, stepped up to Wild Bill and telling him to 'look out!' shot him, the ball enter-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing at the ear. He says that when he told him to 'look out,' Bill smiled but did not offer any resistance or say anything. Sutherland then 'covered' those with his revolver who sat near, and snapped it, but as he says, 'as luck would have it', the damned cylinder turned, but the thing wouldn't go! He then made for a horse, tied near the saloon, with the intention of mounting and making his escape, but the cinch was so loose that the saddle turned and left him with a crowd of several hundred men about him. He saw that resistance was useless and gave himself up to arrest.

"He was arrested and lodged in jail, guarded by twenty-five armed men. The excitement was intense, and as soon as the news got out every man in the gulch turned out on the street. Sutherland says that the street, which is nearly two miles in length, was packed so full that there was hardly standing room, and it is uncertain what would have been the result had not a Mexican just then come into town with an Indian's head. Having no knife to scalp his victim he had brought in the whole head, and this turned the whole tide of the excitement in that direction and arrangements were soon made for a trial. The trial was conducted according to custom; counsel was employed for Sutherland, and he was acquitted as stated in the papers.

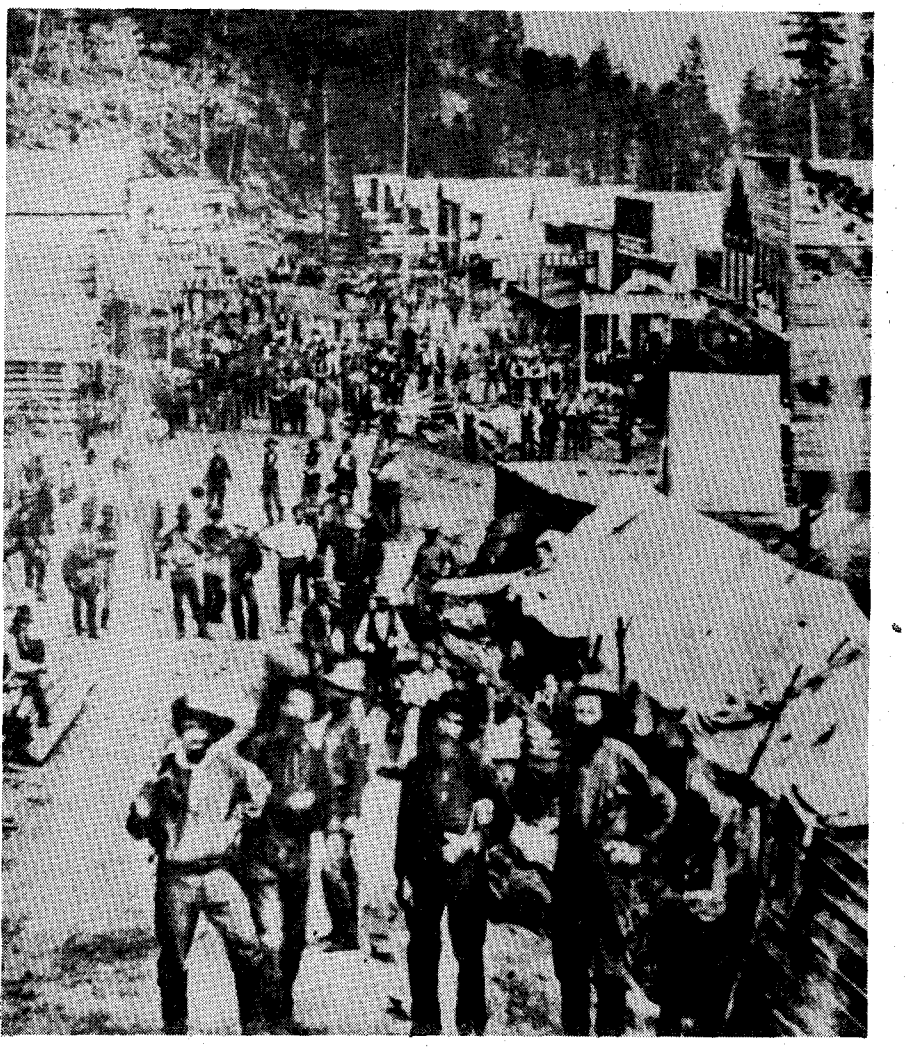
"Jack Sutherland, as he is called, was at the time of the shooting engaged in carrying the mails from Red Cloud to Deadwood, a job that no one else would attempt.

"He says that Wild Bill asked him when he first met him, if he was from Hayes, Kansas, but Sutherland denied ever having been there. Sutherland knew him, however, in Hays, and recognized him in Deadwood at once as the man who killed his brother...."

Take note that McCall was becoming so reckless that he now claimed to have hit Wild Bill. As if this were not enough, the next day he approaches Hickok, tells him to "look out" and thereupon shoots him. Wild Bill once again offering no resistance, but merely grinning about his own imminent demise!

One can imagine Colonel May, his full wrath aroused, storming away from the group to make out his report to the authorities.

On August 29, 1876, McCall w arrested. The Cheyenne *Dai Leader* for August 30, 1876, repor



Morrow Collection, University of South Dakota Museum

Deadwood, Dakota Territory as it appeared at the time of the killing of Wild Bill by Jack McCall.

that:

"Jack McCall, the man who murdered Wild Bill at Deadwood, was arrested in Laramie City yesterday by Deputy Marshal Balcombe. He will be brought to this city today, and examined tomorrow before U. S. Commissioner Bruner, when, if the evidence against him be sufficient, he will be held to await a requisition from the Governor of Dakota, and be taken to Yankton for trial for his crime.

"One of the witnesses who will appear against him tomorrow will testify that when McCall stopped at Horse Creek, on his way to this city, he stated that Wild Bill never killed) brother of his, but that he killed Wild Bill merely because Bill snatched a card from his hand during the progress of a game between them. The penitentiary seems to be looming up before McCall."

The officials decided it would be a eedless risk to transport McCall) Cheyenne, so he was kept in Laramie and there examined before Judge Blair. On August 30, in answer to a question put to him by Blair, he admitted to the murder of Wild Bill. This examination seems to have been the beginning of the press' disenchantment with McCall. Up to this time he had been treated to some degree as a carefree rogue. No doubt contributing to the change in attitude were reports like the following which appeared in the *Daily Leader* for September 1, 1876.:

"It is thought by officers here that McCall has killed another man and robbed him since shooting Wild Bill. The reason for this belief is that when McCall was tried in Deadwood he had but forty three dollars on his person, while on the very next day he was sporting a costly gold watch and chain, and had also a large sum of money. An investigation of the circumstances is now being made, and startling developments may be expected."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morrow Collection, University of South Dakota Museum

Scene at Yankton, Dakota Territory in 1876. Jack McCall was tried here during early December of that year.

The outcome of the examination found Judge Blair deciding to send McCall to Yankton, Dakota Territory, for trial. The law of double jeopardy did not apply in McCall's case because the Deadwood court was not legally constituted.

At Yankton, while waiting to be tried, McCall and a fellow prisoner, MCarty, attempted to break jail on November 9, 1876. After assaulting the jailor they were just ready to step through the doorway, but ran smack into U. S. Marshal Burdick and an assistant. The escapees meekly surrendered and were promptly put into irons.

Sadly, the intrepid Colonel May died before the trial, but another admirer of Wild Bill *was* there, his brother, Lorenzo Butler Hickok. It took place on December 4, 5, and 6, 1876.

McCall's attorneys were W. H. H. Beadle and Oliver Shannon. The United States was represented by William Pound. Chief Justice P. C. Shannon, who, of course, was *not* related to McCall's attorney, Oliver Shannon, was presiding judge. Foreman John Treadway, Secretary Charles H. Edwards, Hiram A. Dunham, William Box, George Pike, Lewis Clark, West Negus, Isaac N. Esmay, Henry T. Mowry, Nelson Armstrong, James A. Withee and Martin L. Winchell composed the jury.

The abortive attempt to gain his freedom did not look good for McCall, and no one knew it better than he. Shortly thereafter and sometime before he finally came to trial he became quite cooperative and started to spill his guts out. He implicated John Varnes in an alleged assassination plot. Relegating himself to the role of a mere hireling, the desperate man soft pedaled his portrayal of the "avenging angel." The oft changing story was now one of hard feelings between Varnes and Hickok that went back to Wild Bill's Denver days. My research has determined that Varnes may have at one time been a Denver man, but there is not enough evidence to support McCall's statements. His unreliability as a witness to happenings that *can be checked* prevent his remarks from standing on their own.

In any event, a posse took out after Varnes, but he apparently vacated the Black Hills region. He is reputed to have returned to his old haunts in Denver, where his death was brought on by an addiction to opium.

Perhaps the most damning testimony at McCall's trial and that which was most responsible for his conviction was that given by George M. Shingle. The Yankton *Press and Dakotaian* reported evidence given by Shingle as follows:

"....On the 2d of August in a saloon at Deadwood kept by Carl Mann and Jerry Lewis, Wild Bill was there playing cards. There was a party of 3 or 4 others sitting at the same table. I was in the room at the time. I saw a man come in the saloon who is here now. It is the defendant here present. He walked towards the back door of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

saloon. When within 3 or 4 feet of the door he turned and came up behind Wild Bill. He put a pistol within 2 or 3 feet of Wild Bill's head and fired. As he fired he said, 'take that.' The ball entered the back part of Wild Bill's head and came out of the right cheek entering the left wrist of Captain Massey (Massie). The shot killed Wild Bill almost instantly. He did not move and said nothing. He sat in the chair a couple of minutes and then fell over backwards. I made an examination of Wild Bill and found him dead ..."

Under cross-examination he replied:

"....I was weighing out gold dust. The room where the bar was, was twenty-four feet wide. The bar took up 8 feet of the room and was twenty feet long. I was standing at the end of the bar. The room was about eighty feet long. Bill was sitting with his back to the back door and fronting the bar. McCall got around alongside of this partition and came up behind Bill. Captain Massie and Wild Bill were having a dispute about the game and I looked up, when I saw McCall in the act of shooting. Wild Bill was prospecting most of the time in the Hills. He did not keep a faro bank. I know of Bill killing three men, but in self defense and was tried and acquitted. He was a constant drinker. I saw the defendant in Deadwood, but was not acquainted with him. Wild Bill was sober when this shooting occurred. Could not say that McCall was drunk. The killing occurred about three or four o'clock p.m. Eight persons were in the room when the shooting occurred...."

Other prosecution witnesses were called, but their testimony either corroborated what Shingle had said or dealt with territorial boundaries and technical problems that had to be resolved. The defense had no witnesses! Mcall's attorneys made a last ditch attempt to have him discharged, but in actuality it was all over. Things were now in the hands of the jury, and on the night of December 6, they were officially "charged by the Court". After only a little over three hours of deliberation the twelve men were ready with their verdict. They found him guilty of murder.

Throughout the trial McCall managed to maintain a semblance of bravado, but things must have looked rather hopeless to him when the time came for sentencing. On January 3, 1877 he was sentenced to be hanged on March 1, 1877. Still, there was a chance for commutation. Having notified Judge Shannon and U. S. Attorney Pound that they were applying to the President for a pardon or commutation, McCall's attorneys started the ball rolling. Two petitions were sent off to the President . These appeals were fleshed out to cover many points; however, it all boils down to a single premise. That is, McCall is pictured as a misguided youth who was in the grip of *"delirium tremens"* at the time of the shooting.

On February 7, in response to a letter of instruction received from the Department of Justice, William Pound penned this letter to the Attorney General:

"Sir:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 1st instant...relative to the commutation of the sentence of death in the case of John McCall, *alias* Jack McCall....

"... I have never known a case where the interests of a prisoner were more carefully guarded by the Court than this one ... Upon the question of drunkenness, which is urged in the petitions as a main reason for the commutation of his sentence, the Court, in its charge to the jury declared it their right and duty, if they had, from all the evidence, a reasonable doubt that the prisoner acted with a mind so clear and unclouded as to be able to form and execute a deliberate purpose, to convict of manslaughter only....

"The murder having been a deliberate assassination, of the most cowardly character, an effort seems to be made now again, as it was on the trial, to excuse or palliate the act by a reference to the peculiar condition of society as it then existed in the Black Hills ...

"How many *aliases* the prisoner has, it would be difficult to tell....He seems to be a person of a depraved and wicked heart, without regard for human life...

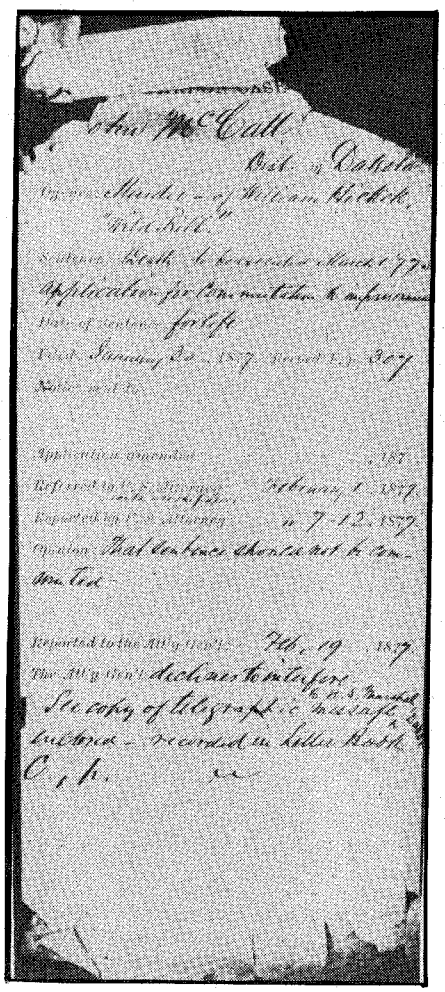
"....The testimony shows that some days before the homicide McCall had pushed himself into a game of cards with 'Wild Bill'. He bet more than he had and lost his money. Wild Bill told him he could pay when he was able to, and offered to lend him some money for his immediate wants. Although the offer seemed to be made in the most kindly spirit, McCall became angry, rejected the money, and left the house ...

"....The murder was deliberately planned, and executed in a cruel and cowardly manner, by a man who evidently has no regard whatever for human life. If the death penalty is to be inflicted in any case, I do not see upon what real ground the proposed leniency would be based in this particular case...

Very Respectfully,
Your Obt Servt,
Wm. Pound,
U. S. Attorney."

On February 19, 1877, the Department of Justice sent a telegram to U. S. Marshal J. H. Burdick informing him that the Attorney General, "...declines to interfere with the sentence pronounced by the Court...."

In the weeks prior to his ex-



National Archives

McCall's pardon case file covering folder. The pardon was denied.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ecution McCall's actions were still somewhat of a *cause celebre.* Inspired by this attention the condemned man decided to write a sort of memoir to be published after his death. However, fate was to intervene in the form of a letter addressed to the U. S. Marshal:

"Louisville, Kentucky,
February 25, 1877.

To the Marshal of Yankton:

Dear Sir:

I saw in the morning papers a piece about the sentence of the murderer of Wild Bill, Jack McCall. There was a young man of the name John McCall left here about six years ago, who has not been heard from for the last three years. He has a father, mother, and three sisters living here in Louisville, who are very uneasy about him since they heard about the murder of Wild Bill. If you can send us any information about him, we would be very thankful to you.

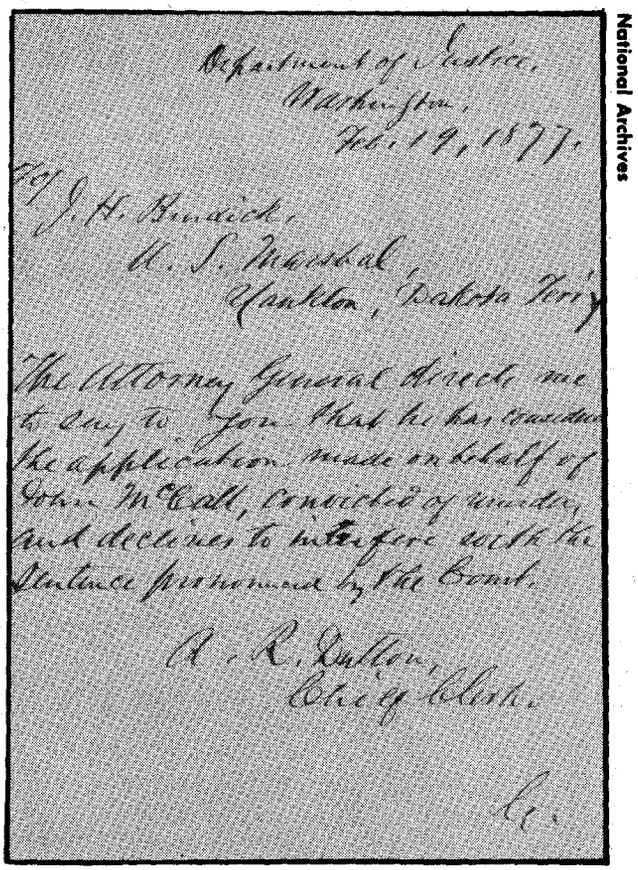
"This John McCall is about twenty-five years old, has light hair, inclined to curl, and one eye crossed. I cannot say about his height, as he was not grown when he left here. Please write as soon as convenient, as we are very anxious to hear from you.

Very respectfully,
Mary A. McCall."

On the night before his execution McCall destroyed the article he had written, and instead wrote a letter to Mary McCall that remained personal for over 95 years. Unless something short of a miracle occurs we may never know what it contained. Did he confirm Mary's suspicions that he was her brother? Or did his response leave her with new hope that her missing relative may yet turn up one day and return to the family?

The newspapermen covering the hanging gave melodramatic accounts of the event, but it will suffice to say here in conclusion that on the morning of March 1, 1877, Jack McCall, in all irony, was able to muster up the courage that seemed to elude him throughout his short life. In brief, he died game. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:
Black Hills Pioneer;
Cheyenne *Daily Leader*;
Chicago *inter-Ocean*;
Denver *Rocky Mountain News*;
Laramie *Sentinel*;
Yankton *Press and Dakotaian*;
The Filson Club;
George Hart Western Americana Collection;
National Archives;



National Archives

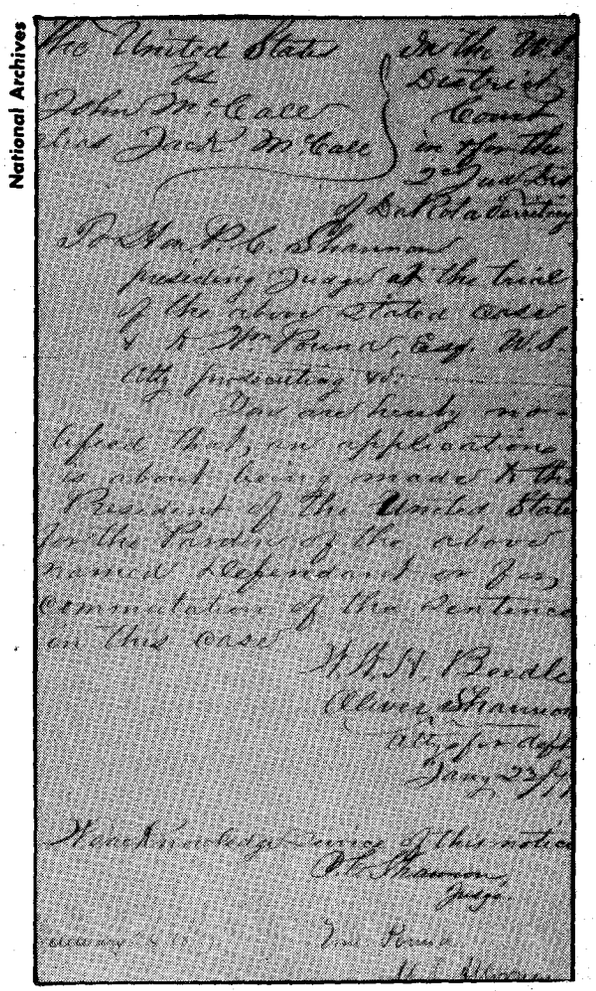
Department of Justice,
Washington,
Feb. 19, 1877.

To J. H. Bundick,
U. S. Marshal
Yankton, Dakota Ter'y

The Attorney General directs me to say to you that he has considered the application made on behalf of John McCall, convicted of murder, and declines to interfere with the sentence pronounced by the Court.

A. R. Dalton,
Chief Clerk.

Copy of telegram from the Department of Justice to the U.S. Marshal at Yankton.



National Archives

The United States
vs
John McCall
and Jack McCall

In the U.S.
District
Court
in for the
2d Judicial Dist
of Dakota Territory

Before Hon. P. C. Shannon
presiding Judge at the trial
of the above styled cause
J. R. McPherson, Esq. U.S.
City Prosecuting Atty

Now on this day comes
the said John McCall by
his Attorneys and moves
the Court that an application
be about being made to the
President of the United States
for the pardoning of the above
named defendant or for a
commutation of the sentence
in this case

W. H. H. Bundick
Oliver Shannon
Attys for defdt

Jany 23/77

Motion overruled. Notice of this motion
P. C. Shannon
Judge

Notification by McCall's attorneys that application for pardon or commutation is being made.

United States District Court, District of South Dakota

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL WEST'S MOVIE HALL OF FAME

BOB STEELE

By Mario DeMarco

If there was any one particular cowboy star who could use his fists, and whom I admired most, it had to be Bob Steele. Whenever he tangled with Charles "Blackie" King, the fans were sure of a good, whooping fight. You could always tell when the end was coming though, because Bob would jab King about a dozen times and then hit with a swinging right and left. This usually sent King sprawling. The fights between Steele and King became classics in the movies, both of them were short, with King the heavier, which made it ideal for Bob who used to be a boxing champion in his earlier days.

I would watch Bob Steele during his fights on the screen very carefully and got so good in imitating him that I won my first fist fight as a youngster, to me he was probably the greatest fighting cowboy star on the screen.

Two important features outstanding in his good-looking westerner were his black, curly hair and shy grin. He had a boyish look that stayed with him for many years.

Bob was born Robert Bradbury, Jr. in 1906 at Pendleton, Oregon. He and his twin brother, Bill, broke into the movie business quite early, due to the fact that their dad was a famous movie director. For amusement, he made several short movies of the two brothers doing various outdoor activities. The films were so good that they were bought by one of the larger movie studios in Hollywood and titled "The Adventures of Bill and Bob" and were released to theaters throughout the country. The studio liked their work in these shorts and they proceeded to do twelve more "Adventure" series. They were only twelve years old when they got the "movie bug."

At Glendale High School, Bob was a star athlete, excelling in football, baseball and boxing. He became school boxing champion and later an amateur boxer. He recalls that all the athletes stuck together, and one of his pals was Marion Morrison, star football player, who later gained fame under the name of John Wayne.

After the "Adventure" series he was signed by Universal Pictures to play a role in a college picture. This later led him to his first starring role in "The Mojave Kid" back in 1927. The picture was a hit and Bob became an immediate star at the age of 21.

Back in the 20's competition was very great among the western stars— there were stars like Tom Mix, Fred Thomson, Buck Jones, Tom Tyler and many more. Young Bob could ride and he was an expert in boxing. He gave these top-flight western stars a run for their titles.

When "talkies" were introduced to the movies, many stars dropped out of pictures or took character parts because they couldn't produce with their voices and actions. Bob's voice wasn't too strong, but it had a boyish, shy sound. His first talkie was entitled "Near the Rainbow's End". The fans approved and Bob moved into the news media with ease. During the early part of his career, many of his pictures were directed by his father, and star and director worked well together. Later on, with another studio, many of his pictures were produced by A. W. Hackle who liked the way Bob handled himself in the movies. He produced about 30 or 40 great westerns.

"Trio" pictures began to become popular. In these pictures well-known western stars were teamed together to draw the audience. So Bob teamed up with great stars like Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, Harey Carey, Tom Tyler, "Big Boy" Williams, and in many of these series he produced much of the action, being the younger and spryer among the trio.

In one article that I read about Bob Steele, it stated that he was such a good boxer that he once inspired Joe Louis, who had seen him in the movies, to take up boxing as a career. When Bob was a youngster, he became an expert horseman, learning to ride on his parent's ranch in Washington. He became such a good rider that he appeared in numerous rodeos throughout the West.

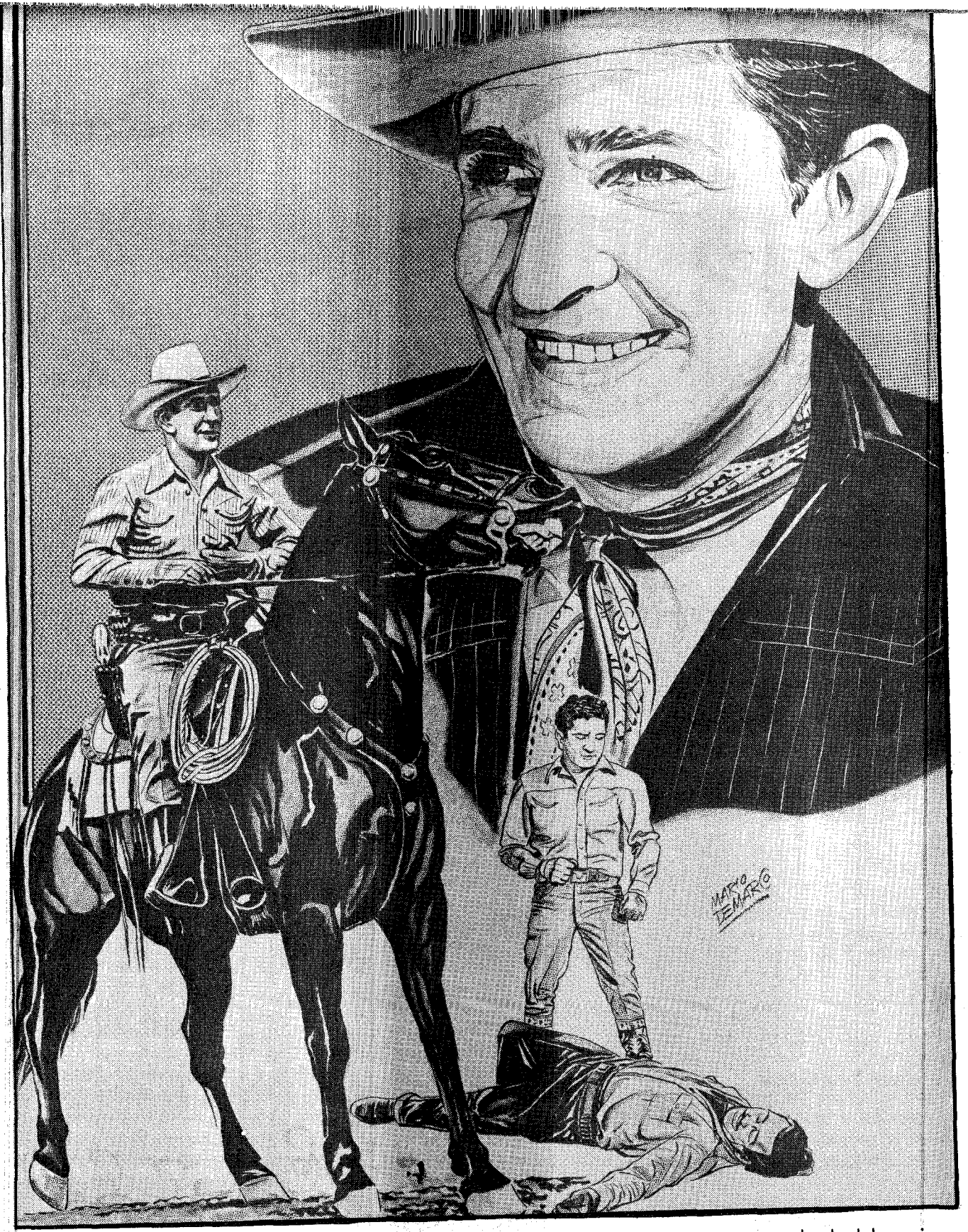
In 1937 and 1938 he was voted one of the top ten cowboy star money-makers and again hit the top ten in 1940 and 1943.

Taking a break from westerns, Bob appeared in many other types of pictures. One of his strongest roles was in "Of Mice and Men", appearing opposite Lon Chaney, Jr. and Burgess Meredith. In this picture he portrayed a son of the ranch owner who antagonizes Lon Chaney, a halfwit, by boxing with him, a natural characterization for him. He appeared opposite James Cagney as a boxer in one of the great Warner hits, and also opposite Humphrey Bogart as a killer, and again in a Gregory Peck picture as a general, proving his acting ability by taking any role that was offered him.

Republic Studios was greatly responsible in helping Bob shoot to the top by starring him along with Tom Tyler and Bob Livingston in the "Three Musketeers". They made 32 pictures in this popular series. When Republic discontinued the series, Bob moved over to Monogram Studios and teamed up with Ken Maynard and Hoot Gibson in the "Trail Blazers", another great series. Bob's last starring role was entitled "Requiem for a Gun Fighter" and he shared top billing with other great western stars like Col. Tim McCoy, Johnny Mack Brown and Rod Cameron.

Television proved to be a big boon for Bob and he gained a whole new audience when his old pictures were shown on the "tube". Later, he appeared in many of the TV made westerns and in a recent "Family Affair" episode he portrayed an aging western star of movie westerns who gained the favor of the two young stars of the series, when they met him in person. This part fit him like a glove. Before the part in "Family Affair" Bob had been a regular on another top TV program entitled "F" Troop, in which he played

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Duffy". Here he proved his acting prowess as a comedian. He appeared in 62 episodes of "F" Troop.

Bob recalls it took about 10 days to make a pretty good western in the 1930's and 40's, and he made about eight pictures a year. The cost of one was about $70,000. He performed all his own stunts, which cut down the cost considerably. During his movie career he recalls having both ankles broken, a fractured spine, and numerous breaks in ribs and fingers.

Recently, it was reported that Bob Steele had died, and many of his fans mourned his passing, but his recent appearances in movies had everyone wondering. At an interview Bob, who is 66, and had just finished a large-scale western picture which stars Dean Martin and Brian Keith, stated that some joker in Tennessee who had been impersonating him had died. Bob is still very much alive and hopes to continue making pictures for some years to come.

To sum up his fabulous career, Bob Steele had starred in over 190 westerns and has appeared in more than 400 movies, and he is still rugged enough to appear in many more. He is truly one of the great western stars! ●RW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Colorado's GUERRILLA LOOT

By Maurice Kildare

During the Civil War, a lot of outlaws masqueraded as 'guerrilla gangs' and Colorado was the scene of the Reynolds' gang's most daring operations. Many authorities believe this Confedeate guerrilla band hid tens of thousands in caches across the state.

No doubt has ever existed that guerrilla loot was planted in many places in Colorado more than a century ago. But the realm of fantasy and hopeful dreaming has clouded the facts into impossibilities.

There wasn't enough members of what became popularly known as the Reynolds gang to have pulled even a small percentage of the robberies they were accused of. Contemporaneous with the Reynolds brothers there was at least a score of other full time, part time and impromptu bandit gangs.

Crimes committed by other bandits were attributed to the Reynolds brothers. Even the self-styled famous Colorado detective "General" David J. Cook did so in his autobiography Hands Up, or Twenty Years of Detective Life in the Mountains and on the Plains.

According to "Dave" Cook he killed or captured all the worst outlaws infesting the Rocky Mountains. Originator of many Reynolds gang buried loot yarns, he claimed ownership of a map to a hoard. It was drawn by one of the dying brothers. A full confession and description of the cache was given Cook by a gang member. He was the sole survivor but not for long.

Examination of this true statement tends to show that it was constructed solely from tales of a Reynolds brothers Kansas robbery. In any event, the prominence of a man like Cook did then and does today, lend considerable credence to some of the planted treasure stories.

When the Civil War broke out Colorado was overrun with hordes of hardcase gold seekers. The goldfields there were quickest and easiest to reach and offered the best of hiding places. Most were renegades, deserters from two armies, escapees from the drafts and outlaws run out of other states and territories. Ninety per cent of the men in Colorado were no better than outlaws and became bandits when opportunity offered.

John and James Reynolds and a friend, Charley Harrison, made lucky gold strikes on the creeks near Fairplay before the Civil War. James and the elderly Harrison were known as gamblers and gunfighters. The latter was alleged to be the fastest gunman in the Colorado Rockies. He was well known around Denver.

While placering in Park County southwest of Denver, they behaved themselves at all times. The Reynolds brothers were known as quiet, uncontroversial men who attended strictly to their own affairs. They had known Harrison in Texas and looked him up in Denver on reaching there some time in 1859.

Their big strikes were made the fall of 1860. They took out a very mount of raw gold. Undoubtedly most of this was cached because of roving bands of hungry robbers. Due to what followed, it may well be that some of this gold still lies in the ground near where their claims were worked.

In the summer of 1861 a number of disgruntled prospectors unable to back up a wagon and shovel gold into it, began crowding around their diggings. Eyeing the rich producing claims greedily, two attempts were made to run them out of the area. Hot lead dissuaded the few would-be jumpers.

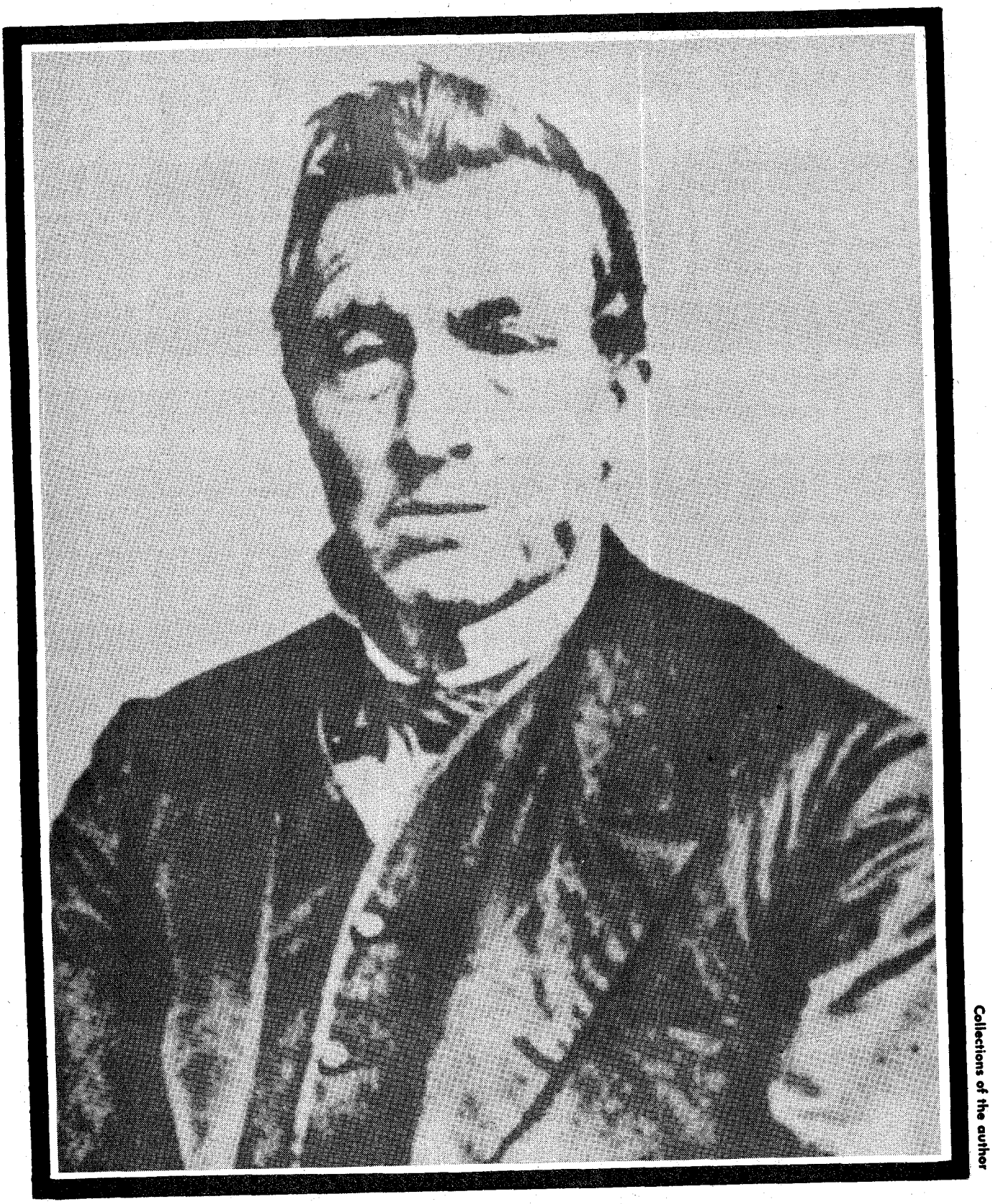
A large mob was then organized for the sole purpose of doing away with them. Because the three were Texans they were accused of being Confederate sympathizers in order to cover their murder. Just why they were not arrested as secessionists and tried is not known. Most likely because no rebellious statements could be proved against them.

The mob made such a racket that it brought a recently appointed goldfields sheriff to the scene. Apparently he took his responsibilities seriously for when the mob managed to trick the Reynolds brothers and Harrison into their hands without a fight, he took the prisoners away from them.

Taken to Denver the three men were jailed to await trial. Meanwhile the claim jumpers had gained their objective and wanted nothing more to do with the matter.

Bitter over their mistreatment, the three escaped jail. This may or may not have been managed because the jailer was himself a Confederate sympathizer, an ac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Collections of the author

Father John L. Dyer knew the Reynolds gang and saw them often. He roamed the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, holding meetings, christening babies, and performing marriage ceremonies.

cusation made by many Colorado historians. There are so many official manufactured facts about the Reynolds brothers, chances are the truth will never be known.

After fleeing to Texas the Reynolds brothers were soon contacted by a guerrilla commander through Captain James McKee.

When they were approached to join the guerrilla forces preparing to operate in the Indian Territory, Kansas, Missouri and elsewhere, the brothers accepted and suggested going to Colorado. At that time an invasion army was being recruited to conquer New Mexico and then invade Colorado.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When they were given permission to go to Colorado, John was sworn into the Confederate Army as a captain and Jim a lieutenant as his aide.

Forty men were assigned them as a force to go north and raid the Santa Fe Trail enroute to their destination. The overall plan was to obtain gold to support the Confederacy. They were issued passes through Confederate lines. These surely must have been found on the bodies of those killed. Yet the approved Colorado histories fail to mention the fact.

By the time Captain Reynolds moved across Indian Territory seventeen of the bold, bad guerrillas had deserted and returned home.

The remaining twenty-three held up, robbed and burned three freight trains on the trail in Kansas. An unknown amount of gold coin and raw gold was taken in each instance. The unlimited gold was being shipped to Missouri from New Mexico and Denver.

Then occurred the controversial $40,000 robbery. A wagon train of freighters enroute to Santa Fe was relieved of $40,000 in currency, shipments of jewelry, letters of credit, bonds, firearms and a never-known amount of gold coin in small canvas bags.

With this robbery the guerrillas had accumulated more than a quarter million dollars. The larger part of the force had actually enlisted for the spoils and for no other reason. They now demanded an immediate split. When Captain Reynolds reminded them of the purpose for coming north they were highly incensed.

Reynolds drove them from camp. Everything of value to the Confederacy was buried (except money for expenses in Colorado). One trusted man was dispatched around the homeward bound incorrigibles, to bring back a detachment from McKee to recover the treasure.

Supposedly this was done. Accompanied by only eight loyal men, the Reynolds brothers hurried on down the trail into Colorado. Winding up in the Spanish Peaks area, they went into temporary camp.

Some money was distributed to each member of the band for emergency use. This was largely gold dust, the general medium of exchange that would arouse no suspicion in Colorado.

The rest that Captain Reynolds had brought along was cached. This was not the bundles of currency but gold coin and several cans of dust taken from state bound wagon trains. The peaks were southwest of Walsenberg in Huerfano County and east of Fort Garland. This cache was later called the Fort Garland buried treasure.

The western most Spanish Peak rises to an elevation of 13,623 feet. Apishapa Pass to the west is more than eleven thousand feet in elevation, which makes it curious why the guerrillas headed north through it.

But for whatever reason, they did, and went on to strike the stage roads south and east of Denver. John led one band of robbers while Jim the other, so that two different stages were often hit on the same day. So fast did the guerrillas work and so far apart it was considered that a number of robber bands were responsible. The Reynolds brothers were after gold and they got gold.

Armed escorts began accompanying the stage coaches so the gang shifted to the region north of Denver and above Boulder.

A passenger on one robbed stage was the Reverend John L. Dyer, who recognized the brothers, having known them at Fairplay. After his positive identification the guerrillas were thereafter called the Reynolds gang.

Known as the snowshoe itinerant preacher and addressed as "Father", Dyer started his long Colorado career traveling from one mining camp to another , holding meetings, christening babies and performing marriage ceremonies.

Often he tended store for family owners, carried mail and did other voluntary services on the frontier. He had been at Fairplay for awhile before establishing a log cabin town, very much short lived, known as Dyerville.

During the Reynolds brothers splurge of robberies the summer and winter of 1861 and 1862, a considerable amount of gold was taken. Far too much to have been carried around with them. Consequently it was cached, intended to be retrieved later. But according to one surviving member of the guerrillas, who squealed when he was about to be hanged, none of it was put away north of Denver.

So many robberies forced the stages to hold over in Denver. Details of Colorado Volunteer Cavalry under Major John M. Chivington (later a colonel) were dispatched after the Reynolds gang.

Relaxing their activities, the Reynolds brothers laid low until stages began operating again. They then shifted their attention to the country where they once struck rich pay dirt. Enroute there, a stagecoach was relieved of $10,000.

Collections of the author

Christopher Tenkate was twelve years old when he saw the last three members of the Reynolds gang wreck and rob the stage entering Hamilton, Colorado.

The guerrillas were dressed like miners and armed with rifles, revolvers and long bladed knives. Witnesses described them as a ruffian crew resembling the cutthroat Missouri guerrillas.

Before allowing the stagecoach to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proceed Captain Reynolds said, "We are an advance scouting patrol of the Confederate Army coming this way."

This report astounded Colorado, then in receipt of news that New Mexico was being invaded. Appeals went forth for help and local militia bodies were hastily mustered in.

Traveling leisurely for Bayou Salado (South Park) the guerrillas followed up the north fork of the South Platte River. At the junction of Geneva Creek they held up briefly. It was here that a heavy cache of gold was made and this might have been the loot from their robberies north of Denver.

Passing on up the creek they turned onto a tributary, Deer Creek. In camp, where the band rested over several days, Captain Reynolds personally buried the balance of the gold being carried, in a shallow prospect hole.

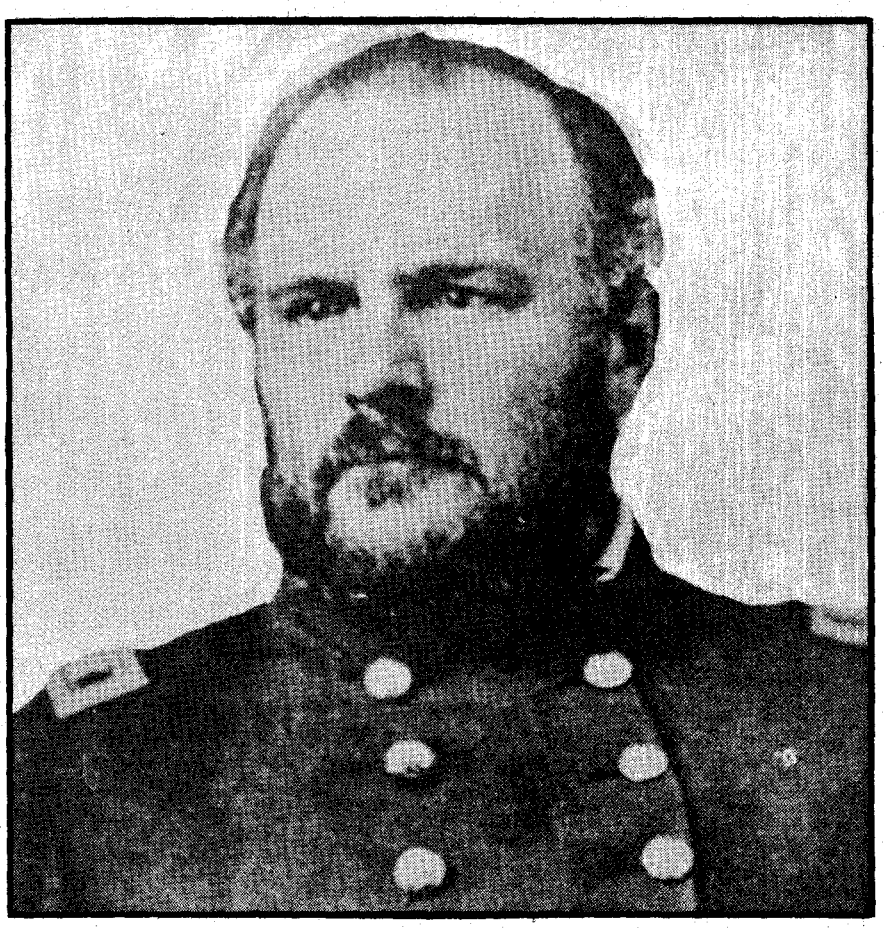
After leaving this camp a pack train coming out of the high mountains was robbed of considerable gold. It was supposedly buried on upper Geneva Creek. If true it means that the gang had turned back partly over their own trail.

A few days later, July 25, they showed up at the ranch of Adolph Guiraud in Bayou Salado. He was a long time friend of the Reynolds brothers. Writing several letters, Jim asked Guiraud when McClelland's stage from Buckskin Joe would reach the changing station at Dan McLaughlin's ranch. The excuse was given that he wanted to mail the letters there. When informed it would be sometime before noon the next day, Reynolds went immediately to the camp on the ranch.

Reaching the station at daylight the gang took it over, tying up McLaughlin and Major H.H. DeMary form California Gulch.

Down the line early that morning Father Dyer delivered the mail from Breckenridge and a bag containing $3,000 to McLClelland riding stage with his driver. It carried no passengers. Aboard was a strong box picked up at the Orphan Boy Mine containing between $35,000 and $90,000. The amount depends on which account published in several Colorado newspapers following the robbery is considered the most reliable.

When the stagecoach rolled into the changing station it was seized and quickly looted. In less than fifteen minutes, the band was headed for the mountains.



Colorado Historical Society

Major John W. Chivington sent his troops after the Reynolds gang, but without success.

The Reynolds brothers now made a secret camp between Kenosha Pass (Kenosha hill) and Georgia Pass. It was their supply base and rendezvous.

One part of the gang robbed the station and stagecoach at Michigan while the rest cleaned out miners at three small diggings in the mountains. A Hamilton bound stage was halted and robbed almost within sight of the village.

Most of the robberies were made by guerrillas led by Jim. Because of his debonair attitude and swift holdups he was dubbed "Bold Jim". After collecting between $20,000 and $30,000 from Boulder Creek diggings he and his men dropped down on Geneva Creek.

Behind him outraged miners assembled quickly and took up the gang's trail. Night fell before they could close in. But a tiny winking campfire blaze attracted their attention. Stealing through the brushy timber afoot the miners crept to one side of the camp.

They actually saw Jim paying out gold dust to each member of the gang with a common teaspoon. The sight so enraged one miner that he fired prematurely, killing a man sitting next to Jim.

The gang erupted in return fire, drove off the miners and escaped, leaving the dead man behind. Entering the hastily abandoned camp, the dead bandit's head was cut off and paraded on a stick to Montgomery as a trophy.

While robbing a stagecoach out of Hamilton, Captain Reynolds repeated his statement that they were advance scouts for the Confederate Army. After taking around $15,000 Captain Reynolds burned the stagecoach while the discomforted passengers looked on.

So often were the Reynolds brothers robbing stagecoaches, diggings, stage stations and ranches that a wild outcry reached Major Chivington. He had just returned to Denver from a successful campaign against invading Confederate forces. Lieutenant Shoup was dispatched to take after the gang.

Going to the camp on Geneva Creek, Shoup and his party followed signs south to Guiraud's ranch. None of the family was present having been gone several days. After making themselves at home the gang had rested over.

(continued on page 66)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nebraska State Historical Society

Lah-noo-way-yenga (Little Pipe), an Oto Indian.

THOMAS TIBBLES, Champion of Indian Rights

by Samuel Stanley

In 1856 when Thomas Tibbles was just seventeen years old, he joined an Indian band, living with them, hunting with them, and becoming a leader in the hunt, respected and heeded in their councils. He devoted his life to the fight for the Indian friends of his youth.

This band of Indians, Tibbles saw with relief, belonged to the friendly Missouri Valley tribes-not the dreaded Comanches. As they approached across the grassy prairie, they waved a greeting. He urged his horse forward and was soon exchanging light-hearted quips with the leaders. The band-a mixture of Otoes, Iowas and Omahas-had gathered plenty of food and were heading for an idyllic interlude of feasting and celebrating. Would the white youth who spoke their language, they asked, care to join them? He would, and did.

Tibbles looked forward to a sojourn which, knowing Indians, he was sure would last as long as he liked. He had just left a hunting party of other whites, whom he had served as guide with all the hard work entailed, and was ready to be somebody's guest.

Thomas Tibbles, a youth with deep-set eyes and a positive chin, was on the threshold of a varied career. At this time, in 1856, he was barely seventeen years old. He had left his parents' home in Illinois to live the life of a frontiersman inKansas and Iowa. Later he would be, in turn, a preacher, editor of the Omaha Herald, statesman and finally author. Also, he would become a champion of Indian rights.

While food lasted, this band he'd fallen in with were concerned only with enjoying life. After camp was made there were festive gatherings every night, to many of which the white youth was invited. In one tent or another, drums resounded often until dawn. Hosts vied with each

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sanford Museum and Planetarium, Cherokee, Iowa

An Omaha Indian village on the plains of Iowa. Thomas Tibbles, at the age of 17, joined and was accepted into an Indian village.

other to have him as guest, but Two Bears, a fat lazy Indian with a shrewish wife, became his closest friend. It was at Two Bears' social club that he met Sunshine, belle of the village.

That night, after a feast of buffalo ribs, a dance was arranged. Maidens and young men, at intervals, formed a circle around the fire in the center of the tent. When the drums began, the idea was for each man to catch the girl on his right, but always in time with the beat. Tibbles' partner was Sunshine, who with beaming eyes beckoned him to follow her. But she proved elusive as she was beautiful. She kept slithering away, skipping lightly just out of reach.

At last he found himself the only male dancer who hadn't caught his girl. The thought provoked him. Waiting his chance, he leaped over the fire and met her turning his way. She giggled and gave up.

"Foul, foul!" the others cried. But Two Bears held up his hand.

"After all," he said, laughing, "his feet did hit the ground in time with the music!"

"Any whites who think of Indians as reserved, close-mouthed and unsociable have a lot to learn," Tibbles in later years was fond of saying. Life in this village he had joined would show why.

A night or so later he went to a party at Prairie Chicken's club (Indian men were as club-minded as middle-class Londoners). There was food-soup plus a mixture of smoked meat and dried fruits-and afterwards dancing, the girls and young men separately. Some one asked Tibbles if he knew any white man's dance. He pondered a moment, then began humming a waltz tune.

"Oh, I know that song?" broke in one of the girls. "An old aunt of mine once heard it from some Rocky Mountain Indians." She picked up the melody and continued it with Indian words. The others listened eagerly. (Later it appeared that Rocky Mountain tribes had known waltz tunes for years, perhaps from early settlers.)

"Can you dance to that?" they all asked Tibbles. "You must show us how." After a careful demonstration, the young men were soon waltzing with their maidens, however awkwardly. Quickly, the enthusiasm spread to the whole village.

But the tribal elders took a dim view. Young men and women had never danced that way before, embracing each other. The idea was immoral. Next day the head chief, Village Maker, announced solemnly that such capers must stop. But no one criticized the white youth: after all, he was a guest.

(continued on page 58)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courtesy Univ. of Texas at El Paso archives.

The Scene of the John Hale, George Campbell, Gus Krimpkau killings. The shooting took place near where the buggy is parked under the cottonwood trees (on right, third telephone pole down). San Antonio Street intersects on left about half way down.

Four Dead in Ten Seconds

by Leon C. Metz

El Paso, Texas, has a long and interesting history of bloodshed. Armies, such as the Conquistadores, Doniphan's farm boys, and Pershing's Punitive Expedition, have marched and counter-marched back and forth through its historic mountain gateways. John Wesley Hardin was caught rolling dice when he should have been drawing his gun, and he sprawled here in death, as did John Selman, Bass Outlaw, and Mannen Clements. Less than fifty miles away Pat Garrett stopped a bullet with the back of his head. Gunfights and killings were almost as common as the dry, hot climate.

And yet, one such spectacular bloodbath stands out like a misshapen bullet above all the others. On April 4, 1881, City Marshal Dallas Stoudenmire involved himself in a wild shootout which ended with four men dead in slightly more than as many seconds.

Some of the early cowboys called the town "Hell Paso". It was a small community then, full of brothels and saloons, with barely500 souls conducting business in one fashion or the other along the one main thoroughfare, El Paso Street. Standing beside the road like withered and wiry soldiers were several cottonwoods. Behind these trees were the long row of white-washed, one story, adobe buildings. A mule car provided the only public transportation between El Paso and its Mexican counterpart, Paso del Norte (Juarez), a half-mile away and across the river.

The Rio Grande in those days lived up to its Spanish title of Big River. It meandered in and out of the mountain passes, alternately flooding and drying out. Along its banks were immense thickets almost a mile wide in places, and extending for long distances downstream and north into New Mexico. Mexicans referred to these dense, jungle like areas as *Bosque*. It was a perfect place to hide stolen cattle, or to commit murder.

On July 3, 1880, the town of El Paso incorporated for a second time, and immediately began looking around for a law officer. First it nominated John B. Tays for City Marshal, his qualifications being that he had been the only Texas Ranger captain in history to surrender his forces. That sorry episode came during the famous El Paso Salt War in 1877. Tays lasted only a few months, and was dismissed for failing to clean up a pile of trash that he had instructed to be dumped into one of the city's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

numerous road chuckholes.

After Tays came A. I. Stevens, a wagon and carriage maker by trade. In addition to being the marshal, he was assigned to the usual chores of street maintenance with prison labor, and given the position of tax assessor and collector. On November 26 the city fathers removed him for "neglect and dereliction of duty." They published no details.

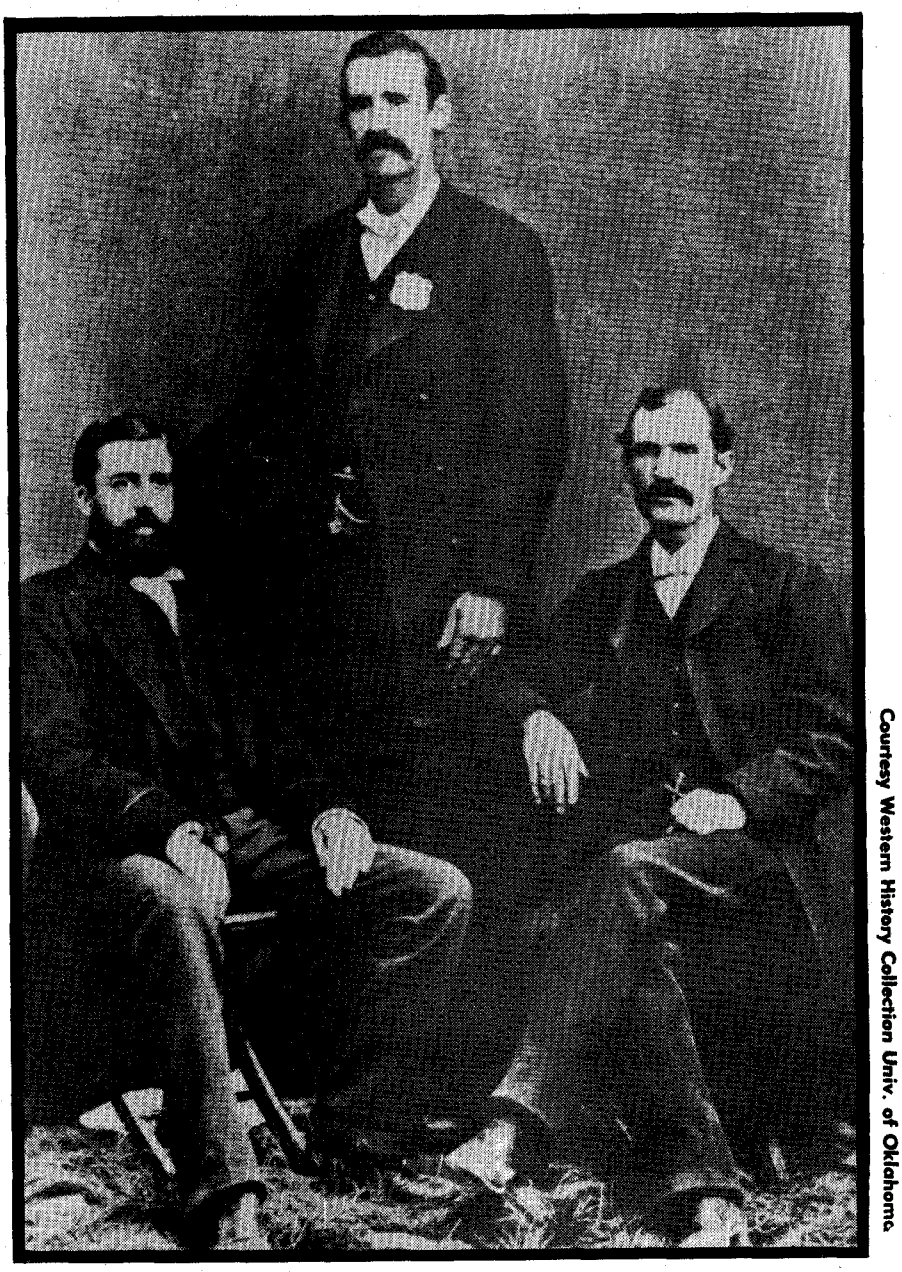
On December 1 the city council chose George Campbell for the vacant job. As a young man who left Kentucky after the Civil War, Campbell had journeyed to Young County, Texas, where he served a short time as deputy sheriff. And though extant records do not say so, there is a strong indication that Campbell also spent a modest few months in the Texas Rangers. After taking his oath of office, he appointed Bill Johnson, the town drunk, as deputy.

Since the job paid no salary, the only way to make a profit was to arrest as many law breakers as possible. After the judge had assessed a fine, the marshal collected a percentage, usually half. However, as many of Campbell's friends were considered the boisterous element, he was in the awkward position of having to arrest and convict them in order to exist financially. Campbell thought this grossly unfair, and demanded that he be paid a regular monthly sum. The council said no. They insisted upon a marshal who would earn his living by making arrests, thereby keeping the town under control.

To back up its very logical insistence, the city pleaded no funds, claiming truthfully that taxes could not be collected until a year after incorporation. Still, there was some money available. A system of fees was charged for almost every private endeavor. Fights between bears and dogs, bulls and bears, circuses, and the like paid $50 for each performance. Fortune tellers, mediums, side-show physicians, paid $25 per week. Prostitutes were regulated and charged $10 per month. If the village of El Paso was not overly prosperous, it at least was not broke.

Courtesy Univ. of Texas at El Paso archives.

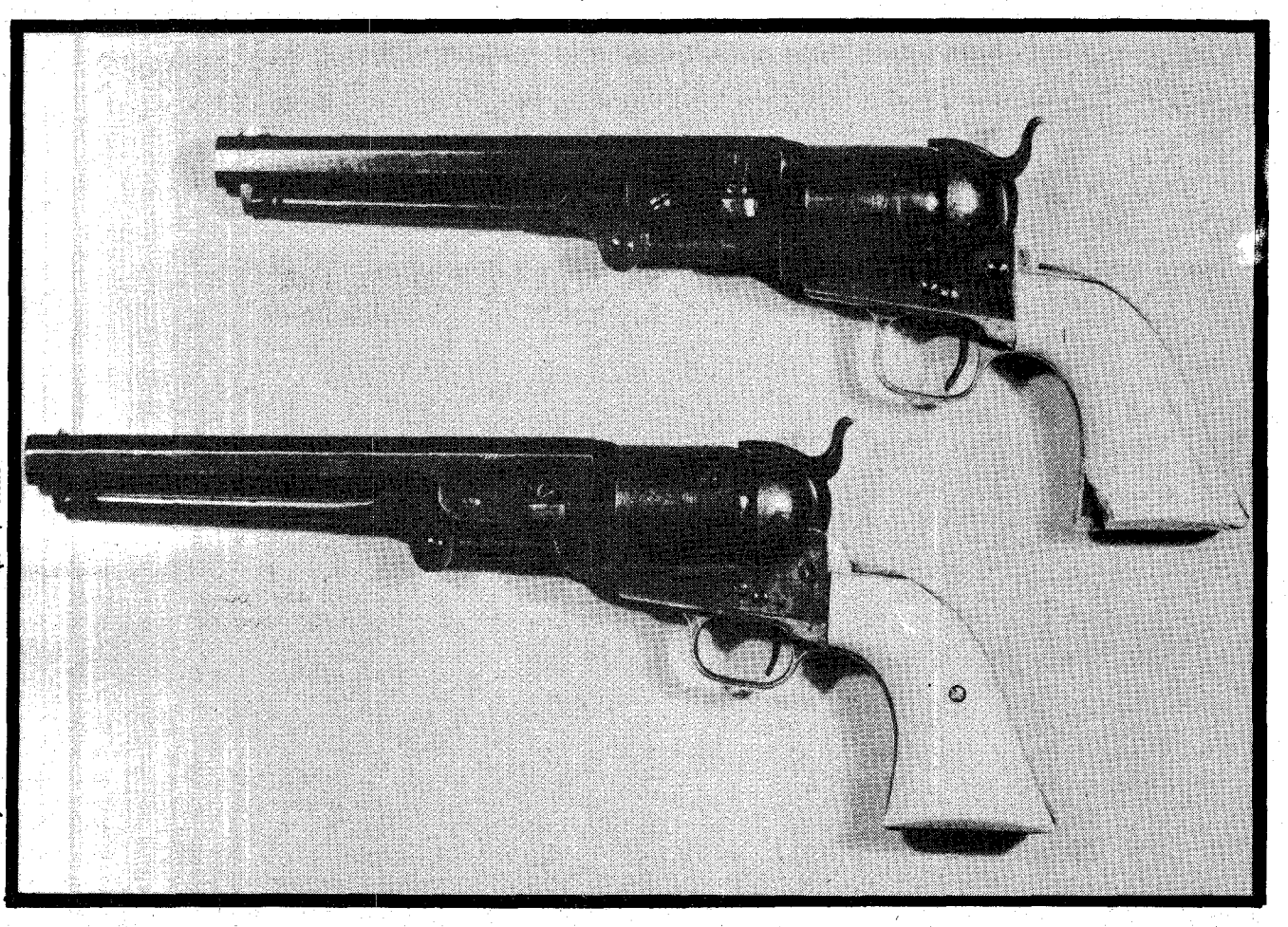
Joseph Magoffin, mayor of El Paso in 1881. He was instrumental in having Dallas Stoudenmire come to El Paso as marshal.



Courtesy Western History Collection Univ. of Oklahoma

Dallas Stoudenmire (standing) City Marshal of El Paso in 1881. The two gentlemen seated are not identified.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtesy Sul Ross State Univ. at Alpine, Texas

The .44 Colt pistols of Dallas Stoudenmire. They were presented by James Gillett to Sul Ross State University at Alpine, Texas where they are on display.

Marshal Campbell decided that a demonstration by some of his disorderly friends might convince the city to change its mind. At midnight, on about January 1, 1881, shooting began all over town as mobs of men wandered up and down the streets firing their weapons into the air. Mayor Joseph Magoffin's home was hit several times by stray bullets. Most of the aldermen suffered similar indignities. Meanwhile, Marshal Campbell sat quietly in his office, cleaning his fingernails. He did not seem to notice the uproar.

Instead of Magoffin and the city council meeting the demands of Campbell, the politicians dispatched a rider to the Texas Ranger encampment at Ysleta, about ten miles southeast. By morning the rangers were in the city making arrests. A warrant was sworn out for Campbell, but the marshal had fled to the ranch of John Hale, a friend who resided in the upper Rio Grande valley northwest of El Paso.

With rangers now patrolling the streets, and calm restored, Campbell's actions were overlooked. Though he was discharged as marshal, formal criminal charges were dropped. Bill Johnson remained as deputy and temporary marshal.

A hunt now began for a new city lawman, and this time the search began outside of El Paso. Magoffin and the council were finally learning that strict law enforcement could only come from a stranger to the area. On April 11, Dallas Stoudenmire, a former Alabama resident and Civil War veteran, took the job. He had the reputation as a dealer in death, a man whose guns had already spoken in a scattering of east Texas feuds.

Stoudenmire was instructed to pick up his office keys from Johnson and, incidentally, tell the "ex-marshal" that he was through. Dallas left promptly, his long legs rapidly eating up the hard caliche soil until he found Johnson standing on a street corner in his usual alcoholic daze. The fierce looking marshal literally shook the keys free, giving Johnson such a humiliating series of jostles that the former lawman brooded for two weeks and then tried to ambush Stoudenmire one dark evening with a shotgun. He fired two barrels and missed. Stoudenmire retaliated with five pistol shots, all of which struck the body. Johnson fell over backwards on the brick pile, dead before his half empty bottle had spilled out.

But in the meantime, as Stoudenmire turned and walked away from the reeling Johnson, he happened to pass former marshal George Campbell. "I'll try him on before five days," Campbell growled to a friend.

The new marshal settled back to await developments. He had no way of knowing that trouble had been brewing for months, and because of these difficulties, he would within three days be drawn into one of the West's classic gun battles.

The events began in January when a Paso del Norte Mexican, thoroughly intoxicated, fell into the company of four Americans who were across the river paying their respects to the local saloons. The

(continued on page 54)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Nono Minor

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

INDIAN HOUSEHOLDS

The Indian household had little regular furniture as the white man had, and interior decorating was not the same. What furnishings they did have differed greatly from tribe to trbie, as well as location. The furniture of the more settled tribes, naturally, was of a more stable type than that of the wandering tribes.

All tribes had some form of seating, and in most tribes the seats were placed around the walls. Mats of various types were often used as seats, pillows, and beds. These were made of plaited bark, woven rushes, or of skin which had been dressed on only one side. New skins or reeds woven together would be stuffed with the hair of the elk or deer, feathers, Spanish moss, or grass, and used as pillows or seats. In many tribes there was a seat or pillow made from the skin of the bear and this was always the seat of honor.

Among the Pueblos of the Southwest, seats were of stone, or rectangular stools made from a single block of wood. They also had masonry benches which extended partly, or completely around the room. The tribes of Northern California used circular stools. The houses of the Indian tribes of the Northwest had long settees which faced the fire. These dwellings had partitions which marked each family's space and seating in the communal lodge.

Tribes living in earth lodges had stationary couches which served as seats by day and beds at night. These were arranged around the walls and were made by planting, in the floor, four tall posts on which were supported two shelves or bunks made of wattled twigs. At night, bedding was placed over this. At times both shelves were used as beds, but generally the upper one was used as storage for the belongings of the person occupying the bed. Some of the lodges had a rod across this and a reed curtain was placed between the two front poles. This could be dropped to give seclusion to the occupant of the berth.

Another type of bed was made of a mat of willows stretched upon a low platform. This had tapering ends which were raised and fastened to tripods forming the head and foot boards. The skin of a buffalo bull, which had been killed in the winter when the fur was thick, served as a mattress. This was cut to fit the bed, then other robes were spread over it as bedding.

Pillows made of skin or woven reeds were made by most tribes. The Indians of the Northern California area made them of wood and these were used only in the quarters occupied by the men.

Babies and very small children used cradles, all being constructed on the general plan of a portable box which was adapted to the age of the child. The form and manner in which these cradles were ornamented varied from tribe to tribe. Some made a hammock by folding an animal skin around two ropes hung between posts. These were used to swing or rock the child to sleep.

A crotched stick was thrust slanting into the edge of the firepit and from the crotch hung one or more smaller crotched sticks directly over the fire, serving as hooks for pots in cooking. The metal itself was usually served on mats.

Among the Plains Indians, or tribes where corn was grown, a wooden mortar was used for pounding the corn. This wooden mortar was customarily set at the right of the entrance, and held firmly in place by its pointed base sunk well into the earthen floor. Every dwelling had a suspended pole or rack placed near the fire which was used for drying moccasins or damp clothing.

The Pueblo home had a mealing trough occupying one corner of the room. This was set at a sufficent distance from the wall to permit the women to kneel comfortably as they worked, and at the same time to face the center of the room. The trough was made of stone and generally contained three metates verying in coarseness for hulling, cracking and mealing the grain. There were many niches in the walls of these dwellings which served as shelves and closets.

The utensils varied from tribe to tribe, but those used for cooking were generally of wood, pottery or basket, later some metal utensils were used. All household items used for cooking and eating were kept in the space belonging to the housewife. These included the bowls, platters, spoons and ladles. The spoons and ladles were made of wood, horn, gourd, pottery and bone, and many were elaborately carved and painted. Often the decoration would merely show individual taste, however the ceremonial dishes were decorated according to tribal customs. These were treasured heirlooms to be passed on through the family and the tribe. Dishes were usually circular, oval or oblong and made from almost anything including ivory and rawhide.

As most Indians ate together, the main dishes were larger than individual size. There were small containers used to hold salt and other condiments, or small bits of delicate food. The meal was usually served in large pots, trays or platters which held enough corn, soft vegetables, fish and game for the entire tribe. Each member simply ladled out, or took what he wanted to eat. The specially decorated ceremonial dishes were used only for special occasions and feasts.

Many of the Eastern tribes, and some from the south, used dishes made of soapstone, also some tribes living in Wyoming and the California area, used dishes of soapstone. Indians living in the Ohio area used seashells, as did those tribes living in Illinois, Iowa, Arkansas, Georgia and Flordia. Shells made efficient as well as beautiful dishes. Also, most of the tribes in the United States used some form of pottery and wooden dishes.

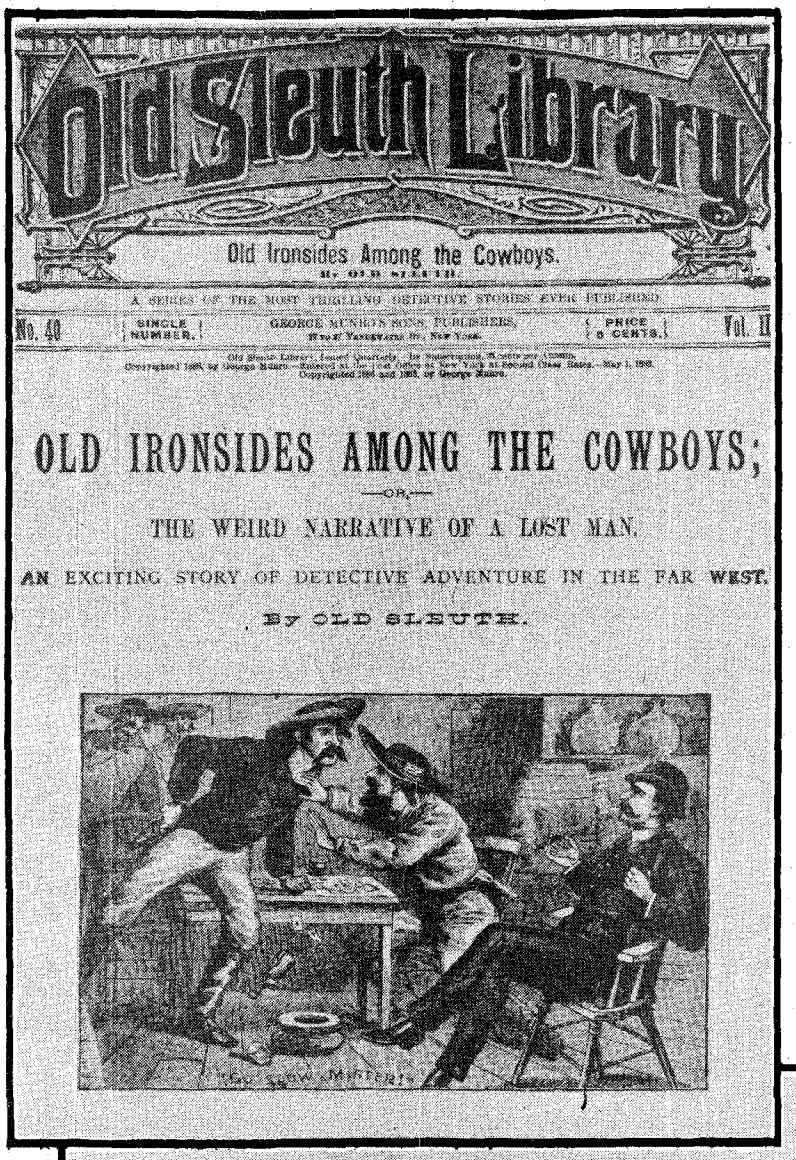
The Eskimo had oval shaped dishes cut from a single piece of wood, which often had a rim of wood fastened to the excavated bottom. The northwest coast tribes used boxes of rectangular shpae, with scarfed and bent sides attached to the bottom. Dishes carved or made in the shape of animals were , indian tribes.

(continued on page 73)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL WEST

Edward T. LeBlanc Collection



Old Sleuth Library

Old Ironsides Among the Cowboys.

A SERIES OF THE MOST THRILLING DETECTIVE STORIES EVER PUBLISHED.

No. 40 | SINGLE NUMBER. | GEORGE MUNRO'S SONS, PUBLISHERS, | PRICE 5 CENTS. | Vol. II

OLD IRONSIDES AMONG THE COWBOYS;

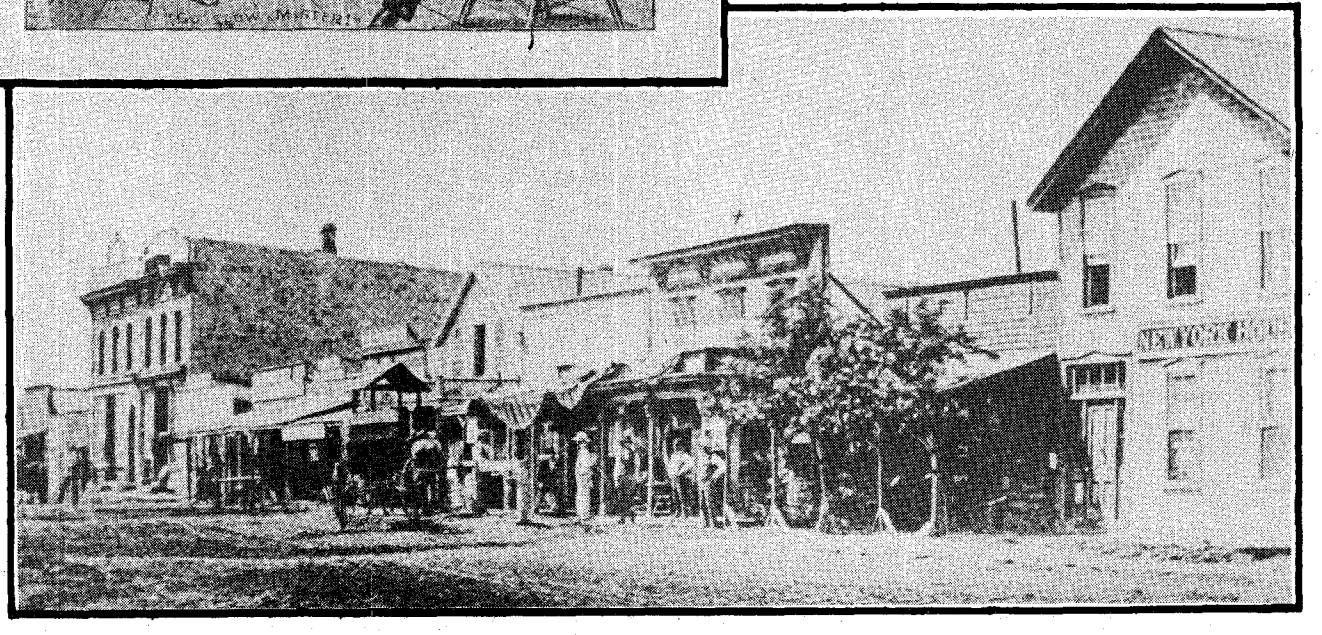
—OR,—

THE WEIRD NARRATIVE OF A LOST MAN.

AN EXCITING STORY OF DETECTIVE ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

By OLD SLEUTH.

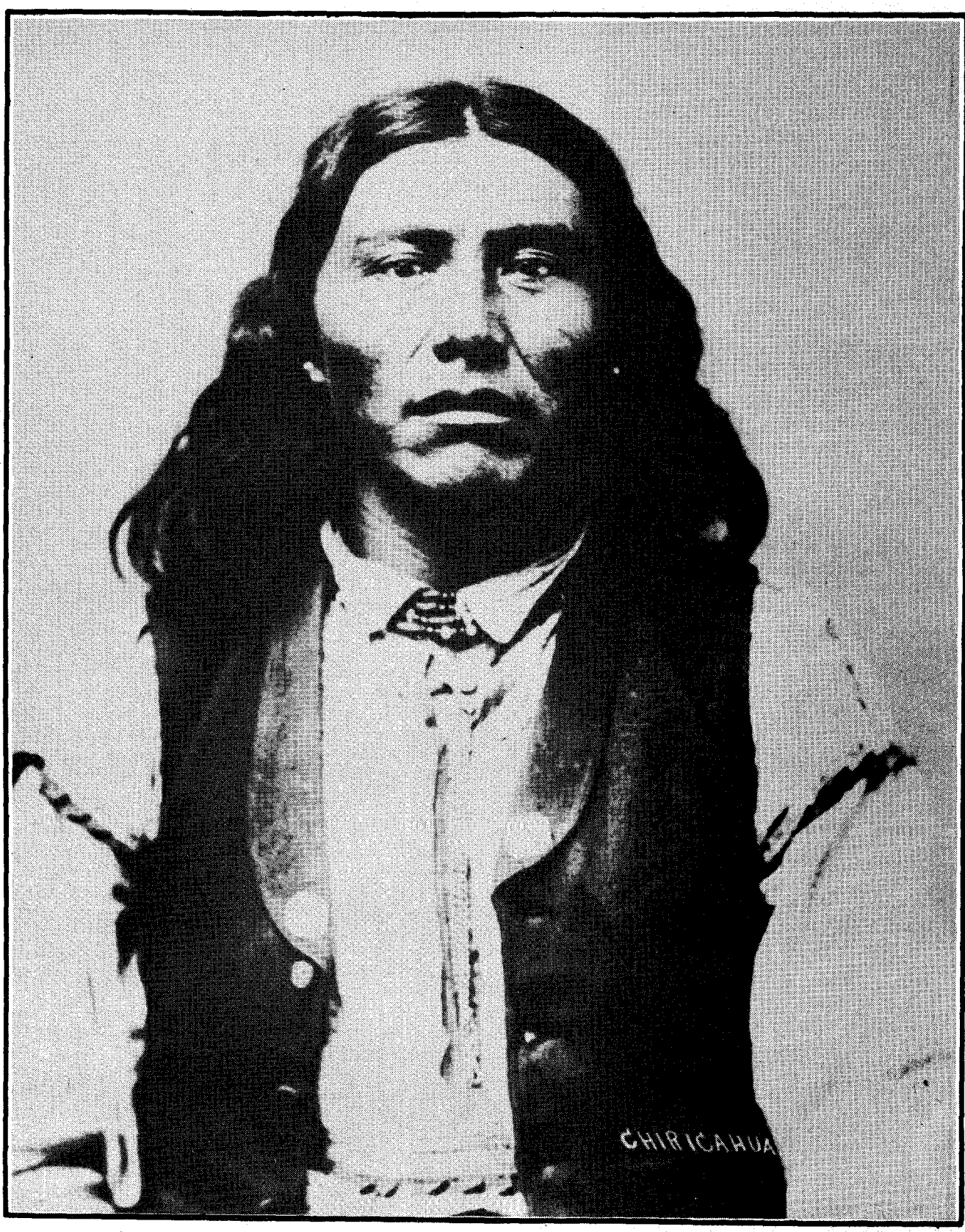
DIME NOVELS GLORIFYING THE WEST NO. 32. OLD SLEUTH LIBRARY. Detective stories flourished in dime novel form during the 1880's. One of the earliest and most successful was Old Sleuth. His adventures in eastern cities and the West adorned the newsstands for over half a century. Reprints of the stories were still available as late as 1930. The issue pictured above is dated May 1, 1888 and shows Old Ironsides, a contemporary rival of Old Sleuth in an act of bravado that would call for his quick demise. However, you can rest assured that he survived.



A street scene in early Topeka, Kansas.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICTORIAL



Ronald Joseph Morgan Collection

REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY NO. 48. NAICHE. Rare photo of Apache Chief Naiche. After the Apache surrender in 1886, Geronimo and Naiche both served the army as scouts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAMPLERS
A Lost Art

Doris Cerveri

In great-grandma's day proper young ladies didn't frequent nightclubs, go unescorted in public places or knowingly exhibit other acts of impropriety. Instead they demurely whiled away leisure time by embroidering "samplers".

Samplers were a sort of pattern—an ingenious record of stitches they had mastered. This was a necessary part of early-day needlework since originally no pattern books were available.

Lucky was the woman, though, who came across a rare Italian pattern book. These were very expensive and not readily available in America. Lucky, also, was the young lady whose parents could afford to send her to a special school to learn needlework. Advertisements in newspapers of the period tell of professional instruction in the niceties of embroidery. Then, too, some ladies' finishing schools taught advanced needlework as part of their regular curriculum. The art was even promoted so far in some institutions as to require girls to work their own diplomas in stitchery.

The English poet, John Taylor, expressed the entire concept of samplers quite well when he wrote in 1640:

For tent worke, raised worke, first worke, laid worke, net worke,
Most curious purl, or rare Italian cut worke,
Fire, ferne stitch, finny stitch, new stitch, chain stitch
Brave bred stitch, fisher stitch, Irish stitch and Queen stitch,
The Spanish stitch, Rosemary stitch, and mowle stitch,
The smarting whip stitch, back stitch, and cross stitch
All these are good, and this we must allow,
And they are everywhere in practice now.

Often as many as 60 different stitches were worked in a sampler as examples.

In spite of being of great antiquity, there is a lack of genuine examples of the art before the end of the first quarter of the 17th century. It wasn't until the 19th century that American patterns became predominant. As far as is known only three samplers were brought from England to America by early colonists during this period. One, perhaps the earliest, made by Anne Gower, wife of Governor Endicott, is preserved in Essex Institute, Salem, Massachusetts. Another, worked by Lora Standish, daughter of Miles Standish, is in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth. The third, dated 1654, bears the names of Miles and Abigail Fleetwood. Some collectors of early Americana designate these as original American primitives.

Besides English samplers, there were a variety of towel covers made chiefly by Pennsylvania German women. When company was expected, or on holidays, no one need look at an ordinary kitchen towel. No indeed, a fancy towel cover was placed over the offender so that one's aesthetic sensitivity might be preserved. Such niceties were strictly observed on most occasions.

Until recently one of the largest and finest collection of samplers from all over the world was owned by the makers of Whitman's chocolates. This collection was started about 1912 when the first sampler box of candy was sold, and contains examples from as early as 1662. Early this year 578 of these embroidered masterpieces were given to the Pennsylvania Museum of Art which has placed them in its permanent collection. Most of the samplers were purchased from antique shops and individuals all over the country and cost from $50 to $250 each, although some were given to Whitman's.

In addition to numerous stitches recorded on samplers in silk or yarn, innocuous verses, proverbs and biblical texts appeared, as well as decorative motifs of birds, animals, sprays of leaves, weeping willow trees, flowers and fruit, and letters and numerals. Texts and verses progressed to inscriptions having a moral tone, and stiff human figures appeared on the borders of samplers.

Toys were scarce and ways of diverting a child even more limited, which is one of the reasons a great many samplers were made by young children, usually little girls aged 6 to 11. They learned the art from their mothers or teachers. Carefully worked alphabets across tops and bottoms of some samplers helped prepare a child later to mark her sheets and table linens. Stitches were traditional and sometimes a child copied them from actual pattern books or from her mother's samples. They were intended to last through and beyond the life span of their creators. What a child created was something to treasure and pass on to her children. Children in Salem frequently used silk thread with a particular kink in it and some youngsters even wove in human hair.

Can you imagine a small, active child sitting still and laboriously stitching the following:

Our days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched, too.
Evil and few the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

Many children objected to doing samplers, and one little girl embroidered on the bottom of hers—"Patty Polk did this and she hated every stitch she did in it. She loves to read much more."

Sometimes motifs were transferred and used on chair and setee covers, bed hangings, window draperies, etc., unless the long, narrow samplers were rolled up and stored away to be used later for patterns.

Coloring in the 17th century was rich without being garish. "Tender" shades of greens, pinks, and blues were preferred. Work was done on rough canvas, coarse linen or linen crash. Thread used in the very earliest exmaples was home-dyed from native herbs.

About 1880 samplers were no longer popular and instead of remaining a valuable record of patterns and stitches, they gradually

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

developed into pastoral designs, and a new method for arranging motifs was used. Little figures, animals, flowers, etc., were worked entirely in corss-stitch, or petit point. Borders featured landscapes and little houses with text and proberbs.

Samplers served another service, too. Those bearing a name and date were accepted legally in lieu of a birth certificate when records of church or family bible had been destroyed.

Very recently the art of embroidering pictures and samplers is staging a comeback. Do-it-yourself kits can be purchased in most department stores or through the mail. It may be that a new concept of samplers will be recorded for history with the coming generation.

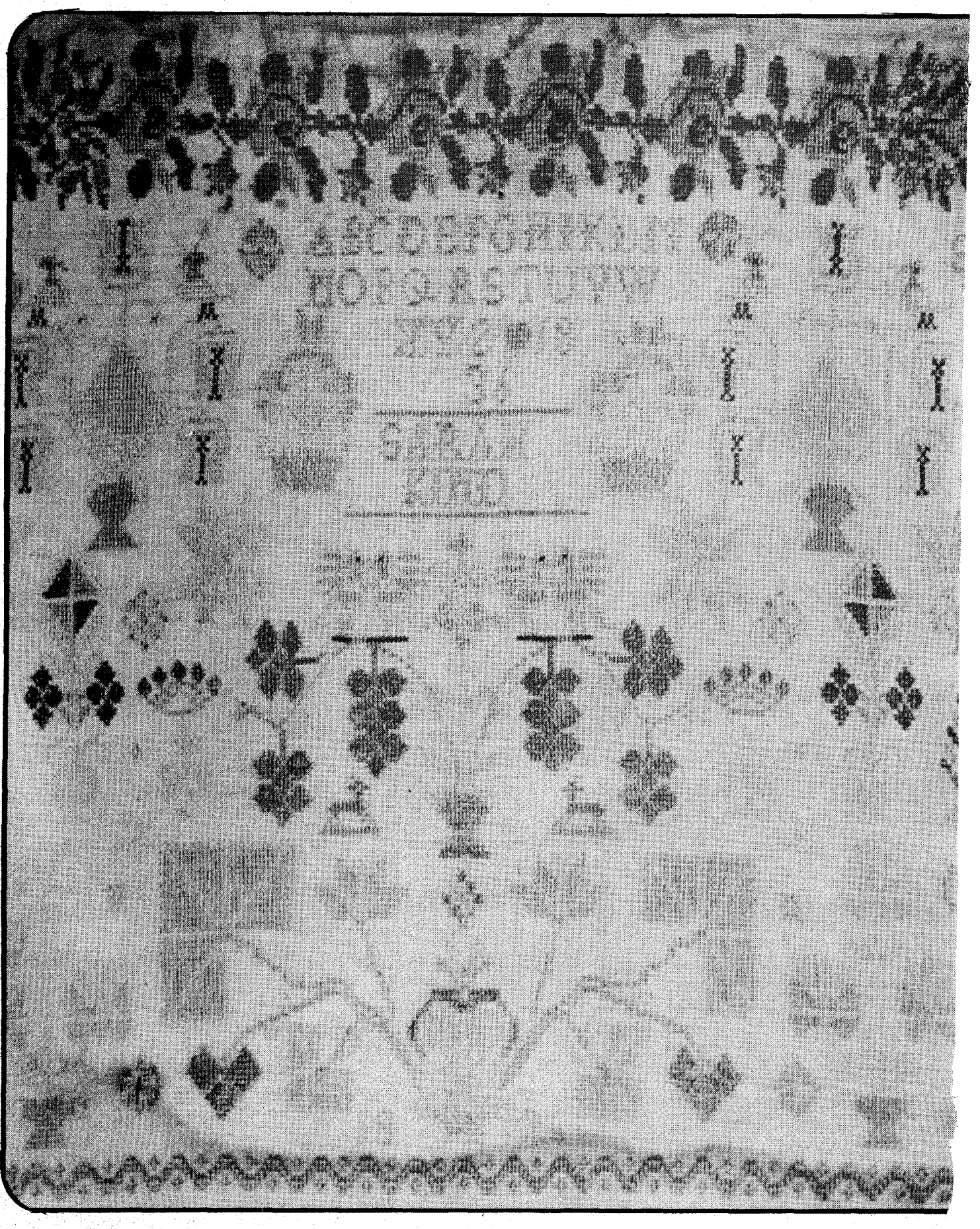
REFERENCE SOURDES:

The Practical Book of American Antiques by Eberlein.
Mary Thomas' Embroidery Book
American Home, September 1971

Pennsylvania Historical Museum Commission, Harrisburg, Pa.

In early colonial times and on the Western frontier, children embroidered the letters of the alphabet into sampler designs as an aid to learning. Three examples of this early art are shown above and on the following pages.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pennsylvania Historical Museum Commission, Harrisburg, Pa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Rogers Fund, 1913

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who Was DICK WICK HALL

By Sam Bloom

One of the most fascinating characters to emerge from the colorful turn-of-the-century years in the Southwest. His incredible yarns put a tiny Arizona town on the map and kept it there during his fabulous lifetime.

Photos furnished by the author

Dick Wick Hall in Hopi outfit. In 1898 Hall visited the Hopi reservation and announced that he was the census taker and was interested in their customs. He was well received and was able to witness one of their snake dances.

Who was Dick Wick Hall anyway?

Every fall since 1940 they celebrate Dick Wick Hall Days in the town of Salome, Yumaresque County, some fifty miles west of Wickenberg, Arizona. Adventurer, promoter and wit - some called him the second Mark Twain - he brought Salome out of the sand dunes and on everyone's tongue with his famous desert frog. The few residents who knew him at the turn of the century will eagerly tell you about Dick Hall's canteen-carrying frog.

On a hot blistering day in July 1898, Hall strode inside the Hopi reservation in the midst of a celebration, presenting his credentials to the chief.

"I'm a census-taker," he explained, "but I want to know more about your people. Like learning how you handle reptiles and such. That's my hobby." Only twenty-one, of medium height, he broke into a boyish grin.

"Good," the chief was pleased, "you learn much from my people. Come. Soon we have snake dance."

They made their way through a circle of bare-chested Indians squatting down on hard, pebbly ground, with drums beating out an erratic rhythm. The chief paused, then waved the festivities on. Dick mostly saw three kuyohoch, or shaman-killers - dressed in decorative kilts and fox skins for the occasion - each removing a rattler from a covered pit, toying with them as would a matador with a bull. Tossing the reptiles high in the air, the shamans caught them coming down, clutching them just below the fangs. With the rattlers dangling in mid-air between their teeth, the shamans teased them until they quivered out of control and bit themselves.

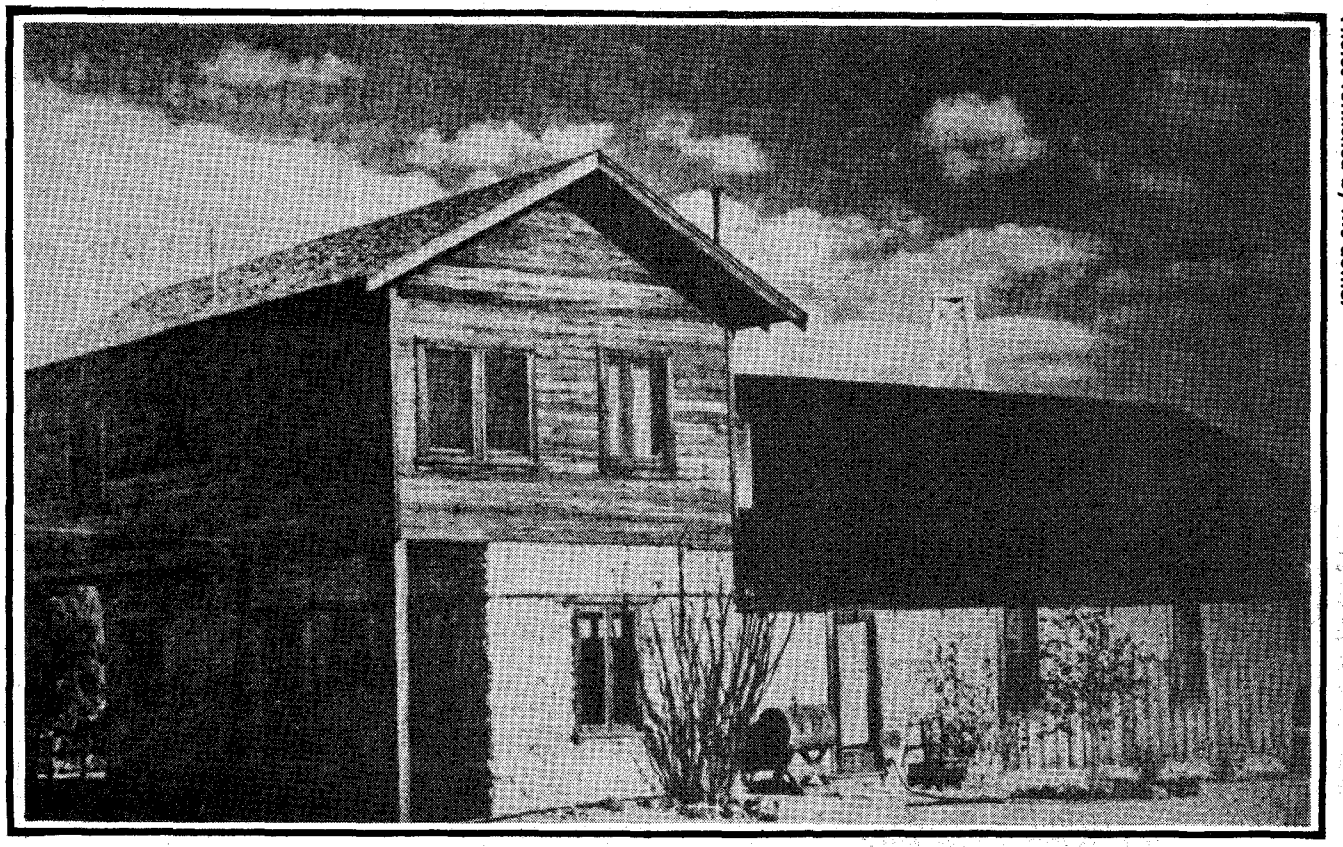
To young Dick Hall it was a fascinating exhibition. He became Hopi census-taker through the use of his glib tongue, having heard back at the Nebraska fair that the Hopi's were putting on their spectacular snake dance. Impressed with their culture after a short stay, he later wrote in an article for the Saturday Evening Post, "I learned to respect their culture, their religious celebrations, and of their understanding of snakes, buffalo, eagles and other animals."

Which explains his later attachment for the frog. Born De Forest Hall in 1877 in Creston, Iowa, little has been recorded of his teen years except that he had a short stint at college and collected reptiles in Florida where he acquired swamp fever.

Drifting westward, Hall worked for a spell out at the Tewksberry ranch in Pleasant Valley in the northeastern part of Arizona. It was here they had the most famous feud of the century; the bloody cattleman-sheepman battles between the Tewksberry's and the Graham's in 1887.

After two years of raising garden truck and feeding both the cattleman and sheepman, Dick wondered why

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photos furnished by the author

Blue Rock Inne at Salome, Arizona.

Photos furnished by the author

Old Jones store and post office at Salome, Arizona.

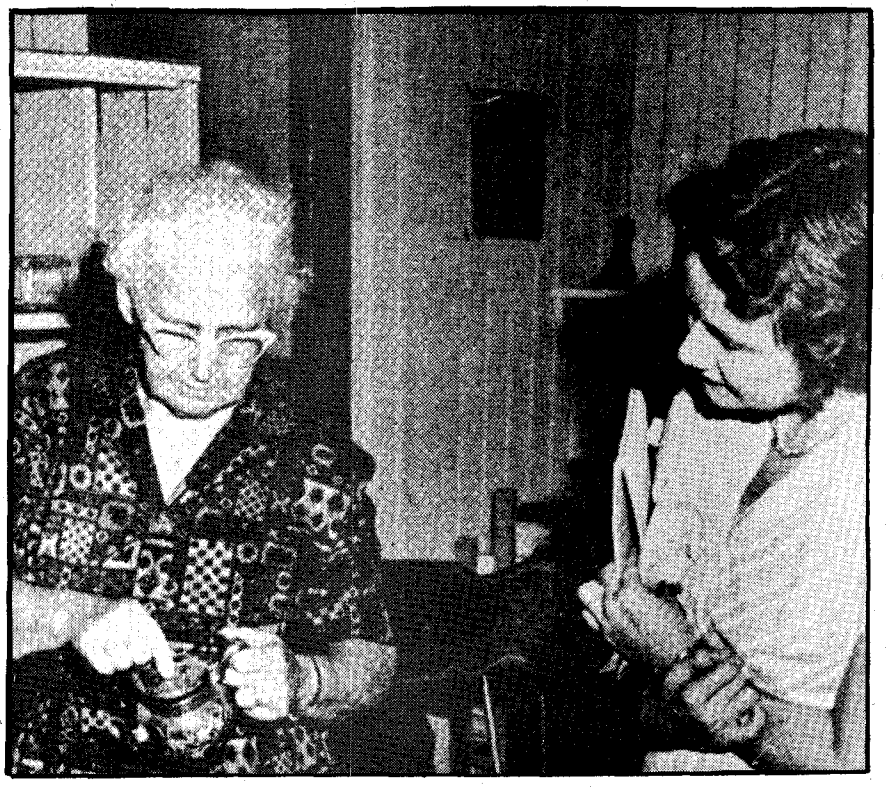
none had ever taken a shot at him, coming to the conclusion that good gardeners must have been scarce. Soon he decided a tranquil life was more to his liking, and quit.

Like Mark Twain, his new job was editor of a newspaper, The Wickenberg Herald. But unlike Mark Twain, he went deep in the red after only ten months. Bidding for financial support, Hall put out a front page edition sprayed with real gold and copper dust. It caused a stir throughout Arizona. But little else. It didn't bring in the necessary funds and Dick had to quit.

At about this time De Forest Hall became Dick Wick Hall. The Arizona Republican of April 27, 1902, declared, "De Forest Hall came down from Wickenberg for a name change. He says Dick is too short and Wickenberg too long. So he compromised. Now it is Dick Wick Hall."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photos furnished by the author



Mrs. Proudfoot, on left, one of "Jones girls".

Photos furnished by the author

Dick Wick Hall invented a frog that rivaled Mark Twain's famous reptile. The famous Salome Frog was the only frog to carry a canteen.

Old-timers say he prospected in the area with his brother Ernest (who later became Arizona's Secretary of State) before he ran into Shorty Alger. He had struck a rich pocket a few miles west of Wickenberg. Shorty was as excited as a tenderfoot roping his first steer.

"Yer diggin' in the wrong place, Dick. Come out my way where you'll be trippin' all over the yellow stuff."

He had uncovered the rich mine by blasting the site with dynamite, hacking away ore worth about $100 to the pound. Taking Shorty at his word, the Hall brothers pulled up stakes and went where the action was.

Already a small boom mushroomed, two thousand hardy pioneers streaming in to search for the elusive yellow metal. $30,000 was extracted from a fifteen foot area in just a few days. It didn't last long, the bonanza proved to be only a pocket.

Disgusted miners streaked away in droves heading in all directions still looking for that will-o'-the-wisp golden pie - in - the - sky. Dick stayed on, figuring that gold is where you find it. He had visions of turning this part of the desert into a lively settlement.

In 1903 or 1904 Dick persuaded his brother Ernest to join him in filing a claim on 100,000 acres of the dry, hot desert land. It is not known if Ernest took an active interest in the project, or considered it just another investment. At any rate, little was heard from him at this point.

Through the Grace (also known as "Grass") Valley Development Company, Dick dug irrigation ditches, sinking a well about a half mile north of the present site of Salome. He next promoted a mine in the area calling it the Glory Hole. This too turned out to be another small pocket and another bust.

But along about 1906 his little settlement came alive. Dick convinced one E. S. Jones, who ran a general store in Old Congress and Wickenberg to come settle out his way. He cornered Jones in Wickenberg, wasting little time promoting his venture.

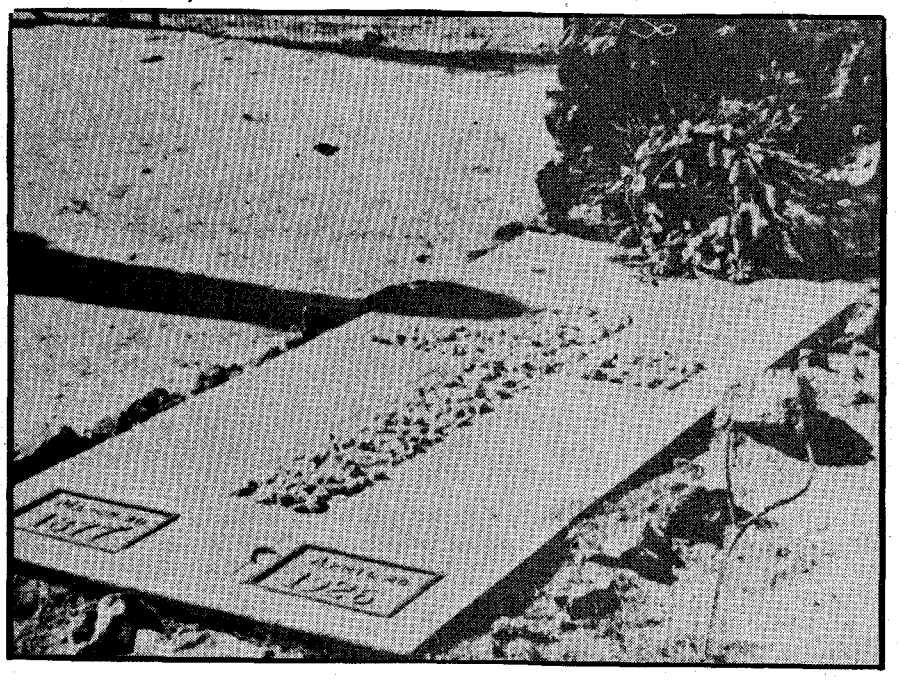
"Mr. Jones, you are a man who knows a good deal when he sees one. Set up in my place and you'll prove it. They're running a railroad from Wickenberg to the west coast. Workers have to buy stuff and that's where you come in. Water is no problem as I have enough to flood the whole state of Arizona. You can even get material for your building from the broken-down Glory Hole mine. Is it a deal?"

Jones agreed and in no time at all had a promising business going. Dick decided it was high time he gave the community a name, calling it Salome. Then with an afterthought, added, "Where She Danced".

The town grew up around the Jones store. Mrs. Jones and her three vivacious daughters Evvy, Dorothy and Lucy ran the newly-erected Blue Rock Inn boarding house. A Post Office sprang up with Hall as postmaster. Also a saloon just off the main road which Lucy said later was converted into a schoolhouse. Too, the girls graduated from Old Tempe Normal with Evvy eventually teaching

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photos furnished by the author



Dick Hall's gravesite at Salome, Arizona.

Dick expanded to other interests in Louisiana, Texas, Utah, California and Phoenix, promoting oil, mines and real estate. But he always came back to the town he made famous, Salome.

A state highway was built paralleling the railroad on the south side of the tracks, ignoring the little settlement of Salome on the north side. By now the Jones family had also included a garage as part of their growing enterprises. But it was on the wrong side of the tracks!

With the Jones girls married, the sons-in-law had taken over the operation of their several businesses. And they wanted the garage over on the other side, closer to the road. As the girls later admitted, Mr. Jones was a stubborn Englishman. He adamantly stuck to his decision not to move. "If anyone needs repairs they'll know where to find us."

The young men were restless. One night when all were asleep, they dismantled the garage, moved it across the tracks, and put it together again just off the road! And that was that. The girls couldn't remember what Mr. Jones said the next morning, or weren't telling. But the garage stayed.

It was still on Dick's land, and being a partner, named it "Laffing" Gas Station. It drew more cars; business boomed at the boarding house where people stopped for food and lodging.

Dick wrote of the Blue Rock Inn, "All Rooms are Large Rooms, but if not Large enough to suite you, you can have an Outside Acre Room Free of Charge . . . but only the ground and atmosphere are Included with the Outside Rooms, as no covering is needed during the Summer Season, which is Often Quite Long - and quite Often Longer."

On using capital letters, he said, "I think it Looks Better anyway to have a few caps Scattered around; it breaks the Monotony of so Many Little Letters."

Hall publicized his little community through a single sheet newspaper, "Salome Sun - Where She Danced". On one occasion he wrote, "William Jennings Bryan came right through Phoenix without knowing it, but He stopped over at Salome for Two nights. He liked it so well he Forgot to Write his Daily Bible Lesson . . . and took a bath in my Bath Tub, the only one within fifty miles . . . exceptin' Mrs. Jones! but she's a Republican".

George Horace Lorimer of the Saturday Evening Post stopped at the garage for repairs one day in May, saw the news sheet, and had Dick agree to stack up all the back numbers and ship them to his office. Thus Hall became known practically all over the world. Don Marquis, famed columnist for the New York Sun, wrote, "If we ever get Andy the Cockroach pried loose from Paris . . . we're thinking of sending him out to call on Dick Wick Hall's famous Salome frog."

The news sheet was an instant hit, reprinted and quoted throughout the continental United States by all the big-time magazines and newspapers. Fan mail was received from as far away as India.

Dick Hall's famous frog story was printed in his news sheet and overnight became hot copy. He headlined it, 'The Truth about the Salome Frog,' continuing with, "The Frog was not born here. I found the egg in the Owens River Valley near Little Lake, California, in a Slough back of Bill Bramlett's place, thinkin' all the time it was a Wild Duck Egg, but on the way home it hatched out a Frog. The Salome Frog is Seven Years Old now and can't swim yet which isn't his fault. He carries a canteen so he won't get Lonesome. It is not altogether Dry here ... it does rain Once in a while but never Twice. He's resigned to his fate. Now he is like Everyone else out here. He just Sits and Thinks. If you think you're down on your luck, why just think of my Frog - the biggest in the world weighs 27½ pounds uncroaked —Seven Years Old and He can't Swim."

In another sheet he told how he made Salome dance.

"I had Salome take off her shoes one Fateful Day but wasn't aware the Sand was Hot. 'Neither was She. But when Her Bare Little toes touched the Hot Sands of the Desert, Salome hot-footed Her way to Fame with some unrehearsed Movements all Her own. She Danced but never Moved Her feet. I laid out some 1000 Town Lots around where Salome Danced nineteen years ago, Since then we have accumulated 18 more Folks and One Frog Seven Years Old."

As to the frog, he disappeared on a heavily-clouded day in October, reportedly seen by a passerby swirling around in the sand dunes. When told about it Dick said, "The sand dunes must be as temptin' as the ocean. He's probably out there now anticipatin' rain." A search for the frog proved futile.

Dick Wick Hall was laid to rest in the little Hall cabin in Salome, Arizona. He died of Bright's disease on April 28, 1926. ●RW

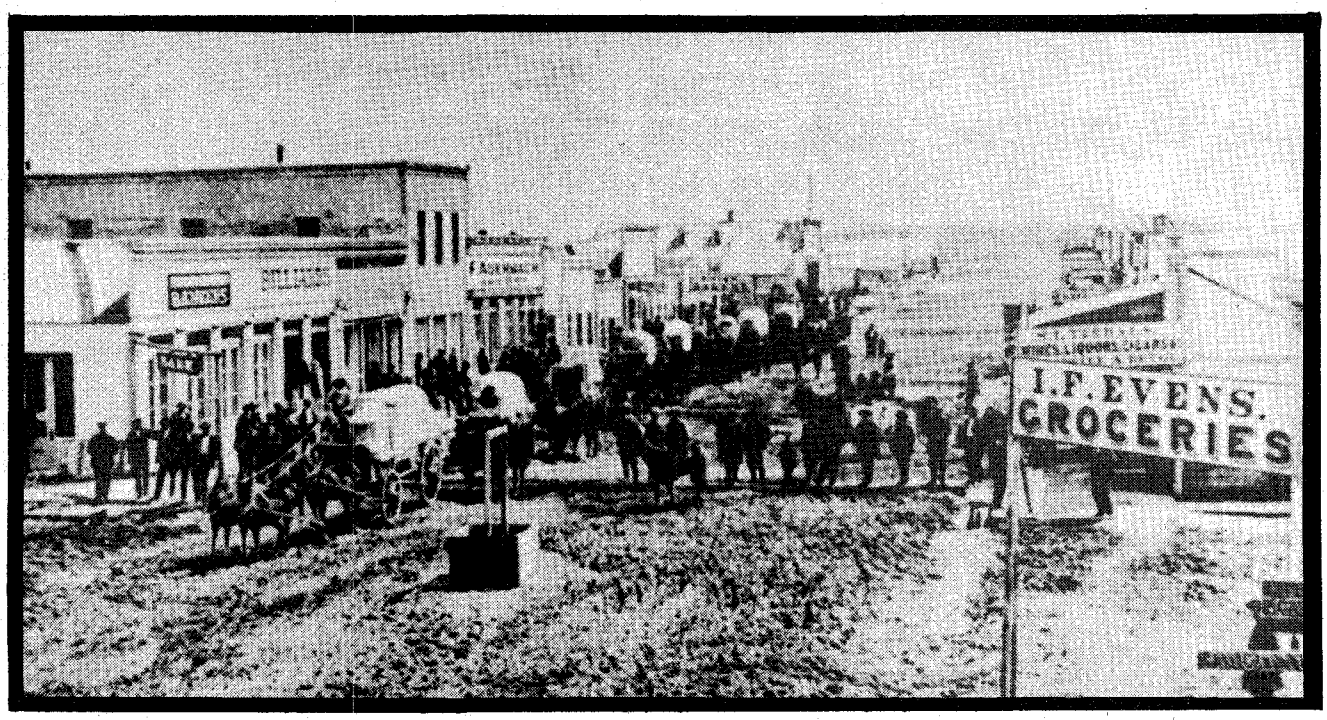
REFERENCE SOURCES:
Saturday Evening Post of the 1920's, New York Sun, 1920's Arizona Library and Archives and interviews with residents of Salome, Arizona.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chinaman's Chance

By A. J. Simmonds

When the murdered chopped down his victim in Corinne, Utah Territory, they asked the Chinaman, Ah Sing, if he did it. Whatever the Chinaman said, no one understood because he replied in Chinese, so they sent for an interpreter. The interpreter told the court the Chinaman had confessed and they took his word for it and hanged him.



Averbach Collection, Utah State Historical Society

A wagon train, bound for the mines, loading on Montana Street, Corinne, Utah, Territory, in the spring of 1873. Bornstein's saloon was about midway in the block on the right.

In April 1874 the city of Corinne, Utah Territory, was exactly five years old. It had been founded on the banks of Bear River in 1869, the last of those Hell-On-Wheels towns which sprang up to serve the needs, real and imagined, of the men who built the Transcontinental Railroad. After the driving of the Golden Spike at Promontory Summit, only twenty miles away, the city's promoters saw her as the Chicago of the Rockies, the future rail center of the West. They set aside land for a University and reserved a block for the future capitol of Utah. To draw the Salt Lake City trade to its streets, they launched a flotilla of paddle wheel steamboats on Bear River and steamed them down to the open waters of the Great Salt Lake only six miles away.

For all their plans, however, the "Burg on the Bear," as Corinne came to be endearingly called by its citizens, took its prominence from the great wagon trains and fast stages which lumbered the four hundred miles north from the city to the rich mines of southern Montana. From 1870 to 1878 the goods shipped in by rail were re-loaded in wagons for the trip north. And in such gilded places as Virginia City, Bannack, and Helena, the gold and silver from the mines was shipped south. It is small wonder that with such riches Corinne's main business thoroughfare was named Montana Street.

As a freight center and a railroad town, Corinne attracted its share of toughs. Just a week after founding, a reporter for a Salt Lake City newspaper noted that "the place is fast becoming civilized, several men having been killed there already. The last one was found in the river with four bullet holes through him and his head badly mangled."

But for all the violence, businessmen established themselves along Montana Street, including Julius Bornstein who built a saloon. In a city of drovers and freighters, saloon-keeping was a most profitable business; and by 1874 Bornstein was one of Corinne's leading citizens.

In common with most other leading citizens, Bornstein didn't do much except count his money. As in many western cities, the work was done by the Chinese. Chinese crews had built the Central Pacific through the Sierras

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

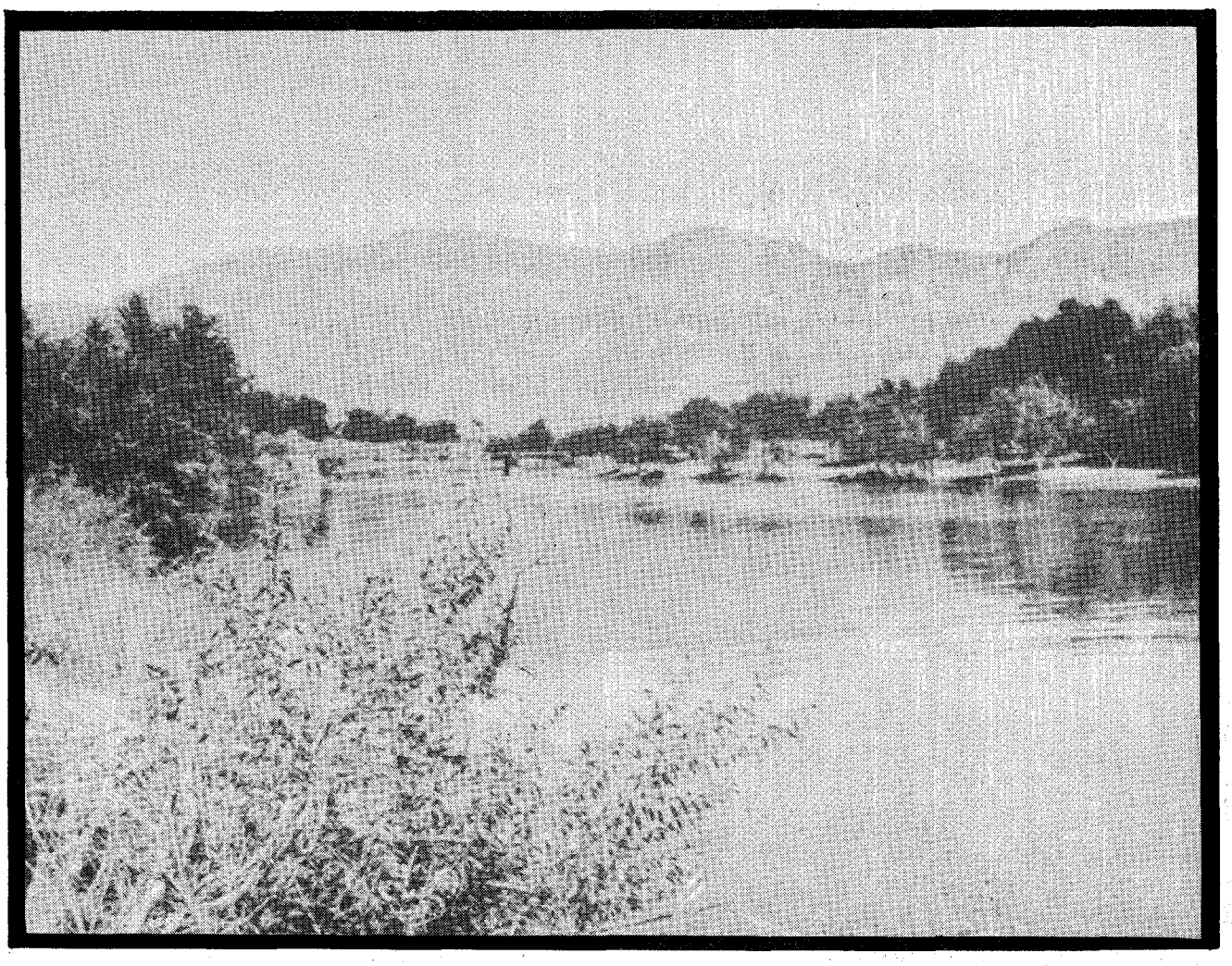


Photo by author

The Bear River at Corinne. The town sits to the left, obscrued by the willows. The railroad trestle is in the distance.

and across Nevada and, after the driving of the Golden Spike, had left the line and fanned out into the boom towns of the Pacific and Mountain States. From its very beginning they were in Corinne, itself a Central Pacific town. On January 22, 1870, they established their first Josh House in the city, just above the railroad trestle across Bear River. Around it they built Corinne's Chinatown.

The Chinese were never popular on the frontier. Some of the trouble stemmed from their willingness to work for less than American employees, some from their general failure to learn English, but most from plain, old-fashioned, unvarnished bigotry.

And there were always plenty of them.

So in early April 1874, when saloon-keeper Bornstein fired Ah Sing, there would be someone else to take his place sweeping up, washing the glasses, and emptying the spitoons in the Montana Street establishment. But until he found someone, Bornstein would have to do it himself. Mrs. Bornstein and his family were visiting in San Francisco. It was a nuisance having them away when he was short-handed. But his wife had wired him for money for fare back to Corinne. He had sent it in the Wells Fargo strongbox on the next train west. So after he'd closed the bar, chased the last drunk out into the street, and finished sweeping up on the night of Sunday, April 5, 1874, Julius Bornstein had every reason to believe his family would be back home by the middle of the week.

It was after 10:00 when he left the saloon and started down Fourth Street to his home. This was earlier than his usual closing time. Though it was early April, it was still winter in northern Utah. The past winter had been one of the worst on record. All over the Territory cattlemen had lost everything as their stock froze to death on the range. The snow was still piled deep in the Idaho passes, and the Montana trade would not open for at least a couple more weeks. Then, Bornstein thought to himself, Sunday nights would be a lot busier.

The cold wind coming off the Great Salt Lake made him hold his coat tighter at his throat and hurry his steps.

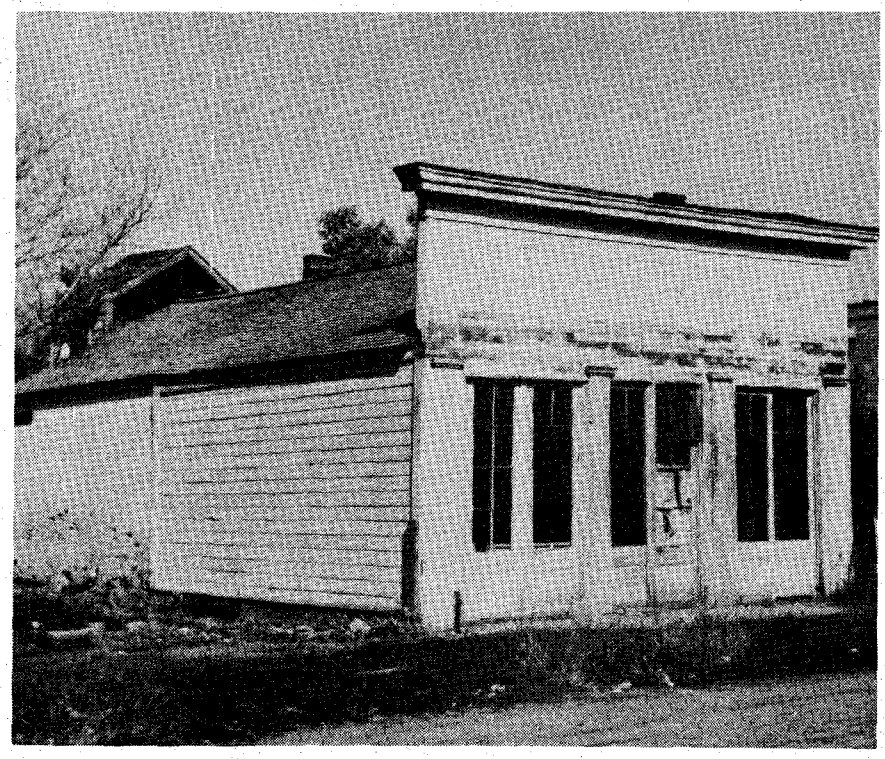
When he reached home, he went inside and lit the lamp in the dining room. A few minutes more and a wood fire was roaring in the stove. Coal was not readily available in Corinne, but wood, shipped over the Central Pacific from California was plentiful. It burned more rapidly than coal; but tonight Bornstein was grateful for the quick heat.

About eleven o'clock, when the fire was starting to die, he turned down the damper on the stove, blew out the light, and walked toward his bedroom door.

The bedroom opened off the dining room, and the door was left open to allow the heat to circulate. As he stepped into the dark room, whoosh, from behind the door, an axe grazed the side of his face, shaving off part of his cheek.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo by author



The town hall and city jail at Corrine where Ah Sing was kept prisoner. Later this false—front building was used as a bank.

Bornstein grabbed at the half-hidden axe, but it was held by a younger man. Again the hatchet came at him.

At ten the next morning, when he still hadn't opened up, his Montana Street neighbors were worried. Bornstein always stopped off at H.W.P. Spencer's Barber shop before going to work. But this morning Spencer hadn't seen him.

It was a concerned group of men who opened the door to Bornstein's house that April 6, 1874. What they sawconfirmed their worst fears. One of them described the murder in a letter to the *Salt Lake Tribune*:

"J. Bornstein, an old and respected citizen here, was found murdered in his dwelling this morning. It appears the old man went home about eleven p.m. and started to go into his bedroom to retire, when a blow from an axe in the hands of an assassin, concealed behind the door, felled him to the floor. A slight scuffle seems to have followed, but the murderer made sure his work, burying the axe deep in Bornstein's head. Deceased was found in the dining room adjoining the bedroom, his pocket-book by his side, empty, and his watch gone, showing robbery the motive."

No sooner had the body been found than someone remembered Ah Sing, until recently Bornstein's janitor. He and a friend were clapped in jail. Nobody could think just why; but everyone was certain they were strange enough to have done it.

By the next day, Corinne's citizens had raised a reward purse of $300 for the apprehension of the killer. The Hebrew Benevolent Association of Salt Lake offered an additional $500.

Marshal D. D. Ryan tried to interrogate Ah Sing. He had been arrested wearing summer clothes. Since it was still cold, Ryan suspected that his heavy winter clothes might be found covered with blood. Ah Sing didn't know much English, but he gave the marshal two possible places where his winter clothes might be stored. Ryan didn't find anything; but then he wasn't sure he'd been understood, either.

But Ryan was sure there was matted blood in the Chinaman's hair.

What Ryan needed was an interpreter. There were a few Chinese in town who could help, but the marshal wasn't sure of their loyalties. He wanted an American; and there was only one American in the Mountain West who would do: Bill Thayer of Denver. Ryan telegraphed for him.

Then Corinne sat back to wait, and speculate, and rehearse the grim and bloody details of the murder. Salt Lake City's leading newspaper, *The Deseret News,* reporting conditions in Corinne, noted that "There is great excitement in town and if the murderer is found out he will meet summary justice."

On April 13, a week after Ah Sing's arrest, Bill Thayer arrived on the morning west-bound. Corinne in general, and Marshal Ryan in particular, were happy to see him—but a little uneasy.

Thayer seemed to have learned Chinese in San Francisco during the early days of the construction of the Central Pacific. Since then, he'd parlayed that knowledge, and a certain flair for showmanship, into a profitable practice as a detective. The marshal of almost every town in the west had a printed flier in his desk that told all about Thayer's skills.

But he was a little too sure of himself.

On the short walk from the Central Pacific depot on Front Street to the city jail, Ryan explained what had happened.

By noon, after a long conversation in Chinese, Thayer assured Ryan that Ah Sing had confessed. According to Thayer, the Chinaman had killed out of desire for revenge for mistreatment at Bornstein's hands.

That was pretty vague, but Thayer was able to report some few additional details. The angry editor of the *Ogden Junction* printed them: "After he had hacked him with an axe, he lighted matches and watched the last agonies of his victim, laughing as he writhed in the throes of death."

Those are the kinds of details from which mobs are made.

Corinne throbbed with anger. That evening the citizens crowded into the opera house for a mass meeting. After Thayer rehearsed what he said Ah Sing had told him, there occurred what must be regarded as one of the strangest town meeting votes in Western history. The proposition was whether to storm the jail and lynch the Chinaman or turn him over to the county authorities for trial.

It was a tie. The meeting was adjourned until 10:00 o'clock the next morning. A dozen well-armed men were posted to guard the jail.

A citizen confidently telegraphed the *Salt Lake Tribune:* "Corinne is all excitement this evening. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

murderer or Bornstein has been found. He has confessed.

By ten the next day, April 14, there were a hundred men around the jail. Ryan was getting worried. He waited till noon, when the crowd had thinned for lunch, then loaded the prisoner in his buggy and, with a couple of deputies as outriders, started down Montana Street for the bridge which lead across the Bear River to Brigham City, the county seat, in whose jail he thought his prisoner would at least be safe.

As they slowly drove down the street, the crowd gathered again—larger and angrier than ever. Between Fifth and Fourth Streets they passed Bornstein's saloon. There was a chorus of howls.

At Second Street the buggy and the mob both turned north toward Front Street and the Bear River bridge. To the right was the Josh House, and around it a dozen Chinese stoically watched the procession.

At the sight of them the crowd became a mob. Two hundred hands tore Ah Sing from the buggy, and a hundred voices shouted for revenge for Bornstein.

After taking Ah Sing from the hapless marshal, the mob rushed him onto the Central Pacific trestle across Bear River. A new rope, one end tied in a noose since the night before, was slipped around his neck, and the other end tied to the trestle frame. With a final curse, someone pushed Ah Sing toward the muddy waters of the Bear River sixty feet below.

The rope broke his fall. And his neck.

In the crowd a man looked at his watch. Two-forty-five P.M.

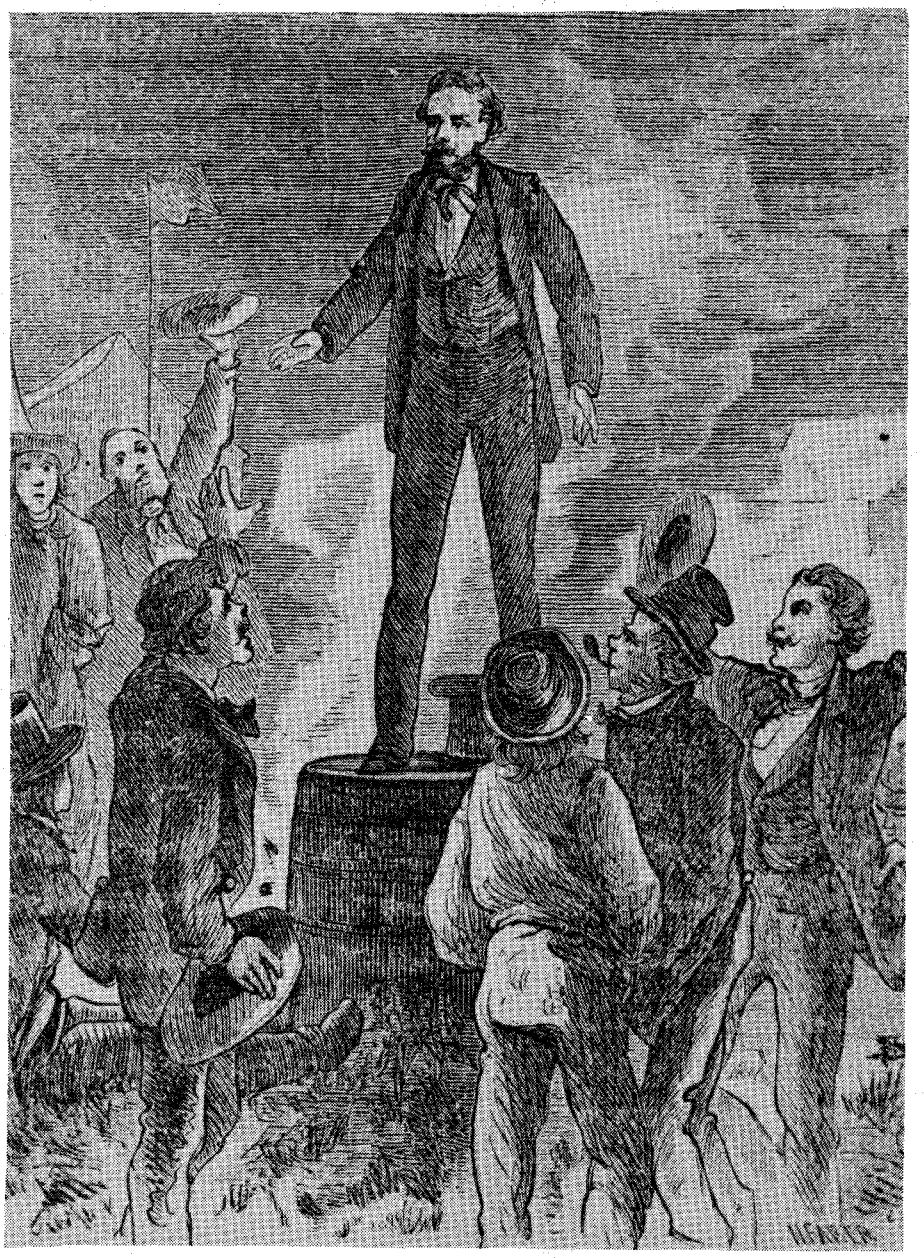
The mob thinned.

Marshal Ryan looked at the swaying corpse below the bridge, and above it at the silent oriental faces crowded around the Josh House. Then he turned his team around and headed back up Front Street to Louis Silva's livery stable.

For the rest of the day, crews on Central Pacific trains crossing the Bear River were startled to see a corpse swinging from the trestle timbers.

After sunset, Marshal Ryan removed the body and delivered it to Ah Sing's comrades for burial in the Chinese cemetery near the Josh House. Then he returned to his jail and released the other prisoner.

Photo by author



Soap-box orator at Corinne. Though this woodcut illustrates the oratory of the city's founding, it must be similar to the harangues on the night of April 13, 1874, when the citizens voted whether or not to lynch Ah Sing.

The next day, for his part in uncovering the criminal, Bill Thayer collected the reward of $800 and left for Denver. He left a few loose ends. Where was Bornstein's money? And where was his watch? But they were trifles. Corinne was well satisfied with his work.

In reporting the lynching the *Deseret News* said, "Thayer, the detective and Chinese interpreter, called from Denver especially to work the case up, brought about this, and with great credit to himself and the community."

The county officials in Brigham City were not sure the whole affair reflected much credit on Box Elder county justice. On June 8, at the next term of the County Court, the city of Corinne presented a bill against the county for $69.00 for guarding Ah Sing. By unanimous vote the Selectmen chose to ignore it. ●RW

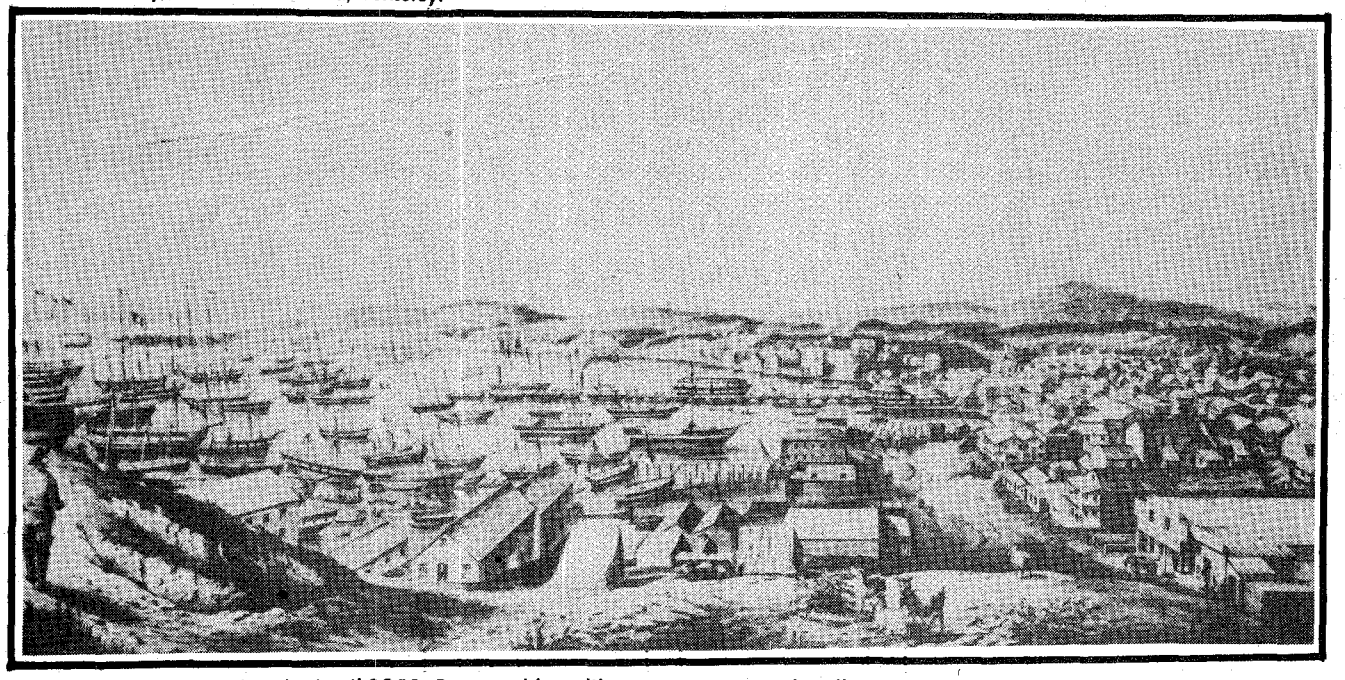
REFERENCE SOURCES:

Contemporary newspapers: Deseret News; Utah Weekly Reporter: Salty Lake Daily Tribune; and Ogden Junction. Utah Historical Quarterly, Vol. IX and XXXVII.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Dirtiest, Meanest City

Bancroft Library, Univ. of California, Berkeley.



San Francisco in April 1850. Rats and bog-like streets were a deadly menace to its inhabitants. Ships were left to rot, deserted by their crews who raced to the gold fields.

"The dirtiest, meanest city this side of hell!" This was what a California gold-seeker in San Francisco wrote home to his family in the winter of 1849 but neglected to add "and the most dangerous for those who tried to navigate its streets during the rainy season which comes between November and May." General history has ignored the fact that a careless person could lose his life during this wet period by just going down the street in this former town of Yerba Buena.

Some thoroughfares were muddy quagmires of peril so deep that unwary strangers were known to smother and drown in them. Rubbish, garbage, and filth decorated the streets in haphazard piles. To travel by night was to court death. Only the fool-hardy would risk it, and mud-covered corpses was not an uncommon sight to be seen floating face down in the muck.

One of these crazy streets became famous because many of its principal users attempted to pave it with countless sacks of Chilean flour. Another byway attracted close attention to it by having dozens of cheap stoves anchored in low mud and practical places just to walk upon. These wood burners had arrived in great numbers, and had glutted the market to the point where the price of them dropped severely. They were purchased and used by the rich miners who put them to good use in lines as "mud-hoppers", and street improvers. Pedestrians had to watch their feet closely because the stove lids were not always in place, and nasty falls occurred frequently.

On a third street the paving blocks were sturdy packing cases of imported tobacco. This crudely constructed roadway was the result of these products being the least expensive cargoes overflowing the water front docks. Very little lumber was used because it was almost unprocurable at $600 per thousand feet.

When California in 1849 and early 50's became the land of heart's desire for half the people of the world, the glowing descriptions of this new, romantic, gold-strewn country fired the imaginations of eager immigrants who quickly adopted San Francisco as their immediate destination. It was a golden city when they arrived for it took gold and plenty of it to exist there.

It was cheaper to throw away some clothes than to have them laundered at $12 to $20 a dozen. One woman "earnt her old man" $900 in 9 weeks, clear of all expense by washing. A barrel of Mess Pork cost the buyer a stiff $210, a dozen cans of sardines weren't cheap at $135, two hundred pounds of real fine flour set the purchaser back $150. Even plain candles commanded a price of $3 each.

To accommodate the mass of humanity that flowed through the city, some of the old vessels in the bay were beached and pulled up over the sand to be used as dwellings. Used as a hotel the once reliable ship, the "Niantic", served a good purpose as did the "Appollo" as a saloon along with the prison brig "Euphemia" that housed the law breakers. This was the time when a barrel of good whiskey was auctioned off at the amazing price of $18,000.

Not one of these Gold Rush ships were preserved for posterity, but if you stand on the Embarcadero in San Francisco today, you'll have walked over the long-buried bones of some once proud and exciting Cape Horn Clippers. These graceful whippets of the sea lie beneath your feet in unmarked graves, and were put to rest when parts of the bay were filled in to provide more ground space; their rotting frames forever removed from human sight.

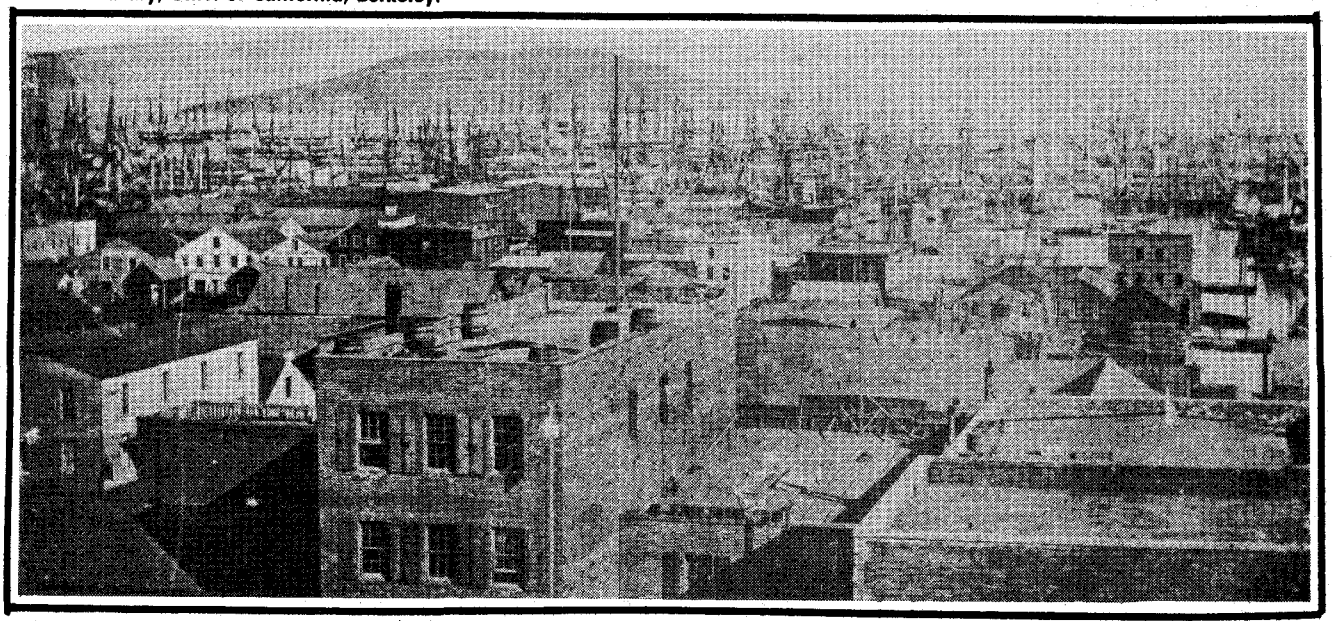
Move a block away to Stuart Street and pause to reflect a moment that a fast and faithful "Othello" of the 49er days was ignominiously entombed below, its headstone being a modern roadway. The moldering bones of the former quick "Galen" are buried

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Side of Hell"

By Clarence M. Fink

Bancroft Library, Univ. of California, Berkeley.



A clutter of abandoned vessels in San Francisco harbor in 1850. Many of them became part of the city as the Bay was filled in with their rotting hulks.

ingloriously beneath the south side of Market between Main and Spear streets. Every modern historian should shed a nostalgic tear for the once brave "Byron" who delivered her deck of passengers to the door of the gold fields, sailing through the Golden Gate with nearly 60 other sturdy ships one Sunday night. Her hulk has no historic marker above ground though her carcass is resting peacefully under the busy thoroughfares of Beale and Market. At the top of Pine street anyone inclined to dig up history would be rewarded with what remains of the reliable "Callao" who once carried trans-shipped mail to the diggings.

The first comers off these boats were rowed ashore by the boatmen who demanded and got $2 and $3 for the trip from their passengers, and dumped them and their baggage unceremoniously ashore. Most of the beaches were littered with boxes, barrels, kettles, trunks, and personal articles with their owners sitting and standing by them, unhappy and forlorn because no one would carry them into town for the usual charge of 50¢. They did not know that any small service brought that much, and hefting trunks and heavy boxes were $4 or more, if they were fortunate enough to find anyone willing to transport them for that. Most of the would-be carriers were searchers in Mother Lode country. It was probably the 49ers first "Do-it-yourself" act before they reached the diggings. Most of these amateur miners were young men who considered anyone 30 years old or more, down right elderly.

Joseph Byers of New York described San Francisco's sordid street conditions to the home folks and penned it this way: "Step outside your tent at night and you put your feet on a swift, moving carpet of rats that squeal and bite in their frenzied hunger. Fleas are much thicker than the rats . . ."

An enterprising man made a good living by selling a large cage full of desirable mature cats. Each animal sold for an ounce of gold dust which brought $16 on the going market of exchange. The new cat owners didn't have to spend much for their food with the countless rodents swarming about.

It was even expensive to receive mail in early San Francisco. When the monthly mail steamer arrived it was immediately announced publicly by wooden wig-wags on top of Telegraph Hill. The news created pell mell rushes by most of the city's population that literally turned into human stampedes to get to the Post Office before the forming lines lengthened into block long affairs. Even those who expected no letters got in line with the others and sold their positions to those willing to buy them at from $1 to $5. Those who stayed in the line-up overnight could demand and get $20 or more from those anxiously awaiting news from home. The letters cost $2 each plus 40¢ per half ounce on mail that had already been paid for by the sender. Despite this expense there were few protesters, and the miners paid promptly.

It is interesting to learn how a San Francisco 49er felt when he was taken with gold fever. - "A frenzy seized my soul; unbidden my legs performed some entirely new movements of polka steps. I was soon in the street in search of necessary outfits, piles of gold rose up before me at every step, castles of marble, dazzling the eye with their rich appliances, thousands of slaves bowing to my beck and call, myraids of fair virgins contending with each other for my love - were among the fancies of my fevered imagination. The Rothschilds, Girards, and Astors appeared to me but poor people; in short I had a very violent attack of gold fever!" ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

"A Forty-Niner's Diary Of the Mother Lode" by Brad Braidwood, San Jose, 1903 (Privately printed); "They Built the West" by G. C. Quiett, N. Y. 1934; "California: An Interpretive History" by Walter Bean.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILL CROFT BARNES:

by Clarence M. Fink

Here was a man of action who lived the adventure yarns that he wrote from the hell-roaring years between 1885 and the Roaring Twenties. While serving with the Army Signal Corps, Sgt. Barnes received the Medal of Honor. After his Army career, Will C. Barnes served with distinction in the U.S. Forest Service.

Despite a full cycle life as pioneer soldier, telegrapher, meteorologist, cattle rancher, forester, and proud recipient of the Medal of Honor, Will Barnes used his limited spare time to become an untiring and prolific writer who published scores of articles on a hundred subjects in countless magazines and journals as well as contributing to many newspapers and little known periodicals.

Some of his writings were on the nature of natural history and dealt with Arizona's past. Starting with "Raided by Apaches"-A True Story of Cowboy Life in Arizona that aroused much interest in "The Youth's Companion" of October 1885 and "In Apache Country" that was featured in "The Overland Monthly" of February 1887, he followed a long literary career that led him to finally become associate editor of the "Arizona Historical Review". His varied articles for this magazine and the "Arizona Highways" near the end of his illustrious life caused him to lament with sincere despair that he could not find time enough to write more often and freely.

All of his compositions were skillfully written, original and masterly in their presentation. Barnes knew how to ensnare the mind with his story-telling wizardry and he gave vision to some of his stories that were wild and western, savage and free. There was sort of an engaging out-of-door freshness about his literary efforts, and he had a fine art of maintaining pace and suspense. Barnes had a good sense of the dramatic and his creations were crammed with all that was picturesque.

This soldier-cowboy's entire career was actually a chronicle of the last frontier. Born in San Francisco on June 21, 1858, he spent his youngest years in Nevada's mining camp of Gold Hill. When he was about seven he went to his grandfather's farm at Lake Calhoun, Minnesota with his widowed mother. The year of 1871 found him residing in Indianapolis where he met Booth Tarkington and sang in the choir with James Whitcomb Riley. These were but two of many renowned personalities he was to encounter in his important career.

Young and ambitious Will C. Barnes entered Arizona in 1871 as a private soldier in the Army's new Signal Corps. This interesting untamed country was much to his liking, and the rugged Territory was to be his home for the rest of his life. His entire journey from San Diego to his new point of assignment at Fort Apache covered 225 miles. His difficult trip by pack train through the deep snow came under a brief attack from the Apaches, and he experienced a real thrill of adventure that would stimulate the mind of any red-blooded American. Fortunately there were no casualties.

Fort Apache was nothing to brag about. In fact it was nothing more than a crude camp for housing the troops in the White Mountains at the headwaters of the Salt River. It was isolated from most everything, and though his commanding officer officially complained about the lack of heat and terrible housing, Barnes took it in easy stride. Things were miserable for the average soldier with the quarters being overcrowded with countless bugs and pests. The occupation of a telegrapher with only an assistant and a repairman proved to be vigorous work. Almost every day constant raids and killings by Victorio's bands kept every operator at his key for as long as 36 hours at a stretch ready and able to answer emergency calls. The military telegraph also handled private messages at a penny a word for 500 miles, though official business received priority.

Four regular weather reports had to be made by each operator to Washington, Washington time which in Arizona forced the men to prepare their coded messages at 3:39 in the morning. The call signals came from El Paso, Texas at exactly 4 A.M. and if you missed sending them you had to have an awkward, painful excuse ready for the Chief Operator. The only acceptable and valid excuse for failing to execute messages was that the line was down, but then the missives had to be sent by mail.

It was in the last days of August, 1881 that Barnes received the nation's highest award for bravery in the Indian-fighting Army. Colonel Carr of Fort Apache took two companies of the Sixth cavalry to arrest a trouble-making medicine man on Cibicue Creek. Carr was an experienced Indian fighter and regarded as one of the best since the Civil War. In the field he fought the redskins Indian style, that is he thought like an Indian while combating them.

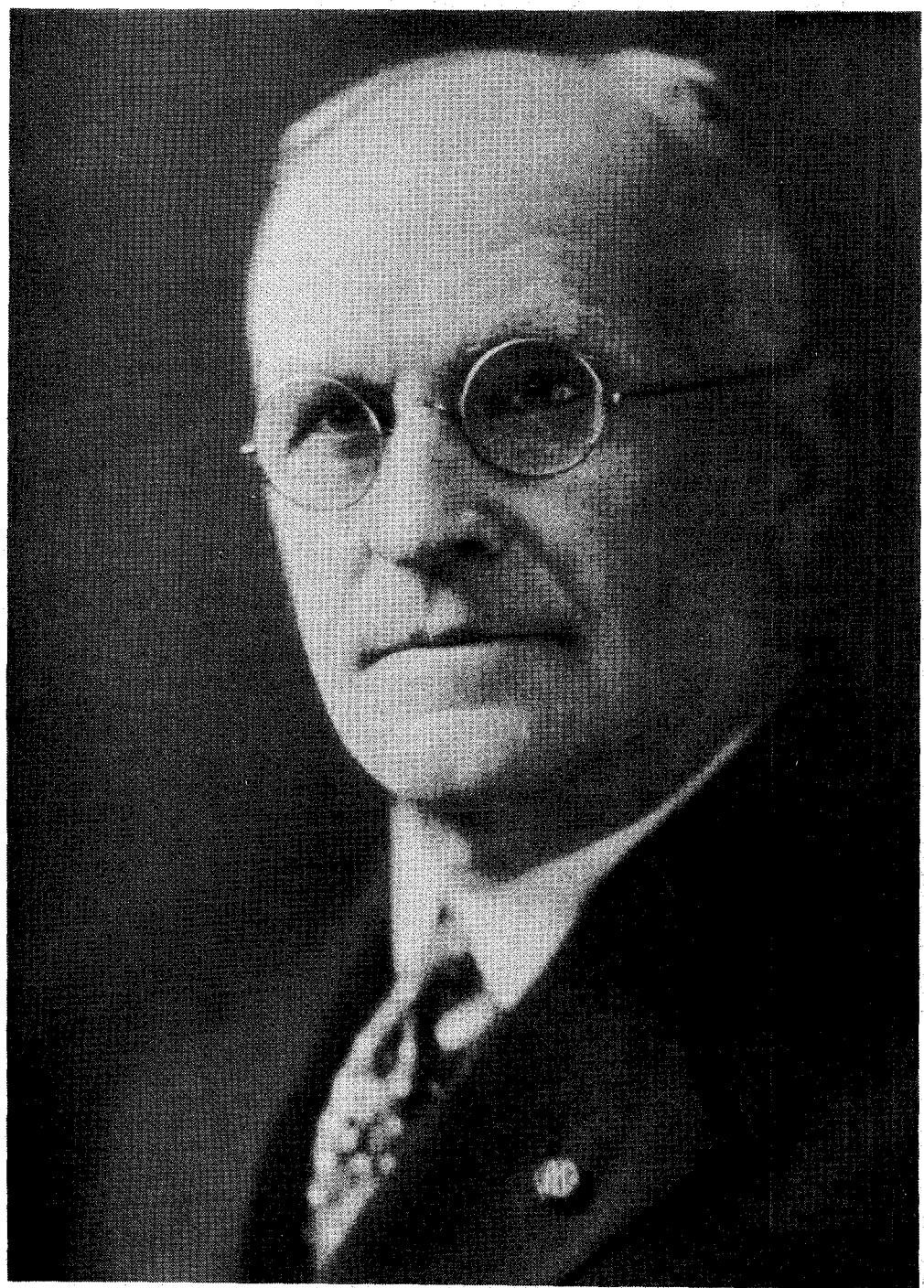
Thus the make shift Fort Apache was depleted with only 21 men left with a few officers to ward off any strong Apache war party that might take it upon themselves to wipe out the bold and haughty palefaces who trespassed in their territory. These Indians were the most hardy, tricky and treacherous ones in the entire West, but fierce and deadly in combat. It was not uncommon for an Apache to cover 55 miles a day on horseback across desolate desert wastes, and still be primed physically to attack a company of formidable soldiers at the end of his journey.

During the long wait at Fort Apache friendly Indians rode up with the news for the small defense detachment that Colonel Carr's entire command had been bushwacked and massacred. Though it proved to be false later the fort itself was completely isolated with its telegraph line cut, and the remaining trooper soldiers there had a bad case of jitters believing the false

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Horatio Alger of Arizona

Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society.



Will C. Barnes

rumors of the slaughter of their comrades.

Knowing that quick action was necessary Barnes immediately volunteered to man an observation post alone some distance form the fort and to communicate with its personnel by signal flag if danger approached them by giving the all important advance warning. Carr's two companies of soldiers returned from their mission safely. The telegrapher withdrew successfully from his perilous spot and two days later offered to risk his life by going for help to Fort Thomas which lay fifty miles to the south after Colonel Carr announced the gathering of large masses of hostile Indians that could overwhelm them.

The job of outsmarting the cordons of alert bands of watchful Apaches who were keeping the fort under surveillance and to creep through their midst unharmed called for a lot of luck and sheer courage on Barnes' part. A civilian scout bent on the same mission of getting relief for Fort Apache ran afoul of these hidden, silent redskins who ambushed the brave man and slowly tortured him to death.

"Bash-nal-sense-has" or the "Iron Paper Man" as the Indians called Barnes through operating his telegraph rode many perilous miles, often dismounting and hiding, and making the necessary detours to avoid the enemy until he reached his destination and secured a rescue column to relieve Fort Apache.

A year later he was presented with the Medal of Honor for this action in an impressive ceremony which he never forgot. Now a sergeant Barnes left the army in the fall of 1883 and went into the prosperous business of raising meat on the hoof, and quickly made a name for himself in cattle trade. He became a friend of Gifford Pinchot of the U. S. Forest Service who induced him to become an Assistant Forester and Chief of Grazing. In this job Barnes served with great distinction.

He also acted as a legislator and was personally responsible for putting through a bill that split Apache County down the middle, bringing Navajo County into being. Barnes retired from the Forest Service in 1928 at 70, but served as Secretary of the U. S. Geographic Board with honor. President Wilson had appointed him a departmental member in 1920. At his death in December of 1936 Barnes was laid to rest in Arlington National Cemetery. Two years later a Butte in Papago Park and Military Reservation was dedicated to him, and in 1958 a bronze tablet was unveiled in his honor, with the Will C. Barnes Memorial Field House perpetuating his name at Fort Huachuca, Arizona.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES

"Arizona and the West," University of Arizona Press, 1960.

"Apaches and Longhorns: The Reminiscences of Will C. Barnes," Los Angeles War Ritchie Press, 1941 and others.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUR DEAD IN TEN SECONDS

(continued from page 34)

Gringos took the man's money and, because he was so drunk, left him wandering in the streets. However, within an hour or so that evening, the Mexican appeared again, seemingly just as solvent as ever. So once again the Americans took charge, and once again stole his money. The thieves did not go home this time either, but continued their rounds of sampling the tequila and sotol. And although it stretches the credulity, it is a fact that the same robbery took place once more. This time the embarrassed Americans took their prey to the desert wasteland, stripped him, turned his pockets inside out, threw his clothes away, and left him shivering in the high mountain air.

When the man returned to town he was sober for the first time that day, but he was also very upset. He told his almost unbelievable tale to the Mexican police, and had the satisfaction of watching the entire force spread out in a massive dragnet. Before morning every American in Paso del Norte resided in jail, some nursing a bruised head when they tried to slow up the proceedings by asking what the ruckus was all about. Their names, as near as they can be ascertained, were Nibsy, O'Neal, Cain, Thompson, Lafayette Kid, Pat Ryan, and Joe King. In El Paso they were known as a very tough bunch, all were friends of George Campbell.

On February 18 at the Lone Star Saloon in El Paso, a jail break was being planned. John Doyle, the proprietor, had been collecting six-shooters for a week. When half-a-dozen guns were obtained, several *senoritas* were selected to make the deliveries. In those days it was not only permissible for girls and wives to visit prisoners, but it was a recommended practice. It made for more tranquil inmates.

Early that morning the guards waved the young ladies through, grinning and pointing out the small, dark, mud-brick rooms with the sparse furnishings of a single canvas covered cot. It was better than nothing, of course, but it wasn't much better.

Courtesy Reyes Madina

William Hale, the only son of John Hale who was killed on the streets of El Paso in a fight with Marshal Stoudenmire.

In less than an hour after the visitors left, Thompson led the breakout. Shooting as he scurried across the courtyard, he stormed like a madman through the jail entrance. The captain and one of the guards were shot through the stomach, and both went down moaning in agony. Another policeman, sitting sleepily against the wall, stumbled to his sandal-covered feet in a half stupor, only to be savagely clubbed back to earth. Thompson charged for the Rio Grande, screaming for the others to follow. Under ordinary circumstances, he could have made it in ten minutes.

Most of the other prisoners were not quite as brave or as reckless as Thompson. Pat Ryan came rushing out like a man who was having second thoughts about the wisdom of the escape. He quickly lost his nerve, and took cover inside a nearby saloon where he waited for the authorities to come after him. The Lafayette Kid acted a little uncertain also. He tripped over an obstruction, rolled into a gutter, wrapped his arms about his head, and waited to be captured. Only O'Neal and Cain decided that the efforts were worth the risks. They threw their lot in with Thompson.

The three men raced along, straining for the river and safety. Ahead, their only obstruction was an *acequia* (irrigation ditch). There wasn't time to follow it to the Rio Grande. The shortest distance lay straight ahead across the water barrier.

As the gunman waded into the ditch, fighting the water that was nearly shoulder high, they were overtaken by a *vaquero* who happened to be eating breakfast across from the *carcel* when the fight broke out. He jumped on his horse and caught up with the fugitives as they tried crossing the canal. Dismounting, he pulled his rifle.

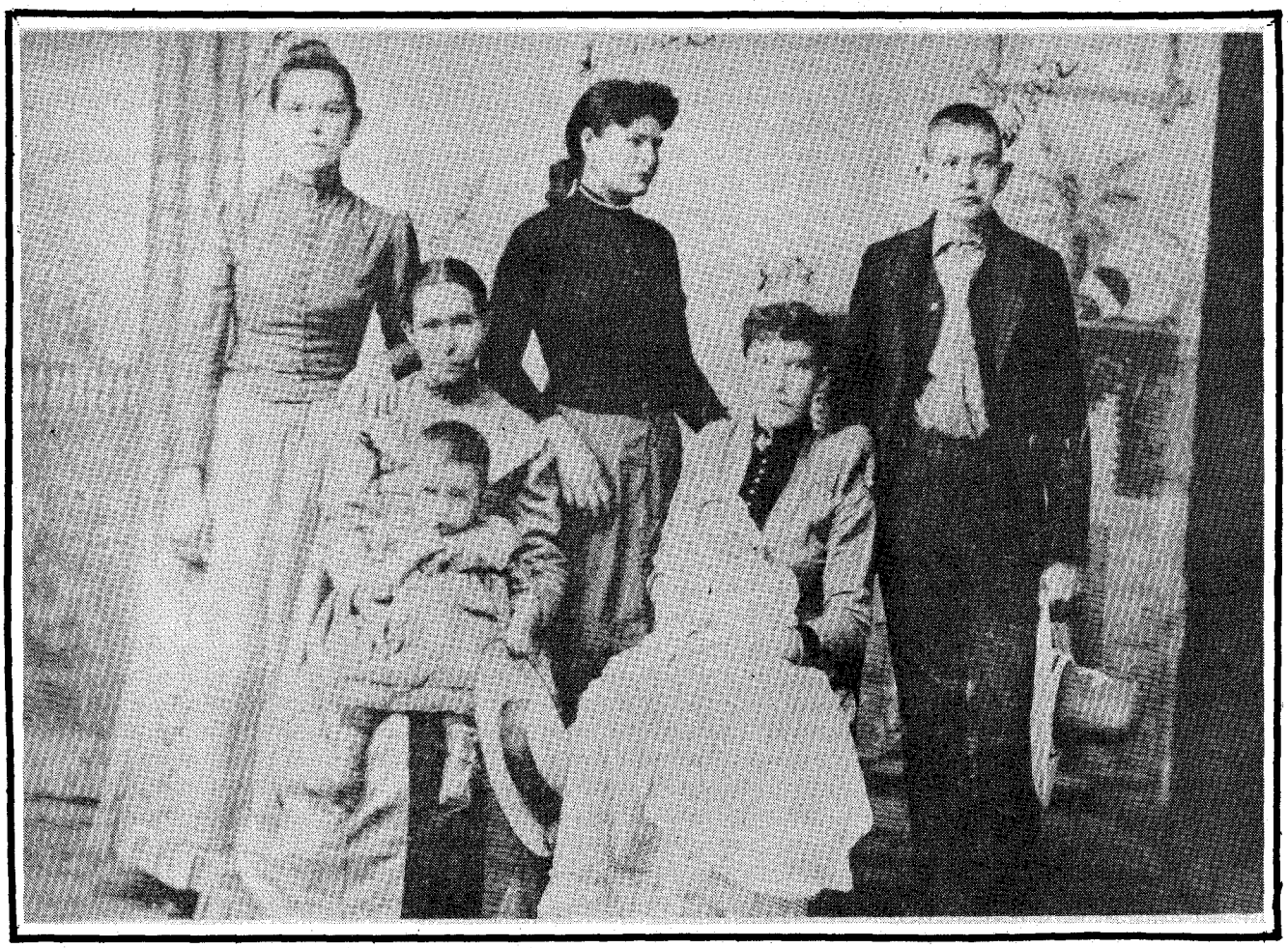
It was a short gunfight. The escaping and desperate Americans tried to shoot it out, but their position proved too awkward as they struggled through the water. The short battle ended with all three gunmen sinking in death beneath the muddy surface. The bodies were recovered, tied to burros, and dragged through the streets of Paso del Norte.

After the parade was finished, an attempt was made to get the bodies returned to the United States. It didn't work. The Mexicans demanded $75 for each corpse, an amount impossible to raise. When the money was not paid, the bodies were rolled in a ditch and covered up.

The rifleman was a young Mexican cowboy known only as Juarique, and although he did not know it at the time, when he slew the three Americans he also marked himself for death. In El Paso some of the dead men's friends were furious, and swearing vengeance. Jim and Frank Manning, saloon owners and politically powerful men in El Paso, wanted Juarique dead. They instructed John Hale and George Manning to be on the lookout for him.

On April 12, the day after Dallas Stoudenmire took his oath of office, Don Ynecente Ochoa, the political boss of Paso del Norte, complained to ranger captain George Baylor that thirty head of his stock had been rustled from his ranch several kilometers south of the border. According to him, the trails led directly to Johnny Hale's corrals. Ochoa demanded that Baylor do

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtesy Univ. of Texas at El Paso archives

The family of John Hale from a photo taken in 1885. John's wife, Angelina is sitting on the left.

something while the trail was still hot. Since only one ranger was in camp, Baylor sent Corporal Fitch to investigate. With Fitch rode ten Mexican *vaqueros* who could identify the cattle. One of these was Juarique, and another was a friend named Sanchez.

Only three head of Ochoa's cattle could be identifed at the Hale Ranch, and he swore that these had been purchased from the owner. For awhile the posse wandered about, looking for more stock, but not finding any. Finally they decided to leave and forget about pressing charges. That is, everyone left except Juarique and Sanchez. They were convinced that somewhere in all that *bosque* the missing cattle had to be hidden, and they were further convinced that if they searched long enough the stolen stock could be found.

After riding around a few hours, and not turning up anything, the two boys dismounted to eat and smoke. It never occurred to them that they should have checked their back trail.

Stealthily trailing them were some of the most vicious gunmen who ever infested the Southwest. Chris Peveler and T. L. Weldon, ex-rangers who had been fired for an assortment of petty crimes, teamed up with John Hale and Frank Stevenson, an ex-convict and hog thief from New Mexico. Peveler and Stevenson agreed to do the killings; Hale and Weldon would be "witnesses," claiming that their comrades had acted "in self defense". Once this story was agreed upon, the two ambushers slipped up close and commenced firing their rifles. Juarique and Sanchez, relaxing under a tree, never had a chance to defend themselves.

On the morning of the 14th, rumors were all over El Paso that the two Mexican vaqueros had been killed north of El Paso. Peveler and Stevenson were already named as the slayers. Coporal Fitch already had a warrant for their arrest. In the meantime a posse of fifty to seventy-five heavily armed Mexicans crossed the river into El Paso and asked Constable Gus Krempkau to assist in finding the bodies.

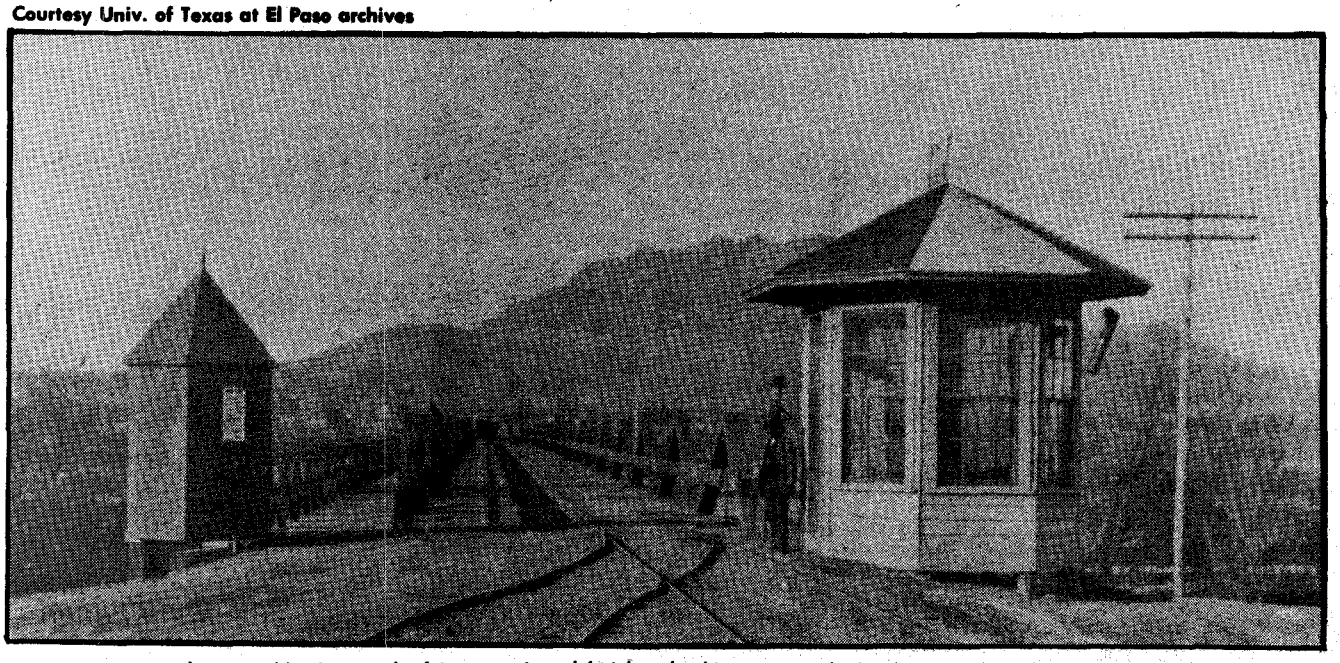
Krempkau had ridden west with Captain George Baylor and Sergeant James Gillett to put down the Salt War in 1877. After being mustered out, he ranched and served as a part time constable. Over the years he learned fluent Spanish, and gradually gained everyone's respect on both sides of the Rio Grande. The constable consented to go along, and a few hours later the two bodies were located and lain gently in a wagon. At about noon, with four boots poking stiffly from beneath a wind tossed slicker; the buckboard bounced to a standstill in front of Judge Buckler's office on El Paso Street.

Both Stevenson and Peveler had already been arrested by Fitch, placed under bond and released. Although they had been instructed to appear at the inquest, neither of them were in sight when the proceedings started.

Judge Buckler called his court to order, and immediately the arguments began. John Hale and George Campbell were in attendance, both vigorously

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courtesy Univ. of Texas at El Paso archives



Juarez, Mexico end of International bridge looking toward El Paso, Texas, about 1882.

defending the accused. Krempkau was the official interpreter. As the discussions grew more heated, with shouts and curses in English and Spanish occasionally echoing out onto El Paso Street, it was feared that a full scale war might break out any minute. Mexicans were nervously fingering their carbines. The town braced itself.

Finally Prosecuting Attorney Neill talked the judge into terminating the inquest. The Mexicans relaxed, though no indictments were handed down. Sanchez and Juarique were returned across the river.

Dallas Stoudenmire left the courtroom first, and walked across the street toward the Globe Restaurant owned by his brother-in-law Doc Cummings. Behind him Hale and Campbell were fussing with Krempkau who tried not to notice as he walked toward his riding mule.

"Any man who is a friend of Mexicans ought to be hanged," George Campbell snarled.

"George, I hope that you don't mean me?" Krempkau replied. He stepped away from his mount.

"If the shoe fits, wear it!" Campbell cracked. His fingers snapped in the air.

Apparently George did not intend to carry the discussion any farther. He had made his statement, and he reached to untie the reins of his own mule from a tree limb.

John Hale, sitting in one of the long and deep windows, chose this moment to jump up, jerk his six-shooter and shove it beneath Campbell's upraised arm. "Step away, George. I've got him covered." Then Hale pulled the trigger, and Krempkau reeled backwards as a slug ripped through his lungs.

Stoudenmire, about half a block away, whirled at the sound of shooting. Pulling one of his six shooters from a leather-lined pocket-holster, he fired at Hale who ducked behind an adobe pillar supporting a saloon roof. The marshal's bullet went wide, and killed an innocent Mexican bystander.

Dallas then waited until Hale peeped his head from around the pillar. When he did a bullet struck him between the eyes, and the rancher slid to the ground, instantly dead.

Ordinarily the shooting would have stopped here, but the bizarre situation became even more odd. Campbell, who had not involved himself in the bloodletting, for no accountable reason pulled his gun and moved into the middle of El Paso Street. Swinging his weapon back and forth, he screamed "Gentlemen, this is not my fight."

That was a stupid thing to do. As he moved into view the wounded and dying Krempkau unholstered his own pistol and opened fire on Campbell. One bullet struck George in the foot, and another slug smashed his right hand. To top off his bad luck, there stood Stoudenmire who had heard the remark about "being tried on within five days." The marshal fired, and Campbell, hit in the stomach, went down on his face. Rolling over, he looked up at Stoudenmire and moaned, "You big son of a bitch. You murdered me."

Campbell died that night, as did Krempkau. Whether or not George was actually murdered might be subject to serious dispute. Several rangers who were bystanders thought that the marshal might have acted hastily. And of course, the Manning brothers were bitter. Campbell had often worked for them as a ranch foreman, and they had just lost a good man.

So for the next year the two factions continued to vent their hatred upon each other. It all ended in September of 1881 when the Mannings killed Stoudenmire in a wild gunfight in almost precisely the same location as this battle just concluded.

But as of April 14, 1880, most El Paso residents wished the marshal well. A coroner's inquest was hastily called and the verdict, as reported by the newspapers, stated, "We the jury agree that Gus Krempkau came to his death by a pistol shot fired by John Hale, and Campbell and John Hale came by their deaths by pistol shots fired by City Marshal Dallas Stoudenmire in executing his duties as Marshal for the City of El Paso." No one mentioned the slain Mexican bystander.

The City Council gave Marshal Dallas Stoudenmire a gold-headed cane in appreciation of his fine work. ●RW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. I have read several good articles on John "Portugee" Phillips who made the famous 236 mile ride from Fort Phil Kearney to Fort Laramie. Why was he called "Portugee"? H. Schipman, Jr. Las Cruces, N.M.
A. He may have been of Portuguese ancestry, but there is no record of it. One authority ascribes the nickname to his dark complexion.

Q. I have recently read a book titled "31 Years On The Plains And In The Mountains" by William F. Drannan. I was wondering if it is a true account. C. Mueller, Kent, Wash.
A. Most authorities are agreed that Drannan was a braggart and, while he did live on the plains and in the mountains, his claims of service in the various campaigns are refuted by the National Archives in Washington; his name is not to be found in their records. His dates are so mixed up that in his second book "Capt. Wm. F. Drannan, Chief of Scouts", he has himself in two different places at the same time. It is doubtful that he ever met Kit Carson. It is said that he was uneducated and that his wife wrote the book, which is full of misstatements.

Q. Could you give me some information on William W. Fowler? Was he a marshal under Isaac Parker? J. Jackson, Arkansas Pass, Texas.
A. This is one we gave up on. Nary a mention of William Fowler in our library. We publish this question hoping some reader will enlighten us.

Q. In a recent column there was a question asked about Old Man Lilly. I was wondering if this party was referring to Ben Lilly. If so, there is a book named "The Legend of Ben Lilly", by J. Frank Dobie, published by Curtis Publishing Co. It can be obtained at a public library. A. J. Mashaw, Farmerville, La.
A. Thank you, Mr. Mashaw. It is the policy of this column to print every letter, whether we have the answer or not, in the hope that knowledgeable readers can supply the answer. It may take some months for a letter to be finally published, but please be patient.

Q. In the history of the United States, has there ever been a march on foot longer than the 2,000 mile march made by the Mormon Battalion? T. Johnstone, Porterville, Calif.
A. A truly remarkable march; and if there was ever one made to exceed it, we cannot find it in our library.

Q. In these modern days, is cattle rustling a problem any more? V. Adams, Nashville, Tenn.
A. Indeed yes. Rustlers still operate extensively except that they've changed from horses to high powered motor trucks. The California Cattlemen's Association reports an annual loss of between 5,000 and 6,000 head a year, representing more than a million dollars. Last year there were 62 arrests and 46 convictions, except we don't hang them any more.

Q. What Indian tribe was known as the "Nation of Beef"? L. Colman, Grand Island, Neb.
A. The Sioux, because of their almost total dependence on the buffalo.

Q. Did you ever hear the term "cowboy change"? M. Mueller, Amarillo, Tex.
A. Truthfully, no, we didn't, but we looked it up. "Cowboy change" was gun cartridges of various sizes. In the early West, paper money was unknown, gold and silver coins being the only money used. A fifty cent piece was usually the smallest coin in circulation but it was sometimes necessary to make change to the value of quarters and dimes. Cartridges were used for this purpose, being known as "cowboy change".

Q. What kind of a weapon was a "Henry"? M. Porter, Decatur, Ill.
A. Briefly, it was a breech-loading, lever-action repeating rifle first used by the Union Army in the Civil War. It never became popular as a military weapon, but was used to some extent on the frontier.

Q. Living close to nature must have exposed the Indians to all sorts of insect bites. What did they do about it? V. Herlihy, Madison, Wis.
A. They did have specific remedies for the different types of insect bites, for instance, plants of the mint family, but the general protection for all sorts of bites was to smear one's self with bear fat or bear oil.

Q. What was the horse capture method known as "creasing"? O. Seure, Bismarck, N. D.
A. It consisted of shooting a horse with a rifle so that the bullet grazed only the cords in the top of the animal's neck just in front of the withers, about an inch or so deep, close to the spinal column. This wound caused temporary paralysis and knocked the horse down for a period of time sufficient for the hunter to tie him down. This method called for superb marksmanship and an abundance of luck. It was wasteful, fifty horses being killed for every one captured.

Q. What kind of horse is an "overo"? E. Hawkins, Stillwater, Okla.
A. This is a word of Argentine origin used by horse breeders to describe a pinto horse with white spots that begin at the belly and extend upward. The dark spots are usually smaller and more plentiful. The word is originally from the Spanish and means "blossom-colored horse".

Q. As long as you're answering questions on Western movie stars, how about some information on my favorite, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams? J. Hudson, Corpus Christi, Texas.
A. Happy to. Guinn Williams was born in 1900 in Decatur, Texas. April 26th to be exact. He attended Decatur Military Academy and Texas Normal University. His father, a U.S. Congressman, wanted him to be a lawyer but Guinn's active interest in sports led him to seek a career as a professional baseball player, which he didn't achieve. After being practically disowned by his father, Guinn wandered into California and entered movies as a bit player. Will Rogers took a great interest in him, giving him the nickname "Big Boy", and helping him to further his movie career. He died on June 6, 1962, of uremic poisoning.

Q. Were the old river steamboats as romantic as they seem in the movies? Q. Brennan, Rockford, Ill.
A. Not according to at least one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eyewitness. Nathaniel Fish Moore, a traveler in 1845, who, in accordance with the captain's recommendation drank a glass of river water ("a meal in itself") and who fell violently ill with stomach cramps. And not according to a physician who wrote in 1855 that the boats were floating pest houses with obnoxious water in their bilges. They reeked, he said, from stem to stern with the stench of their unwashed human and animal cargo. He also mentioned the dining area as being filled with aromas made up of food in the process of cooking, odors of carbonizing oils, the fowl emanations from the fecal evacuations of children, the stench from the excrement of cattle and horses and the exhalations from decaying straw and brain. Not a very attractive way to travel.

Q. What was the name of the frontier doctor who studied digestion from a hole in a patient's stomach? W. Dennison, Wichita, Kan.
A. You are referring to Army Surgeon William Beaumont. The patient's name was Alexis St. Martin, a Canadian voyageur, who had suffered a massive wound in his stomach from a gunshot.

Q. What is the difference between an ox and a bullock? B. Kelly, Marion, Ohio.
A. None, really. Both terms apply to the castrated male of the cattle family.

Q. What is there about Jimson Weed that affects cattle? J. Violette, Mason City, Iowa.
A. Jimson Weed (or Jamestown Weed) contains a narcotic poison which is similar to belladonna, and affects men as well as cattle. It is used by some doctors today for asthma patients. They smoke it, and it is called Stramonium. ●RW

THOMAS TIBBLES

(continued from page 31)

Winter, a severe one, had now come on and food was running short. Like all Indians, these had given no thought to the morrow. Enjoy your bounty while you can. Now, however, they must find more food. So Village Maker decided to move camp farther up the Missouri River, near buffalo country. Tibbles was welcome to come along but, to his disappointment, learned that he would not be included in the hunting parties. Somehow, he thought, he must find a way to change their minds; he wanted to be more than just a guest.

One bitterly cold day the band loaded their pack horses and set out on the 20-mile hike. All were hungry. Except for Meepee, Sunshine's mother, who shared her meager rations, Tibbles would have been hungrier still. The first night on the trail few tents were pitched and along with many others he slept in the snow. The next day, finding Meepee sinking from exhaustion, he offered her Titus, his faithful horse. She never forgot.

He still had his hunting rifle, a Sharps repeater the envy of his neighbors. After the new camp had been set up he rode off alone to look for game. But the snow lay deep and no wildlife stirred. Finally, however, he spotted some turkey tracks. He followed them to the roost where, dismounting, he bagged four birds, which he brought back to Meepee. News of his exploit soon went the rounds of camp, finally reaching the ears of the "nudunaga," the man chosen to organize the buffalo hunts. This man sent for Tibbles to visit his tent. Once inside, the hunt boss presented him with an eagle feather, an honor reserved for the first hunter to kill game. From then on, Tibbles knew he "had it made".

Next day a scouting party reported sighting buffalo, a large herd, some five miles southwest. Quickly, the nudunaga assembled his hunters and led them away. Tibbles, to his great delight, now had been asked to join the party. Old Titus, too, seemed fired with eagerness and heaved his way up with the leaders without urging. The scabbard holding the trusty Sharps repeater swayed with his bounds. Many of his companions, Tibbles noted, were armed only with bow and arrows.

They had covered perhaps a mile when he spotted a group of antelope in the distance. The youth's fingers itched for his rifle. Before removing it, though, he rode over to the nudunaga. On a hunt this leader's word was law, under pain of death.

"I can get us some meat," he panted. "May I try?" His blue eyes sparkled with excitement. Slowly, the powerfully-built leader reined his horse.

"My young friend is eager," he answered, his strong features creased in a smile. "But he should save his ammunition. I will allow you only one shot." A moment later, the youth had tied his horse and begun his stalk.

The antelope, a good thousand feet away, remained in a group. Tibbles closed the distance to 500 feet and let go his shot. An antelope dropped. The Indians, who had followed his stalk, gaped with wonder. Such shooting had never been seen.

Later Meepee, who with other women had come along to dress killed game, found the bullet had pierced the jugular vein. It was the luckiest of shots, but it made the shooter's fame.

That fame grew with the success of the chase. After the buffalo herd had been sighted, the nudunaga divided his men into two groups. Each skirted the sides of a low, pointed bluff atop which the herd was feeding. The plan was to rush the herd together, stampede it and force it into the deep snow beneath. The plan worked well. Tibbles himself bagged seven animals for the top score of the day. Meepee was awarded more meat than she could use, enabling her to become a donor to others, the greatest honor a squaw could claim.

The following day the hunt continued. Although Tibbles scored again, he got into a scrape that nearly cost him his life. He was riding up a ravine when suddenly he was confronted with a snorting, hostile bull. Titus sensed danger: nostrils flaring, he wheeled, lost his footing and floundered in a snowdrift, while his rider sprawled beside him. Meanwhile, the buffalo was pawing angrily, threatening a charge. And any move by horse or man, Tibbles knew, could set it off.

It was just at this point that he heard screams from behind. Turning cautiously, he saw Meepee and Sunshine galloping up the ravine ahead of ten or twelve stampeding buffalo. There was no room to pass. Seconds later their ponies had stumbled over Titus in a melee of flailing hooves. One landed on Tibbles, burying him in the snow.

Miraculously, no one was injured. Upon picking themselves up, the women wailed hysterically and Tibbles himself was shaking. But

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nebraska State Historical Society

Oto Indian Chief ASKEKITAH (Stay-by-it) from a photo taken in 1854.

after the horses had been unscrambled the trio rode back to camp. What happened with the buffalo no one ever knew. Perhaps, overawed by the mix-up, they turned and bolted the other way.

Tibbles had proved himself a mighty hunter as well as a brave man. A council of elders was called that evening at which he was appointed sub-nudunaga of his particular group (the head nudunaga retained overall command as long as the hunt lasted). The white youth was reluctant: it was too responsible a post, he protested, and after all, wasn't he too young? But the elders

(continued on page 64)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LADY SOURDOUGH

(continued from page 15)

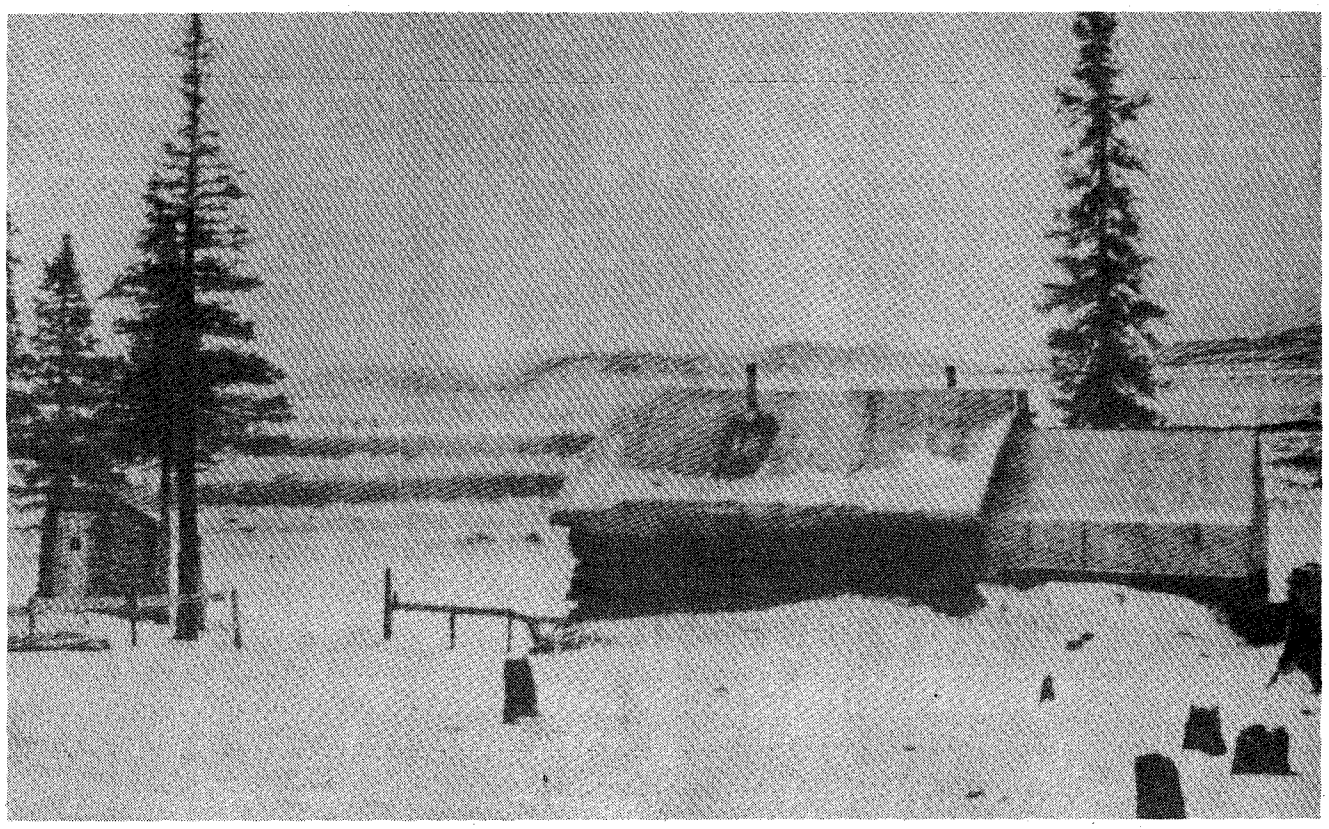
type some papers; money that put food in their hungry bellies. With a few dollars the boys had, they went to Council City, some 12 miles distant, returned with a sled-load of food. Rowe, still cheerful and confident had big plans for the company's future. When that $1,000 came from New York, he'd bring in heavy machinery and begin working their claims. Why, they'd all be rich! Just wait and see. Then a new light shone in his eyes. He turned to Frances. Oh, he had forgotten to tell her that he had talked to Judge Fergusen on his last trip to Nome. The Recorder's place was open at Council City. Could she handle it? Could she!

Frances went to Coucil City and interviewed Judge Fergusen, also known as Commissioner, a Government official of the frontier. After glancing at her New York references, he asked Frances what she was doing in Alaska. In as few words as possible, she explained her connections with the Rowe Mining Company, adding that her eighteen month contract would expire in October. (1901) Then she would be on her own. Judge Fergusen nodded approval. At this time business was slow, but he could give her some typing and bookkeeping until things picked up later in the summer. At least this was work. Frances was grateful. And, luckily, Commissioner Fergusen knew of a cabin she could rent for $100 a month near the recording office with a good floor and roof and two glass windows, from which Frances thought the view alone was worth and price. This was "Home Sweet Home", her first in Alaska.

After so much loneliness, she loved the bustle of Council City. Some 4000 gold-crazed people were rushing in and out; the main street, little more than a muddy trail was two blocks long, filled with shabby buildings jammed together. The place boasted fifteen saloons and dancehalls, a cafe, four stores a barber shop, two small hotels and a street that nice women avoided at night. Frances felt she had found her place in Alaska. The roar of this Frontier town became music in her ears.

Frances began work immediately, typing letters, getting bookkeeping in order. She felt her lucky star was shining when Commissioner Fergusen appointed her Deputy Recorder, assuring her that work would last through the winter. In addition to regular clerical work, there was other work to be done for which no one had been hired; such as entering claim records at $2.50 an hour with additional pay for abstracting and other work. Her weekly earnings ran into the hundreds. When she was appointed Notary Public at $2.50 for each acknowledgement and $1.00 for each proof of labor affidavits, it was not unusual for her to have $3,000. Better yet, her work was familiarizing her with the topography of the surrounding country, locations of various creeks and rivers, especially the Ophir, which came under the jurisdiction of Commissioner Fergusen, and turned out to be the richest creek in the world. And there was where Rowe, the dreamer, had held claims for two years before and had passed them up for bigger and better dreams.

Frances was content, except for Bill Rowe, aware of her excellent earnings, always asking for advances on company shares due in the fall. What had he done with the



From the collections of the author

Midwinter scene at the log cabin on the Niukluk, Lady Sourdough's domicile near the Ophir goldfields of Alaska.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the collections of the author

Lady Sourdough hitching up her dog sled for a cold trip to Ophir Creek

$15,000 she had already advanced on account? In October her contract would be fulfilled. Her earnings would be her own. She would then buy the cabin on the flats at Niukluk and make a cozy home of it.

Frances had only a few weeks left on her contract when Rowe, broke, as usual, came to remind her that he was depending upon her to carry him through the winter. When Frances refused, Rowe finally consented to accept a quarter of her earnings and cancel the contract. Delighted to be rid of Rowe, Frances paid off still retaining a number of claims—some of which she and Rowe had risked their lives to stake.

With Rowe out of the way, there would be no food shortages during the long, cold winter ahead at Council City. Now she could buy everything she needed. Frances went on a spending spree. First, she laid in a goodly supply of frozen meats and vegetables and staple foods, wood for the Yukon stove, warm woolens and flannel clothing mucklucks, fur-lined gloves, new parka, etc. She bought expensive drapes for the windows; a huge fox-skin robe for the bed; colorful blankets to put on the log walls; a mirror to hang above the box she draped for a dresser; covered several boxes for chairs; got a new round dining table; warm rugs for the floor; and a mattress and spring for one of the bunk beds—such a luxury after sleeping so long in a sleeping bag laid on poles! She saw her lucky star rising. Frances loved her work, her cabin on the Niukluk. After long hours at the office she hurried up the trail to her new home which she had now bought and paid for. Here she could relax and plan for the future.

Her lucky break came through Commissioner Fergusen. After the freeze-up, in checking claim locations records, he discovered several open claims on the Ophir lacking assessment work done on them. December 31 was the deadline. Three weeks left. Did Frances want to throw in with him? Did she!

After drawing up re-location notices, Frances, with Akpak to help, set off by dogteam, for three days the Ophir Hummed with activity. Pay dirt was piled up to be run through sluice boxes, the spring clean-ups were made and things prepared for summer mining.

Another lucky break came to Frances when John Adams, a laborer, came to the Recorder's office, searching for a small fraction open on the Ophir. Frances located it between the Last Chance and the Frisco, two of the richest producers on the Ophir. John Adams needed $500. He would give her half interest in the fraction, and sell her the other half-interest in it by freeze-up for $3,000. Frances knew she was taking a chance. Who didn't then in Alaska? She gave Adams the $500. They drew up an agreement, her luckiest break that was to lead to both fame and a fortune in Alaska, when John Adams staked the Hidden Treasure.

When Frances began tracing the boundaries of the claims on the Ophir, at the point Adams had designated, she discovered the fraction in a horse-shoe bend in the creek; the fraction, a triangular piece of land taking in 8 acres at the bottom of the curve. How had this happened? Locators unable to lay out claims symetrically in the curve and get the full 20 acres allowed by law, had simply over-looked the 8-acre fraction—as Rowe had done, saying it would not be worth bringing in heavy machinery to work it.

Next day John Adams staked the Hidden Treasure fraction, giving Frances half-interest, which she felt would become of inestimable value.

Then with the Commissioner's consent, they checked through the records, drawing a map of the entire creek, and staked claims on other locations still open. With the Commissioner's knowledge of surveying they drew accurate maps of every twist and turn on Ophir Creek.

Another first was a full claim, plus 1000-feet fraction, lying between claims worked by the Wild Goose Mining Company. Where would luck end? After drawing up proper papers on the above mentioned claim and 1000-foot fraction, a few days later the Wild Goose Company bought it for $30,000—Frances' first big deal in Alaska. Now she owned half interest in the Hidden Treasure, as well as claims she had staked on her own on the Ophir, seventeen in all. She had always had faith that some day the Ophir would pay off. Her chance, now, of obtaining a fortune, lay in her claims.

During the winter when office work was slack, Frances took every opportunity to learn more about the principals of mining in Alaska. She spent three days at her claims with Frank Shaw, manager of the Wild

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Goose, who showed great interest in them; Frances secretly hoping he would buy some of them, thereby providing money to buy machinery and begin working the rest of them.

Then good luck again came her way. John Adams came to the Recorder's office. He had been offered $2,000 for his share in the Hidden Treasure. Did she wish to buy his option and release for $3,000.00? The claim needed heavy machinery to work it and he did not think it worth it. Frances knew this and her problem would be the same; and to operate the claim profitably, she would have to buy the adjoining claim. But she just couldn't lose the Hidden Treasure. It was her best claim.

After discussing the deal with Commissioner Fergusen, they agreed that Frances prospect the claim and if she didn't hit pay dirt in quantities, abandon it. Since Frances now owned the Hidden Treasure, and the 1000-foot fraction, which she had named the Frances and the Mendicino, she set off with gold pan and shovel. At first the Mendicino showed only a few cents a pan. Disappointed, she tried the Hidden Treasure. One pan showed $8.00. Next pan $12.00. The next one $15.00. She couldn't believe her eyes! John Adams had given up only hours too soon. How lucky could she be? For just below the coarse sand, the gold lay beneath the surface stratum of clay at the elbow of the stream. Gold in such a stratum was seldom heard of. But here the sticky clay had gathered, thus holding back the precious metal securely against flood waters that otherwise would have washed it away. Why, Frances was rich! Properly handled, the Hidden Treasure and adjoining 1000-foot fraction, would more than pay for machinery.

After disposing of other holdings, Frances acquired the adjoining property, and by selling the Mendicino she would have enough money for her needs. Her confidence in her best claims rose, her dreams of a fortune in Alaska were coming true. Hadn't the Wild Goose cleaned up over two million dollars! Now they were building a four mile railroad from Ophir Creek to Council City. Yet machinery would cost her around $50,000, besides the cost of skilled labor to set it up. Since her claim lay between #10, owned by Ed Dunn, she would have to buy him out to operate profitably. Unfortunately, Ed Dunn refused to sell at any price. He had already cleaned up a goodly sum that year. But, luckily, Joe King, hand-sluicing the Last Chance and the Walburger had taken over a hundred thousand from them was tired of hard work, tired of Alaska and its privations. He had more money than he could ever spend. Yes, he'd sell out for $18,000. Frances paid down $1,000 earnest money, the $17,000 to be paid before freeze-up when Joe wanted to go outside.

Frances now owned a string of three good claims, plus the 1000-foot fraction—named the Frances and the Mendicino. The Mendicino would more than offset her debt to Joe King. Yet, when the Wild Goose offered her $75,000 for several of her claims, Frances refused to sell. By then gold-fever was burning in her fiercely. Others had made fortunes on the Ophir. She would make hers. But she couldn't wait too long.

Freeze-up was imminent. Nights were long, cold, lonely. Ice stood in the water pails each morning. Commissioner Fergusen, leaving for the winter, swore Frances in as temporary U. S. Commissioner. The mining season's last rush was on. Claims and work done on them piled up on her desk. Money rolled in, but she needed thousands in cash. Joe King's pay-off time was closing in. Banks would loan no money on claims. Where could she turn for help? She had to sell the Mendicino. Why, of course! There was dapper little Doctor Desoto, not only a gambler but a plunger. He and his associates were buying and staking claims all over the Council district. In recording his claims, they had become great friends, he was her only salvation. But where could she find the illusive little Doctor? Time was closing in. Only one day left. Frances was desperate when the dapper little Doctor walked into the office. Without preamble, asked if she wanted to sell the Mendicino. She did. His offer was $50,000 cash. No more. The deal was closed. After Joe King was paid, Frances had enough cash left to begin operating the claims.

Not only was Dr. Desoto a good friend but a good sport. What did Frances know about mining machinery? Nothing. The Doctor made the list needed and mailed it to Fairbanks & Morse in Chicago, also requesting trained men be sent to set up and operate the machinery profitably during the short mining season. Off hand, the Doctor explained it would cost $200 a day to operate. Clean-up expenses for thirty days another $6,000. If anything went wrong money would evaporate, and there was the balance due on the mining equipment, and freight charges, when it arrived in Nome.

Frances knew she would have to borrow some money. Where? Banks were not interested. Her last hope was that merciless money-lender in Nome, Lancing Baker. Yes, he would loan her $30,000 IF she would give him a blanket assignment on her claims and machinery as collateral. The deal, of course, was unreasonable. What else could she do? Frances knew by now that a fortune lay ahead. She meant to get it. In testing the claims, she had made several good clean-ups. Visions of that pot of gold, and faith in her claims, kept her going. She would meet her obligations when they fell due. Might even have enough cash left over to carry her through the first clean-up. Hadn't the Wild Goose clean-ups paid off, $10,000 to $50,000? Dared she hope to do a quarter as well?

Frances knew she would have to contend with a shortage of men to work in the pit at the end of the sluice box, or tailings would pile up blocking production. Success or failure depended upon fast removal of tailings.

After paying the bill of lading and freight bill to Ophir Creek, Frances had only money enough to carry her through the first cleanup. And it better be good.

Installing machinery progressed slowly. Weeks passed. On August 10, 1902, she went into production, hopes for her first clean-up in five days blasted. To clean away the tailings the engine stopped almost hourly. Intermittently, the machinery had been running nine days when Frances ordered a clean-up. Her note to Lancing Baker was due next day. Gold in the riffle boxes fell far short of her needs. What could she do? Baker would surely close in on her.

Next morning, greedy-eyed Lancing Baker appeared promptly at the claim. When Frances offered him $5,000 on account, he looked at her with the cold eye of an executioner. For a $2,000 bonus he would extend her note only one week. Frances had no alternative.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After Baker left, Frances and McLaughlin, her foreman, agreed they would have to clean-up at least $30,000 in seven days or she would lose everything. They both also knew the gold was there to get if they could eliminate the shut-downs while clearing away tailings. Something had to be done and fast. Yet, if they even hinted that men were lagging on the job, they'd walk off, and men were scarce. First capital had been her worries. Now it was trouble at the claim. Something had to be done and fast. When Whiskers, an old friend, suggested a team of horses at the scraper was the answer, Frances and Mc Laughlin agreed. Whiskers hastened to Council and brought them back.

Yet, the following week was a nightmare. To make every minute count, Frances relieved the man at the hose nozzle, sweeping sand into the hydraulic lift exposing bedrock. The pressure was terrific! In an hour her hands were blistered, her arms felt as though broken as 3000 gallons of water, racing through each minute, sent sand, stones and rocks through the sluice boxes and riffles high above the workings, where gold falling into the riffles was trapped.

Goaded on by Whiskers, Frances and McLaughlin, the men couldn't shirk a moment; the horse-drawn scraper hauling away tailings by the cubic yard kept the pump going steadily. So that week passed in roar of water, a clatter of stones over the sluice boxes and the clank of machinery, Frances continually wet and cold at the nozzle.

Of course, Baker, the money-lender, appeared promptly at the claim on the 27th, expecting his payoff, his greedy eyes following every movement, even when Whiskers carried the heavy gold to the crude little office to be cleaned and weighed a long, slow, tedious task.

The office was so still that Frances could hear the thumping of her heart when, finally, it was announced that she had better than two thousand ounces of gold nearly $40,000! Baker's greedy eyes shone with envy when she cleared her debt with him, then, walked away from the claim plainly disappointed in losing such a fortune.

During the following years, Frances cleaned up numerous times, but the thrill of that day in August, when Lancing Baker came to take over her claims and machinery, and failed to do so, was the greatest thrill of her life.

Long after Frances Ella Fitz left Alaska, she still looked back across the years, recalling that happy day while they all watched tensely in that little claim office, her staunch friends, old Whiskers, McLaughlin and several others, flashing her an impish smile that said:

"Look at this little Manhattan stenographer who dreamed mighty dreams of a fortune in Alaska, and through faith in that dream, hard work and tenacity of purpose has won." Not only had Frances become famous as a miner but she was loved and respected by all who knew her as Lady Sourdough.

Among other fond memories was the night Frances indulged in a bit of Council City's social life. Dressed in her only best dress, now a bit tight, she went to the dance at the Artic Brotherhood Hall. A friend, Floyd Cannon, who had also made a fortune in Alaska and founded the immense Clorox Company, was a one-man band who played for the dances. With a mouth organ fastened onto a contraption attached to his banjo, with feet tapping, who could resist his music? Frances never missed a dance until her tightly fitting dress split down the back. That didn't stop her. With a shawl over her shoulders to hide the rip, she danced until the music stopped.

Lady Sourdough mined in Alaska six years, until 1906, netting over one hundred thousand dollars in gold from her Ophir claims. When she decided to return to New York for good, dredges were still working her claims, still earning enormous fortunes for her successors.

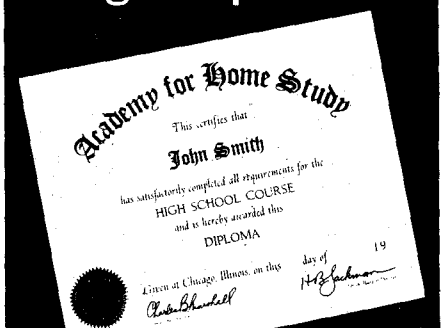
So this slip of a girl, who conquered every hardship and hazard of the frozen North, first earning her way by typing, and later staking rich claims, cleaned up in true Klondike fashion, her life a tribute to courageous women all over the world.

When she said goodbye to her "Home Sweet Home", the little cabin on the Flats of the Niukluk Lady Sourdough left without locking the door . . . or looking back.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES: Interview with Lady Sourdough & Ben Arid, her friend in Los Angeles, and LADY SOURDOUGH, by Frances E. Fitz, & her book: Lady Sourdough.

Second Chance for
HIGH SCHOOL
DROP-OUTS
to get Diplomas!



Finish High School at Home

Now you don't have to go back to school! Instead school comes to you.

Here's a convenient, pleasant, modern way for anyone over 17 to finish high school at home – with just a few hours a week of spare-time study.

Earn a Diploma in Your Spare Time

This practical program is offered to you by Academy for Home Study. It was planned especially for working men and women who need a high school diploma to get ahead and can't take time out to go back to classroom study.

It offers all these advantages:

- Full credit for previous schooling
- Easy-to-read lessons
- Experienced instructors
- Friendly help
- True-false multiple-choice tests

A high school diploma means a lot today. It can be your key to:

- A better job, higher pay
- More prestige
- Greater social opportunities

Both Booklets FREE!

Clip coupon below for Academy's booklet on how to finish high school at home, plus Government booklet with advice for dropouts. Both booklets sent without obligation. Mail today.

ACADEMY FOR HOME STUDY
425 S. Dearborn Street, Dept. 83-911
Chicago, Illinois 60605

Please rush FREE booklet on how to finish high school at home, also free Government booklet. No cost, no obligation.

Print Name.....Age....

Address.....Apt. No.....

City.....

State.....Zip.....

OOM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTHENTIC
WESTERN
OUTLAW
POSTER
REPRODUCTIONS

ALL 16 for only $7
ANTIQUED $11.00

BLACK & WHITE $1 each
ANTIQUED $1.50 each

CHOICE OF ANY TEN
BLACK & WHITE $5 ANTIQUED $8

FREE SURPRISE GIFT with order VALUE

FAST SERVICE

SEND CHECK, CASH, OR MONEY ORDER
TO
JACK SLOCUM ENTERPRISES
P.O. BOX G-6033
SAN MATEO, CALIF. 94403

THOMAS TIBBLES

(continued from page 59)

were adamant. He had to accept. As added inducement, he would be admitted to the Soldier Lodge, an honor reserved for the bravest.

The elders, however, had a somewhat selfish motive, as Tibbles was aware. Nudunagas were expected to give away most of the meat they bagged. And all knew the potency of the white youth's Sharps repeater.

In other fields, the Nudunaga's rule was also absolute. Tibbles decided to test his new authority, mostly out of curiosity to see how far it went. An Indian had struck his wife for inadvertently spilling hot soup on his foot. The white nudunaga ordered him to make amends, give his wife a suitable present. And to Tibbles' amazement, the husband obeyed. This gave him confidence to venture further, this time in the case of his friend Two Bears, the lazy, obese Indian with the shrewish wife. The couple had erected no tent of their own, preferring to impose on the hospitality of relatives. The nudunaga saw this as an injustice, and ordered Two Bears to provide himself with his own tent. Later, he would regret that decision.

Two Bears had only one wife.

"You fat, good-for-nothing loafer!" she ranted when her husband had conveyed the order (tent-pitching was always left to women). "Other men have many wives, but you're too lazy to look for more. I have to do all the work alone. Put up that tent yourself, I'm leaving you!" Upon that, she began belaboring him with a stick. When it broke, she leaped on her pony and rode off.

Tibbles never learned how it happened, but somehow that tent did rise up. With a wisdom unbetokened by his years, he had seen fit not to push his authority too far, especially with such a woman. Next morning he was relieved to hear her shrill diatribe continuing inside.

Soon afterward his role as leader ended with the arrival of the head nudunaga, notified by courier of the discovery of a new buffalo herd, and his hunters. It was just as well: by sending word, the white youth had aroused the displeasure of his own group. Such a gesture, they protested, was absurd-why miss the opportunity, by sharing their fortune, to achieve the distinction of being donors of meat? Feeling his good will had been misunderstood, Tibbles was glad to step down.

The hunt proceeded with success if not complete harmony. A good supply of meat was butchered, smoked, and hides tanned for robes-all of which kept the entire camp busy for several weeks. Then, with the first signs of spring, the band moved north once more. But Two Bears' horse was exhausted, so the hen-pecked husband and his wife decided to wait a few days. Tibbles, Meepee, Sunshine and another family elected to stay with them.

To while away the time, Tibbles went antelope hunting. Two Bears, probably to get away from his wife, had wandered off on some errand of his own. A rainstorm came up and Tibbles, thoroughly drenched, gave up his hunt and sat shivering in a grove of cottonwoods. When the rain was over he started back to camp. Reaching it, he paused in horror.

The little camp was a shambles. Scattered about in grotesque, tortured shapes lay the bodies of five adults and two children. All had been scalped. To one side, in a shallow depression, Meepee sprawled motionless on her face. Her back was crimsoned from an ugly wound. But Sunshine, he noted was nowhere around. Nor was Two Bears' wife.

When he touched Meepee, she uttered a long sigh. He rolled her gently on her back, first stopping the ooze of blood with his kerchief. Luckily, he saw, she had not been scalped.

"What happened, Mother?" he asked softly when at last she opened her eyes.

"I lay still pretending I was dead," she murmured. "Then one of them stabbed me, but I didn't move. At last he went away."

"Who were they?"

"Comanches."

"But where is Sunshine?" Tibbles went on, "I don't see her anywhere."

The old woman's pain-wracked eyes opened wider. "Ah, then maybe she's still alive," she said. "They must have taken her away."

Two Bears' wife, they agreed, must have escaped. It seemed unlikely that any raider would have wanted her. This proved to be the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

case, for soon after they had started for the main camp-Meepee on a travois hitched to old Titus-the quarreling couple joined them on the trail. Shrew or worse, Two Bears would not desert his wife.

When the four of them reached camp and broke the news, the hunters shouted for vengeance. Quickly, the nudunaga formed a war party of 50 men, Tibbles-but not Two Bears-included. After gathering supplies, the party rode off to the scene of the massacre. Once there, the nudunaga examined the moccasin prints and announced that the killers were no Commanches, but the even more dreaded Sioux.

That meant they would have all the fight they could handle; those Sioux were the tough fighters. But honor was at stake. The party followed their tracks to the Platte River-where they suddenly vanished. The warriors searched up and down, even swam to the other bank, without finding a trace. Then they split up to scour the country. Smoke signals would announce any finding.

Tibbles set off down the river alone. He had no particular reason except that Titus was too weary to keep up with the others, and the going was easier along the bank. Suddenly, after covering a mile or so, he spotted a rag tied loosely to a low bush on an island. Dismounting, he walked over for a closer look. There he recognized a piece of Sunshine's dress, like a lonely beacon. So the wily Sioux had waded down the stream with their captive. She had waited her chance to leave a clue.

His pulse quickened and, leaping to the saddle, he pushed his tired horse harder. Somewhere those Sioux must have left the river. An hour later the answer seemed near: from a hilltop ahead smoke signals rose, summoning the war party.

The nudunaga had discovered the trail, following, it appeared, along a side stream. The assembled party set off in hot pursuit. At a spot a few miles farther, though, their hopes were dashed. Around a campfire lay the bodies of nine murdered Sioux. And again no trace of Sunshine. The nudunaga, skilled tracker that he was, once more examined the moccasin prints.

"Pawnees killed these devils," he said, "and took the girl for themselves." Pawnees also were enemies of the Sioux. "But," he added solemnly, "they may kill her as a sacrifice."

The men brandished their weapons angrily. A council was called, at which Tibbles rose to speak.

"I know the Pawnees, they are old friends of mine," he said. "I will go to their village alone and ask them to let Sunshine go." The others agreed.

The mission ended happily, but not as Tibbles had expected. When he reached the village (with a fresh horse) he was greeted by the chief's son. Tactfully, he inquired about any captives.

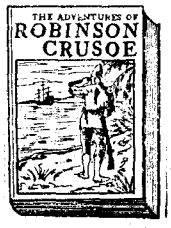
"If my friend has come to ask about the girl, let him worry no more," said the young chief, smiling. "I myself have released her, and she has gone home. I feared she might be harmed. You know I speak the truth."

That ended the search for Sunshine, but not the warriors' thirst for vengeance and redeemed honor. A few days later they discovered a Sioux village to which, it seemed likely, the dead marauders had belonged. They fell upon it, and in the ensuing fight the nudunaga distinguished himself. Many horses were taken and the attackers lost not a man. By Indian standards this was considered a particularly brilliant victory.

By this time, in early summer, the thrill of living as a guest of these Indians had begun to pall. The rewards, however, the insights and understanding gained, had been immense. This white youth had lived their way, been accepted fully in the band, even honored. He had known-and reciprocated-their respect. The knowledge led him to a lifelong commitment to Indian causes, notably in the case of the Poncas, whose outrageous treatment by the Indian Bureau in 1880, he succeeded while editor of the Omaha Herald in reversing. Following that he married Bright Eyes, an Omaha maiden who had aided him in the struggle.

That summer of 1857 he was returning to the white man's world where his future lay. Happily, before parting from his hosts he had the satisfaction of knowing that Sunshine was indeed safe. After her terrifying ordeal she had returned to her people. Tibbles' Indian friends-Pawnees, Omahas or whomever-always told him the truth. He would never forget. ●RW

UP TO $1500 PAID
for This Book or other OLD COMICS, MAGAZINES & BOOKS



Yes, we will pay $1500 for an old London edition of ROBINSON CRUSOE. We will pay hundreds of dollars for old magazines and comics found everywhere . . . in attics, cellars and junk stores. All you have to do is know what to look for.
HERE IS A SMALL SAMPLE OF WHAT WE WILL PAY: Tarzan of the Apes, published in 1914 . . . $75. Vol. 1, 1940, FLASH COMICS . . . $190. the 1876 edition of TOM SAWYER . . . $700 and up to $12,500 for various editions of EDGAR ALLEN POE — all from the 19th century.
Our 1971 catalog lists over a thousand books, magazines and comics WE WANT TO BUY and the price we will pay. Remember that you can pick up a fortune in ordinary comics. Some now worth a mere $2 each can count, too, if you find stacks of them (as is usually the case). Our 1971 BOOK/MAGAZINE VALUE CATALOG is only $1. Use it to make extra money by scouting your neighborhood and town for old books. With it you will learn the "rare" issues, how to identify valuable books, how to pick up hundreds or thousands of dollars in your spare time. Send $1 plus 25¢ for pstg & hndlg for this priceless little book. Return it for full refund if it doesn't work for you. VALUE CATALOG, DEPT.14835 1044 Northern Blvd, Roslyn, New York 11576.

TRIM-LINE!

- LYCRA SPANDEX
- MAGIC GRIP PANELS
- POWER KNIT

Unconditional 10 day money back guarantee.

#976 LONG LINE #977 SHORT LINE

#976 Twin cinch-panels trim inches off your waist and flattens your abdomen. Lycra power knit stretches and breathes with you to give you the sleekest physique ever. Built in masculine support for superb comfort. Sizes Small (28-32), Med (33-36), Lg (37-40), XL (41-44). $6.99

#977 Short Line Version $6.99

REGENCY SQUARE Dept. 8226
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Ca 90028
Waist size_____ #976_____ #977_____
Add 50c postage and handling. For C.O.D. enclose $2.00 deposit. Calif. residents add 5% tax.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"POWER AUTOMATIC"
Pellet Firing Target Pistol
and SILENCER
FREE 50 Reusable 22 Cal. Pellets only $1.25

Rapid firing 22 cal. fully 9 inches long with the look and feel of an "undercover" automatic. Snap the "silencer" on or remove it for fast combat-type target practice. FREE 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets and supply of targets. Money back guaran tee if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 35c for postage and handling. Not sold in NYC

HONOR HOUSE PROD. Dept. 182PA95
Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

it's working
Thanks to you

The United Way

FLATTEN THAT BELLY
with
"WONDER SLIM"
Support
Tired
Aching Back
LOOK ATHLETIC AND TRIM
ONLY $4.98

FEATURES
- Takes inches off waist
- Raises abdomen and Gives vital back support
- Exclusive "No Crotch" design
- Gives your clothes that custom-made look.
- Straightens sagging stomach muscles.

Just slip on your "Wonder Slim". Instantly it pulls in your stomach, straightens your back, raises your sagging chest. It stays put—no uncomfortable crotch to bind and chafe you. Now you can walk with youthful, springy posture. Look and feel confident and trim as Wonder Slim combats fatigue. Try it at our risk. Only $4.98. Waist sizes 26 to 44. Sent in plain wrapper. Ten Day Free Trial. Money Back Guarantee. State waist size in inches.

Rush my Wonder Slim at once.
I enclose $4.98 plus 50c shipping charges or Send COD. I enclose $1.00 good-will deposit. I will pay postman the balance plus COD and shipping charges. Same Guarantee.

Honor House Prod. Dept. 182WB95
Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

COLORADO GUERILLA LOOT

(continued from page 29)

cooking two meals.

The trail led south from there towards Canon City. But the gang had made up so much time Shoup realized they could not be overtaken. After arriving at Currant Creek Pass he halted his worn down stock and prepared to turn back. With the posse was Hugh Murdock of Fairplay, owner of the South Park Hotel.

"I'll go on a little ways to a point and reconnoiter," he told Shoup. "Could be they don't know we're behind and maybe have gone into camp."

Murdock never reached the lookout point, running into one of the gang instead. The guerrilla's horse had gone lame somewhere in the mountains and he had remained behind while the rest rode on.

Lying asleep, he knew of danger only when Murdock poked a rifle muzzle into his ribs. Marched back into the pass, he was mounted on a pack mule and taken to Fairplay. A little rope persuasion caused him to squeal on the gang and reveal where most of the guerrillas could be found.

With this information Shoup mounted his detail on fresh horses and headed back south in a run. On a creek not far from Canon City he surrounded the gang, capturing Jim Reynolds and four men. John Reynolds and Zeke Stowe had gone on somewhere else.

The five prisoners were taken to Denver. Chivington ordered them removed to Fort Lyons where they would be charged with treason, robbery and murder. It was said that his decision was based on a handwritten message from General Sibley found on Jim Reynolds.

This message which has been disputed pro and con, instructed Captain Reynolds to collect all the cached gold "captured" by his guerrillas and stand by to take it to New Mexico. As soon as the territory was occupied, a cavalry detail would be dispatched north to guard it in transport.

General Sibley was long gone at the time of Jim Reynolds' capture.

The prisoners were loaded into a wagon in Denver, ironed and chained. Military guards escorted it while four civilian guards rode in the vehicle. One of them was a man whom Father Dyer asserted afterwards was one of the Reynolds brothers' claim jumpers who organized the mob to get rid of them. He had also been a passenger on a robbed McLaughlin stagecoach and lost a thousand dollars in gold.

On recognizing this man Father Dyer declared he knew then that the prisoners would never reach Fort Lyons alive. His prediction proved correct.

Not thirty miles south of Denver the wagon was halted on the excuse of watering the teams at a creek crossing. The cavalry guards crossed on over into some timber.

Suddenly they were startled by a fusilade of shots and galloped back. To one side of the wagon on the road, their wrists still chained lay the five prisoners. After a brief examination all were pronounced dead.

When asked why they bushwhacked the prisoners the civilian guards solemnly swore they were trying to escape. The entire outfit then returned to Denver.

A great outcry was raised over the murder of the prisoners. The Denver newspapers stated pointedly that their deaths had been ordered by "high authority" who specifically hired the squad to kill them.

On learning that the bodies remained unburied a party of indignant citizens went there to bury the corpses. They found only four. One prisoner had crawled to a pile of boulders and must have spent the entire night pounding a chain in two to free himself.

Despite his two bullet holes in the chest the one who escaped was John Brown. This name was probably an alias. Making his way to a cabin he rested over, and reached the home of a friend in Canon City. Feelers were put out and two weeks later Reynolds and Stowe came for him.

The three went back north to the vicinity of Denver. Now they were really outlaws and a true bandit gang. Why they did not remain in hiding, digging up one of the caches of gold provides another mystery. But the fact is that Reynolds did not. Going right back into the booming precincts of Bayou Salado they held up a stagecoach.

When they robbed another near Denver, Lieutenant Shoup was assigned a citizens posse to wipe out the remnants of the gang. Finding their hiding places in the rugged

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mountains was something else again. Until one day he put the bee on a miner who had formerly befriended the Reynolds brothers.

He had turned against the gang for some personal reason. Now he informed Shoup the three survivors were traveling south intending to resettle in New Mexico. Their route would take them through Huerfano Buttes. Shoup dispatched messages ahead that wherever the three appeared they were to be arrested immediately.

Hot on the trail, Shoup led his posse in a run, halting at every adobe village where the gang might have halted in the Huerfano Buttes area. At a small store he learned that Brown guarded their horses while Reynolds and Stowe entered a store. Buying provisions they had then ridden on towards New Mexico.

When asked why they had not been taken into custody the storekeeper replied while shrugging his shoulders, "What we do against armed men, Senor?"

Enraged because the wanted men had been allowed to leave, Shoup promptly arrested every grown man in the village. Hauled to the county seat at Buckskin Joe, they were tried for aiding outlaws. A jury acquitted them without bothering to leave their chairs.

The career of the guerrillas, or the Reynolds gang as Coloradoans preferred to label them, was now definitely concluded. From there on they were common outlaws without a cause to excuse their crimes.

Reynolds, Brown and Stowe were safe in Santa Fe, where they seemed to have plenty of money to spend. They were not wild carousers and kept themselves carefully out of the public eye.

They were in Santa Fe several months before their presence became generally known. It caused the New Mexican to report sarcastically, "Captain John Reynolds and his one man army are here recuperating from battles fought north of Raton Pass." Apparently only Reynolds and Stowe had actually been identified.

The early part of June 1863 found Reynolds and his two men back in Colorado. More mystery, why did they return to where every man was against them, and again fail to recover one of the gold caches? Instead the three turned to robbery and cleaning out miners emerging from the hurly-burly diggings with their gold. Perhaps robbery was easier than manual labor required to dig up their buried loot.

Reynolds undoubtedly collected more golden loot. What happened to it provides only more dark clouds without supporting facts. Of the big Hamilton robbery the summer of 1863 there is no doubt. It happened and the bandits escaped handily with more than $80,000. Without a doubt too, Reynolds struck in Bayou Salado in hatred and revenge for treatment suffered in 1860-1861.

The Hamilton account has come down verbally, and repeated and written up as the Como robbery. The name of Hamilton was not changed to Como until several years afterwards.

The generally accepted story is that the Buckskin Joe stage was nearing Hamilton when ambushed by twelve to fifteen robbers dressed roughly as miners and armed to the hilt.

Without warning the leading team was shot in the traces. In the same blast of gunfire the driver and shotgun guard were hurled off the box filled with lead. Ignoring the three passengers the strong box was taken, and the robbers faded quickly into the mountains.

Actually there were only three bandits and they got the stage while it was entering Hamilton. There were at least ten witnesses from the beginning to the swift end. Two of them were twelve year old boys, Christopher Tenkate and Raymond McLaughlin. The latter was the son of the stage line operator, who died in 1938. Tenkate passed away before McLaughlin, in 1931.

The two boys with the other witnesses watched the stagecoach entering town in a cloud of dust. Suddenly from behind the first building as the stage passed, raced three riders. Their guns spouted flame, killing the lead team.

Their abrupt pitching downward wrecked the stage, throwing it over on the side in the sudden pile up of the teams. With the killing of the horses the driver was blasted to death. From the overturning stage hurled the shotgun guard, no weapon in hand. Hitting the ground, he came upward dazedly onto his feet, and was shot down.

The passengers who were not injured were too confused to realize what went on. Two of the robbers dismounted while Reynolds held his gun on the stupefied witnesses some distance away.

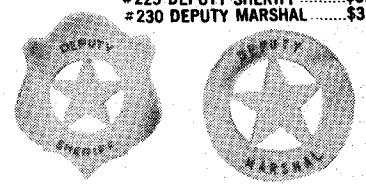
(continued on page 71)

WALTHER PPK 22 CAL. PELLET FIRING "STINGER AUTOMATIC"
only $1.25
50-22 Cal. Pellets Free.

Looks and Feels Like Full Size "James Bond" style German Automatic **5½ inches long — 4½ inches high.** Fires 22 cal. pellets just as fast as you can pull the trigger with realistic moving slide action. Great for fast action combat—type target practice. 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets free. Free supply of targets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 25c Not sold in NY City.
HONOR HOUSE,
Dept. 182PK95, Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

FROM THE OLD WEST
"LAW MAN" BADGES

★ Authentic in every detail. Made from the original dies in gleaming nickel finish. Full size professional type; not a gag or toy . . . made with jeweler's precision. No C.O.D.; we pay postage.
#225 DEPUTY SHERIFF.....$3.95
#230 DEPUTY MARSHAL.....$3.95



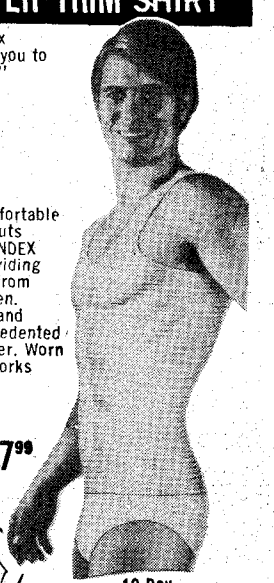
POLICE EQUIPMENT CO. Dept. W8226
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046

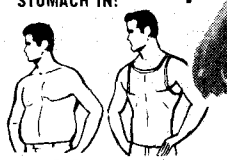
SLIM INCHES AWAY IN THE AMAZING NEW BODY TAPER-TRIM SHIRT

Puts power in your sex appeal as it reshapes you to more manly "tapered" proportions!
- SMOOTHES TORSO
- BUILDS CHEST
- STRAIGHTENS BACK
- SLIMS ABDOMEN
- CINCHES WAIST
- FLATTENS BULGES

Extra-light, extra-comfortable long line undershirt puts power net LYCRA SPANDEX & NYLON to work providing firm, smooth control from chest to lower abdomen. Smoothes out bulges and trims you with unprecedented built-in slimming-power. Worn as an undershirt, it works to keep you in shape. Completely machine washable. White only.

INSTANTLY HOLDS STOMACH IN! $7.99





FROM THIS . . . TO THIS . . .

10 Day MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Purchase Price Refundable if not 100% Satisfied.

R. S. SALES, Dept. 8226
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
My chest is _____ inches. (Exhale & measure chest.)
SIZES: ☐ S (34-36), ☐ Med. (38-40), ☐ Lg. (42-44), ☐ XL (46-48), ☐ 2X (50-52) Add 50c per order postage & handling. Total Enclosed $ _____ Calif. residents add 5% tax. For COD enclose $2.00 deposit.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEST BY MAIL

Rates: Write National, Box 1, Bridgeport, Ct. 06601

WITCHCRAFT, voodoo! Foremost specialists, authentic-spells, supplies, instructions. Catalog, 25c. Join unique Occult Correspondence Club. Caudron, Box NRW-403, Rego Park, N.Y. 11374.

LIFETIME income. Be our financial loan agent. Money, 711 Comings Ave., St. Joseph, Mich. 49085.

ADULT pictures, books, illustrated catalogue, 25c. MacLean, Dept. W, Box 103, Toronto 8, Canada.

ORIENTAL friendship, all ages! Send $1. for photographs, descriptions, brochure, membership form, information, guarantee! Inter-Pacific, Box 304-RW, Birmingham, Mich. 48012.

ENROLL, earn your degree, Bachelor, Master, Graduate in Bible Philosophy, Doctor of Metaphysics or Doctor of Divinity. Correspondence courses only. American Bible Institute, Desk ARW, P.O. Box 8748, Kansas City, Mo. 64114.

SAVE money. Nationally known auto expert shows how to save hundreds of dollars on costly labor charges. Order now and start saving. Send $2.25 to H.S.B. Enterprises, Dept. RW, 3637 North Lotus Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60641.

"JOCK-Sock." Unusual, sensational new men's undergarment gives you that masculine, youthful, "up-front" look. Free brochure. Banco, Box 7749, San Diego, Cal. 92107.

ANY out of print book located. No obligation. William Spinelli, 32 Elmwood, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15205.

STUDY to be a Doctor of Psychology or Metaphysics. Obtain Ps.D., Ms.D., D.D., Ph.D. Correspondence courses only. Write for free booklet, Neotarian Fellowship, Desk NRW, P.O. Box 8707, Kansas City, Mo. 64114.

PERSONALIZED plush accessories. Ecology savers. String ship kit. Free information. Softeze, Box 99A, Roebuck, S.C. 29376.

HOME business opportunity. Assemble electronic insect controllers. Information $1. refundable. XLCR, 1730 Hess, Saginaw, Mich.

If you give up cigarettes, you might gain a few pounds.

(And also a few years)

The plain, unfiltered fact is that people who smoke cigarettes get lung cancer a lot more frequently than nonsmokers.

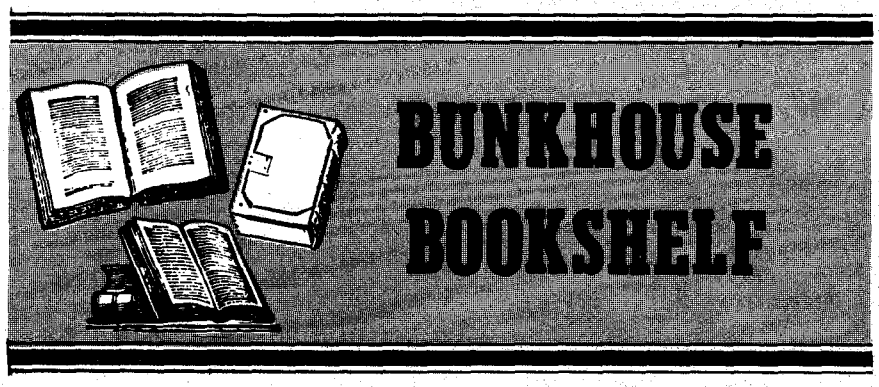
And lung cancer can finish you. Before your time.

We'd rather have you stay alive and well.

Because even if you do gain a few pounds, you'll have the time to take them off.

american cancer society

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER



THE PASSING OF THE GREAT WEST
From Selected Papers of George Bird Grinnell
Edited by John F. Reiger
Winchester Press,
460 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y. 10022
$8.95 Illustrated 182 pages

George Bird Grinnell (1849-1938) was only twenty-one when he first crossed the Missouri as a member of Prof. O. C. Marsh's geological expedition of 1870. The Great West he witnessed then, with its enormous herds of bison, free-ranging aborigines and vast wilderness areas, was shortly to disappear before his eyes. Nobody was quicker to sense this desecration or more eloquent in crusading against it than the remarkable ethnographer-naturalist-editor who has come down to us as "The father of American conservation." For in many ways, the early years Grinnell spent "out West" — with Marsh on the Great Plains, with Colonel Custer in the Black Hills, with Captain William Ludlow on his reconnaissance of the Yellowstone region — were to prove the more critical years of his life. THE PASSING OF THE GREAT WEST is an account of Grinnell's life up to 1883, based largely on his own previously unpublished manuscript memoir. Amplified from other sources and annotated by a professional historian, it yields valuable insights into the development of the man who became Theodore Roosevelt's trusted adviser on conservation and Indian affairs, a founder of the Boone and Crockett Club and the First Audubon society, Editor of FOREST AND STREAM, and one of the earliest and greatest authorities on the Plains Indians. It is at once both a lively and often exciting narrative, and a primary source document of major importance for all those interested in the life and wildlife of the Old West and the origins of the American conservation movement.

CONSIGNMENTS TO ELDORADO, A RECORD OF THE VOYAGE OF THE SUTTON
By Thomas Whaley
Exposition Press, Inc.
50 Jericho Turnpike,
Jericho, N. Y. 11753
$10.00 Illustrated 268 pages

With the discovery of gold in 1848, California became a magnet for adventurous fortune-seeking men throughout the nation. One who was drawn to the Promised Land was twenty-four-year-old Thomas Whaley, member of a prominent New York City family and a businessman of versatile talents-not only merchant, but also architect, artist, gambler, explorer, and civic leader. This book contains the journal and letters written by Whaley on his 15,000-mile, 240-day voyage to California on the SUTTON. Here readers get a firsthand, personal account of the customs and concerns of the day. Whaley shares with them the adventures, thrills, everyday events, pastimes, animosities, tragedies and living conditions that marked his less than serene trip on the sailing vessel. He describes the personalities of his fellow passengers, violent storms with mountainous waves, flying fish, a shark that was caught, almost unbearable tropical heat, felt all the more because of cramped quarters, quarrels between the captain and his mate, a drowning, a suicide, and the landing on deck of an albatross. From these and other observations emerge his own distinctive character. In California Whaley was one of the elect who struck it rich, not in the gold fields but in the mercantile business he established to serve the early settlers.

In this book readers will enjoy a lively, vividly written piece of Americana and obtain a colorful view of life aboard a sailing vessel more than a century ago.

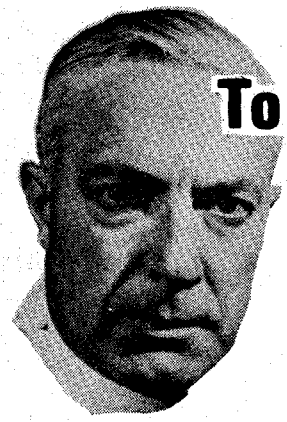
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHINGLING THE FOG AND OTHER PLAINS LIES
By Roger Welsch
The Swallow Press, Inc.
1139 South Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill. 60605
$6.00 160 pages

By themselves the Great Plains are an exaggeration in geography — freezing cold, blisteringly hot, dust dry, wallowing in mud, windy, still, infinitely flat to the eye, ceaselessly hilly on foot, an immense desert, a fertile garden, a place where the plain truth of ten sounds like the most transparent lie and where the most incredible lie is always somehow truthful. SHINGLING THE FOG is a collection of Plains lies and tall tales, the first book to collect this folklore from the Plains. It gathers material from a variety of sources — from early published tales, from literature, from people throughout the area who sent Mr. Welsch their recollections, and from old-fashioned street-corner, barnyard, and Grange Hall story swapping sessions. These stories deal in their own comic, exaggerated way with every aspect of life on the Plains. The greatest number concern the weather and the land; others describe gigantic heroes, strange animals, and the hard life of the settler. They offer a rare view of the pioneer's personality through his sense of humor; behind his enormous falsehoods, perhaps magnified by them, stand the real hardships and bounties of the Plains. There is hearty laughter and plenty of it. The text presents the stories precisely as told; Mr. Welsch also gives each story its own special context, its location, and wherever possible, a view of the person who told it.

TRAIL DUST, A QUICK PICTURE HISTORY OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL
By Gene and Mary Martin
Golden Bell Press,
Denver, Colorado
$1.95 paper bound Profusedly illustrated 56 pages

The authors have put together an unusually functional guide for trail buffs and tourists alike. It chronicles the history of the trail briefly and contains useful maps to guide those who wish to retravel the routes of the old trail. The authors have brought together an interesting collection of pictures, some of which contrast an historical location with its present day appearance. In a section entitled "Today's Trail", trail buffs may begin at Independence, Missouri, and with the book as a guide, visit all the museums and historic sites of significance along the trail. This is one you will want to tuck into your travel gear and then hit the trail. ●RW



An Important Message

To Every Man and Woman

In America

Losing His or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. Leb, Piqua, Ohio

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

©1969 Comate Corporation

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scale treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short. Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

RUSH THIS NO RISK COUPON TODAY

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 14835
21 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 day's supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund on return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. Enclosed is $1 deposit. I will pay postman $9 plus about $1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the $1.50 by enclosing $10. Canada, Foreign, APO, FPO, add $1 - No C.O.D.

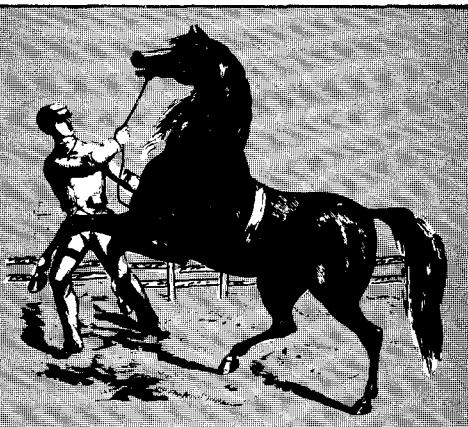
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS,

MEXICAN BORDER TROUBLES

Three hundred American citizens have been killed, and $6,000,000 worth of property stolen or destroyed, in the last six years on the Mexican border.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, December 7, 1872

ROSS ELECTED CHIEF OF THE CHEROKEES

William P. Ross has been elected Chief of the Cherokee Nation of Indians, in place of Lewis Downing, deceased.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, December 7, 1872

BILLS BEFORE CONGRESS

Three bills and resolutions providing for the removal of the Ute Indians from Colorado, and a bill providing for the construction of new forts on the Mexican frontier. Both were passed.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, December 27, 1879

OURAY GRANTED FIVE EXTRA DAYS

The Ute commissioners have not yet received the whole of the Indians demanded by General Hatch and Ouray has been granted five additional days to bring the rest of the party in. The belief is gaining ground that Ouray is unable to carry out his pledge.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, January 10, 1880

HENRY TAWA SELWYN ORDAINED

The Dakota Presbytery recently ordained Henry Tawa Selwyn, a full Sioux Indian, son of Medicine Crow, and installed him over the Indian Church at Yankton agency.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, January 10, 1880

CHARLIE PARKHURST DISCOVERED TO BE A WOMAN

A person known for the past twenty-five years as Charles Parkhurst, who has led the life of a stage-driver and farmer during this time in California has just died near Watsonville, when it became known for the first time that the deceased was a woman.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, January 17, 1880

MONETARY RESTITUTION FOR THE MEEKER MASSACRE

Senator Belford of Colorado will introduce on the first day after the recess, a joint resolution directing the Secretary of the Interior to pay $10,000 to Mrs. Meeker, the widow of Agent Meeker; $5,000 to Josephine Meeker, $10,000 to Mrs. Price, and $5,000 to Mrs. Frank Dresser. This resolution is approved by the Interior Department. Judge Belford thinks it is almost certain to pass.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, January 17, 1880

CUSTER MASSACRE MEMORIAL

A sad memorial of the Custer massacre on the Little Big Horn River, on June 25th, 1876, has been erected on the spot of the memorable strife. It consists solely of the bones of the soldiers, Indians and horses killed by the Sioux in that surprise, which have been arranged in the form of a mound, the pieces being held in place by lengths of cord-wood.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, January 17, 1880

FREMONT ACCEPTS OF LOT AT SEASIDE

General John C. Fremont has written a letter to the Bendondo Beach Coompany, Los Angeles, California accepting the Christmas gift of a lot at Seaside. He has also accepted the offer of a homestead at Inglewood, and will make his permanent home in Southern California.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, January 14, 1888

COWBOY EVANGELIST WORTH $700,000

George W. Rosure, known as the "cowboy evangelist" is said by an Arkansas newspaper to be worth $700,000, which yields him an income of $150 a day. His fortune was made in cattle and by lucky investments in real estate. He is just forty years old, and in his youth was reputed to be one of the most lawless of the desperadoes of the Plains.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, January 21, 1888

PROHIBITION IN WICHITA

A vigorous prosecution of liquor-dealers is now in progress in Wichita, Kansas. Nine men have been found guilty and sentenced to both fines and imprisonment, and over fifty other cases are on the docket.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 4, 1888

SWIFT JUSTICE IN LIMESTONE, IDAHO

At Limestone, Idaho, recently, four masked men having robbed the local bank and killed its faithful cashier, the citizens turned out, killed one of the robbers on the spot, gave chase to the others, recovered their booty, hanged the man who was identified as the murderer, and sent the others under guard to the nearest military post.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 4, 1888

ACTION BEING TAKEN TO OPEN INDIAN TERRITORY

A conference of 350 delegates from Kansas, Texas, Missouri and the Indian Territory was held at Kansas City, last week, to take steps with a view to securing Congressional action on the movement in favor of opening the Indian Territory to settlement.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 18, 1888

●RW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLORADO GUERILLA LOOT

(continued from page 67)

The express box was pulled from the stagecoach. It was extremely heavy and Brown and Stowe carried it between them around behind the building where they had waited in concealment for the arrival of the stage. Reynolds remained on guard until a signal was yelled at him. Leading the saddled horses of Stowe and Brown he also disappeared behind the building.

All this occurred so fast that witnesses hardly had time to comprehend the action. When Reynolds departed some of them ran to the stage while others rushed into the main business district spreading the alarm.

When an investigation was made, ground signs revealed that the express box had been loaded onto a pack mule.

A posse was eventually formed but pursued very little distance before darkness stopped it. A light rain shower fell during the night and the posse could not pick up the trail the following morning.

McLaughlin was quoted numerous times in Colorado newspapers as stating that the express box and contents had been buried on Tarryall Creek without being opened. The three cached the loot because they believed a posse was close behind them.

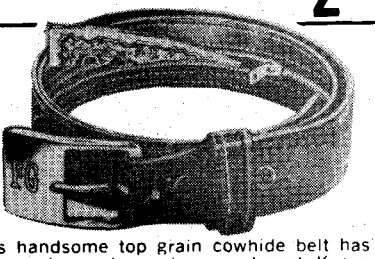
Tenkate was in Hamilton that day with his parents. He always said that the robbers buried the express box unopened on the creek at a spot where they had camped in the brush and rocks prior to pulling the robbery. Reynolds, according to him, stepped off a specified distance from the cache and drove a plainsman's long bladed knife into a tree. Breaking off the handle, he left the embedded blade as a marker.

He never explained how he knew the precise details but did smilingly admit that Reynolds visited their small claim often. His father was in Hamilton that day to buy a few provisions for the gang. Presumably they picked up the supplies on their flight elsewhere. The Tenkates knew nothing about the robbery much less that it was scheduled for that particular day.

Two other small robberies

{Continued on next page}

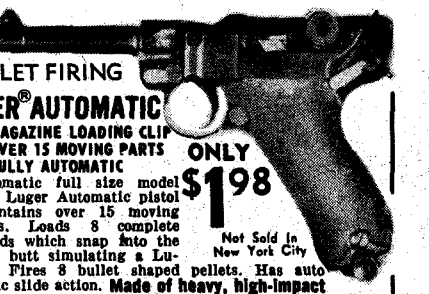
SAFEGUARD YOUR VALUABLES
SECRET POCKET MONOGRAMMED
MONEY BELT Only $2.98



This handsome top grain cowhide belt has a large zippered secret compartment. Keeps cash, papers, jewels or anything valuable away from prying eyes and grasping hands. Protects—lies flat against the body. Comes complete with a fine rugged buckle monogrammed with your initials. Available in black or brown. Sizes 28 to 46. Only $2.98 plus 50c shipping charges. Please specify size, color and initials.

Honor House Dept.182MB95 Lynbrook, N. Y.

-NY State residents add state and local sales tax.



PELLET FIRING
LUGER® AUTOMATIC
ONLY $1.98
Not Sold in New York City

- MAGAZINE LOADING CLIP
- OVER 15 MOVING PARTS
- FULLY AUTOMATIC

Automatic full size model of a Luger Automatic pistol—contains over 15 moving parts. Loads 8 complete rounds which snap into the hard butt simulating a Luger. Fires 8 bullet shaped pellets. Has automatic slide action. **Made of heavy, high-impact styrene with amazing attention to detail.**

MOST AUTHENTIC MODEL GUN WE'VE EVER SEEN

Comes to you with working parts disassembled with cleverly engineered springs, full instructions, supply of pellets and targets. **Full Money Back Guarantee.** Simply send $1.98 plus 27c shipping charge **HONOR HOUSE CORP.** Dp 182LG95 Lynbrook, N. Y.

® T.M. Used by consent of Stoeger Arms Corp.
N.Y. State residents please add sales tax.

FIND TREASURE
GOLD • SILVER • RELICS • METALS
WITH POWERFUL
METROTECH Locators
Low Cost • High Performance
Money-back Guarantee
WRITE FOR DETAILS TO DEPT 6A
UNDERGROUND EXPLORATIONS • Box 793 • Menlo Park, California

$30,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

$15,000.00 FIRST PRIZE

JUST SOLVE OUR SIMPLE PUZZLES AND YOU MAY BE ON YOUR WAY.

FIRST PRIZE	$15,000.00
SECOND PRIZE	$ 5,000.00
THIRD PRIZE	$ 3,000.00
FOURTH PRIZE	$ 1,500.00
FIFTH PRIZE	$ 700.00

PLUS 95 OTHER GIANT CASH AWARDS! JUST NAME THIS POPULAR VEGETABLE----AND YOU'RE OFF AND RUNNING.

Official Entry Blank

Aquarius $30,000.00 Treasure Chest!

ONE PENNY	c	e	n	t	
OPPOSITE OF IN		u	t		
HEAVY TWINE		o	p	e	
ONE LESS THAN TEN		i	n	e	

RULES & DIRECTIONS

Fill in the blank squares to complete the name of the vegetable pictured above. (We've filled in the first letter to get you started). The clue words will help you fill in the rest.

Gentlemen:

I would like to enter your $30,000.00 cash award "AMERICA'S HARVEST" puzzle contest. Here is my completed entry puzzle with 25c for postage and handling. If my answer is correct, please RUSH me all contest details, and let me know how to get started toward that giant $15,000.00 first prize.

OFFICIAL ENTRY PUZZLE

$30,000.00 Cash Award
"America's Harvest" Series

Name (Please print carefully) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

AQUARIUS CONTESTS 7551 MELROSE AVE. Suite 8226, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90046

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

followed. Reynolds then planned to take the Buckskin Joe stage on a day when a big shipment of gold was known to be going through. For this special job he wanted a string of fast horses placed for quick change-off to escape the many posses that would be after them.

The gang went south of Denver to look for horses. Near Pueblo in the Arkansas River Valley they stole five good horses during a dark night.

Running steadily until dawn began breaking, they went into camp in the brush not too far from Canon City. Dog tired for rest they were sound asleep when a posse found them. Stowe was killed asleep, never rolling from his blanket on the ground.Reynolds was badly wounded but Brown managed to drag him into some thick brush. They evaded the overanxious possemen combing the brush and timber to get them.

When the posse cleared out late in the afternoon Brown wanted to pack Reynolds into Canon City to a doctor, or go after one for him. According to the legendary story, which originates in part from Brown, Reynolds said no, that he was dying. Brown was to save himself if possible.

"But there is a great amount of gold on Deer Creek,"Reynolds said. "You can get that and leave Colorado. We should have dug up all the cached stuff and gone long ago."

According to Brown, Reynolds sketched a map on the back of an envelope and described how to find the loot. After Reynolds died, or at least Brown thought him dead, he pulled out from Denver to hide.

However, a number of accounts relate different details as to what happened to Reynolds' body. Apparently he wasn't dead when he was found, but he soon expired.

In Denver Brown managed to grubstake himself for a trip to Deer Creek. Failing to locate the cache he got out ahead of winter. But he tried to find it for two more years.

According to Brown as repeated to Cook, Reynolds' instructions were to go up Geneva Creek from the mouth to a place where the gang nearly lost a bogged down horse in 1862. From there he was to swing up a gulch then follow the mountain slope to the headwaters of Deer Creek. There on the bank he would find a butcher knife blade driven deep into a tree trunk four feet above the ground. It pointed directly at the cached loot.

South Park City collection

A McLaughlin stagecoach poses for a picture. The McLaughlin line was the victim of the Reynolds gang.

Cook knew Brown well but he did not adequately explain how the map and the detailed story was obtained.

Brown made a one-man robbery of a stage near Denver and a posse got after him quickly. He made his way to Laramie, Wyoming where in less than a year he was killed in a saloon brawl.

Several times Cook went to Deer Creek trying to recover the loot buried there. According to his published statement he found nothing. His details of the cache, although it must have come from Brown, does not fit in with the known facts.

He claimed that the cache contained $40,000 in currency wrapped in silk cloth and three cans of gold dust. If this could even remotely be true then the guerrillas got another $40,000 in paper money. That taken from the freight train on the Santa Fe trail was buried in the Spanish Peaks country. Time and repeated telling may have mixed up the stories. Cook wrote his book more than forty years after the end of the gang.

Sufficient facts support the following locations:

The first at Spanish Peaks, probably on the west peak above Apishapa Pass; at least two on Geneva Creek; one on Deer Creek close to the ghost town site of Deer Valley; another on a creek once known locally (a hundred years ago) as Tarryall where the Tenkate family lived; the gang's camp site between Kenosha Pass and Georgia Pass and at least two on the Adolph Guiraud ranch.

The Reynolds map passing from Brown to Cook is of the Deer Creek cache and said to be on the west side of Mount Rosalie in the north-central part of Park County.

Today's treasure hunters have what they believe concrete knowledge of Reynolds gang caches from Boulder south to the Raton Mountains and from the Colorado Rockies east into western Kansas.

Just too much territory and too many caches to be possible. However, Tenkate who knew the Reynolds brothers when a boy believed they had a big cache of gold on a small creek near Fairplay. His father tried to find it during the years 1870-1875. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Personal statement of Christopher Tenkate, 1916-1918.

Bayou Salado by Virginia McConnell. Denver, Colorado, 1966.

Western Treasures Lost and Found by Jesse Ed. Rascoe. Toyahvale,Texas, 1961.

Dave Cook of the Rockies by W. R. Collier and Edwin Westrate. New York, 1936. (General D. J. Cook.)

Hands Up or Twenty Years of Detective Life in the Mountains and on the Plains by General D. J. Cook. Reissued by the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1960.

Snow-Shoe Itinerant, The, by J. L. Dyer (the Reverend "father" Dyer). Cincinnati, 1890.

Extracts from the early day *Santa Fe New Mexican* and the *Rocky Mountain News.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

The Salishan made elaborately carved dishes of wood and horn. As a rule the northern Athapascans used dishes, platters and trays made of birch bark which was folded and sewn. The Chippewa had dishes of finished wood that were rectangular, oval or circular in shape. The Iroquois often attached handles to their wooden dishes. Indians of the Plains also used wooden dishes made of burl or know wood. These were usually simple in shape and decoration. The Virginia Indians and other Sourthern tribes made large size dishes from soft wood. The Ute made rude looking dishes, while the Pueblo made utensils of pottery and basketry which they painted and elaborately decorated. The horn of the mountain sheep was also used by the Pueblo.

For cleaning their homes, brooms were made of coarse grass or twigs. To keep the central firepit clean, a brush from a bird wing was used. The Indians of the Pueblos tied a bunch of coarse grass near the middle and used the blunt end for brushing the hair, while the other end was used to sweep the floor. Many of the Plains tribes and of the Rocky Mountain area used a wooden spade like implement to remove snow from the ground near the entrance to the lodge.

The Pueblos also used a wooden spade like utensil, but this was for removing their bread from the earthen ovens.

Among the Plains tribes, packs made of parflech were used to store food. Many of the parflech bags were ornamented and pinted with intricate designs. The pueblo tribes preserved feathers for future use by storing them in wooden containers cut from a single stick. These were usually made of cottonwood and provided with a countersunk lid. The northwest coast tribes carved elaborate boxes and trays for the purpose of feather storage.

The Pueblos also made murals with which to decorate their homes. Also the Indians of the northwest coast had a type of decorative mural, and they also painted their door beams and posts after carving them in symbolic designs. These seemed to serve for ceremonial purposes too.

In the lodges of the Plains tribes, ornamented shields, weapons, saddles, bridles and other daily items served as

{Continued on next page}

DREAMING?

Finding Buried Treasure Is No Longer a Dream . . . It's a SCIENTIFIC FACT with a

RELCO DETECTOR

Now find buried gold, silver, out-of-circulation coins with a modern Relco detector. Used by successful treasure hunters and coin collectors everywhere.

- ★ **Sensitive enough to detect even a single coin. More penetrating power than ever before.**
- ★ **Works through earth, vegetation, wood, rock, water, etc.**
- ★ **Excellent for beach combing, searching ghost towns, old battle sites, abandoned buildings, caves.**
- ★ **Fully transistorized, weighs only 3 pounds, 2 year guarantee.**
- ★ **Powerful speaker signals when object is detected.**

FREE only **$19.95** to $129.50

Send for free catalog and treasure hunting tips.

FREE! WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG AND BOOKLET ON TREASURE HUNTING.

RELCO DEPT. RW , BOX 10839 HOUSTON, TEXAS 77018

PROFESSIONAL SOLID BRONZE $3.95 BADGES

#288 A Private International Investigator – $3.95

#283 B Private Detective $3.95

#283 C – Official Press Photographer – $3.95

#303 A – Special Investigator – $3.95

#303 B – Special Agent Solid bronze – $3.95

#250 Deputy Sheriff "Law Man" 6-point star. $3.95

#403 – Professional Investigator – $3.95

#603 A – Special Officer – $3.95

#603 B – Security Officer – $3.95

Now available — the same professional badges used by investigators and detectives all over the world. Not toys, gags — but the real thing to display with pride!

FREE with orders ONLY . . . Catalog of Police & Detective Equipment

#450 Genuine Leather Case Flash your badge in an official manner; Vinyl I.D. window. Slack strap. **$3.00**

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
Send payment with order; we pay postage.
POLICE EQUIPMENT CO., Dept. 8226
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046

Police Equipment Co., Dept. 8226
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

Send payment with order. We pay postage. No C.O.D.s.

☐ Send Style #_____ @ $3.95
☐ Send Style #_____ @ $3.95
☐ Send Style #450 Case @ $3.00

I enclose $_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

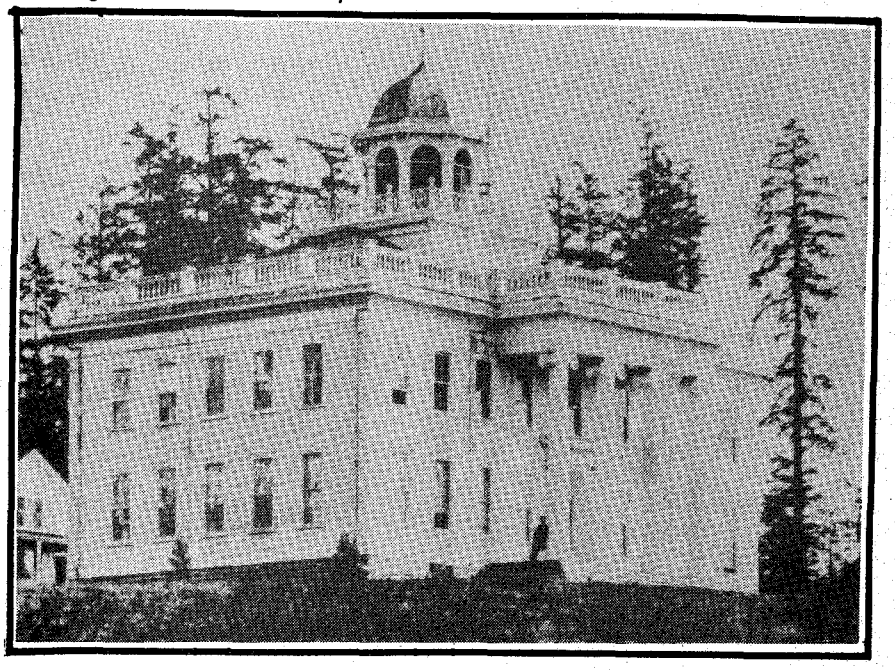
decorations, giving color to the otherwise plain interior of the dwelling. In winter, painted or embroidered skins were hung between the inner circle of the posts of the earth lodges. This enclosed the space near the fire for added warmth, plus making the dwelling attractive.

Large stones lamps were essential to the household of the Eskimo. These not only furnished light, but some heat, and at times could be used for cooking or warming food. The lamps were cut from steatie or basalt and would be handed down from one generation to another. Most other Indians used the cooking fire or firepit for light. ●RW

WESTERN TALE OF TWO CITIES

(continued on page 11)

Washington State Historical Society



The University of Washington as it looked in 1864.

Fortunately for Seattle, an industrious and prosperous millwright from Scotland named James M. Colman turned up just at the right time, and offered to put up $20,000 if the local people could raise $40,000 more. With this boost, enough railroad was completed to provide loading stations for the busy local coal mines. The railroad began with only one locomotive and ten coal cars, but it made money, and it made history, too, because of the unusual manner in which it came into existence. Seattle had upstart Tacoma's having grabbed the biggest plum from the Northern Pacific's tree.

But that plum had turned unexpectedly sour, and Tacoma's dreams were in serious danger of being nothing but castles in the air. By late 1873, the Northern Pacific was in dire financial trouble, and so were all the people and communities whose hopes were wedded to the coming of the railraod.

The railroad's troubles probably started as a result of the way it was organized. In 1864 Congressman Thaddeus Stevens pushed a bill through Congress which established the Northern Pacific Railroad, but only $2000,000 was appropriated to get it started. Land was granted, but cash was also needed, and in the middle of the Civil War, there was no cash. Nevertheless, the bill to build a telegraph line and railroad from Lake Superior to Puget Sound was signed by President Lincoln.

After the War was over, in 1867, a time extension was granted to the railroad, but the estimated cost of $157 million was too staggering. The result was that Jay Cooke, a famous banker of international repute, was approached, and asked to finance the project.

Cooke at that time was the leading banker in the United States, the man who had been able to sell U. S. Government bonds during the Civil War when no one else could. He set his agents to work assessing the feasibility of the railroad, and when they reported back that it could be done for far less than the originally proposed amount, he agreed to take on the job.

Jay Cooke & Company hired construction people and began an extensive and imaginative advertising campaign to sell investors on the Northern Pacific. The banking firm was to earn 12% on stock with a 20% bonus for large amounts. Other arrangements of the venture promised good profits, and at first, sales went very well. Especially encouraging were the numerous sales to small investors, and after two years, $30 million worth of securities had been sold.

Construction of the railroad began in 1870 at both ends, at Duluth, Minnesota, in the East and at Kalama, on the Columbia River, in the West, and the prospects of the Northern Pacific looked very bright. However, the Panic of 1873, which tightened up available money, slowed investments almost to a halt at a critical time. Jay Cooke & Company, which had overextended itself, failed, and suddenly the bright promise of the railroad turned into a nightmare. Unpaid construction workers threatened to tear up the track that had been laid, and panic seized nearly everyone concerned.

In Tacoma, the railroad sections that had been completed were only saved by the spectacular efforts of local citizens, who offered to pay the wages owed out of their own pockets. Tacoma had its railroad terminus, but at great cost, and only partially finished, at that. The part of the railroad that was to cross the Cascades had not been built yet, and it was no easy matter to travel the entire route, with many changes required, including a portion of the journey that had to be taken on a steamship.

But at last, the final section was completed, in July of 1887, touching off one of the biggest Fourth of July celebrations in Tacoma's history. It lasted three days.

Seattle chafed at the higher rates it was required to pay to ship on the Northern Pacific, and at the long stopovers made in Tacoma by trains going in both directions. But in time, the Great Northern Railroad came into Seattle, which was also connected, by hook-ups with the Canadian Pacific and the Northern Pacific, to all the markets in every

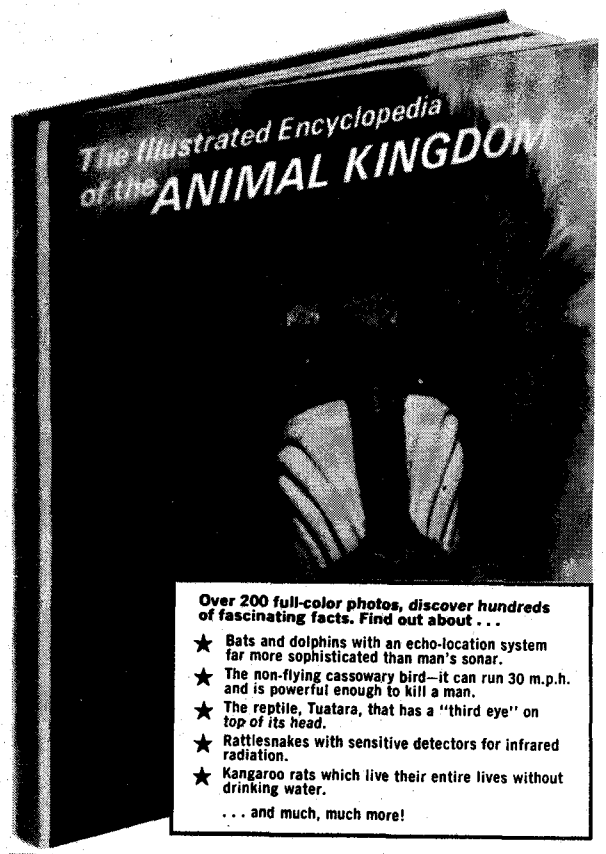
(Continued on next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing...a unique contribution to man's record of the wonders of the animal world!

Yours Free!

Volume 1 of the ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM



Over 200 full-color photos, discover hundreds of fascinating facts. Find out about . . .

- ★ Bats and dolphins with an echo-location system far more sophisticated than man's sonar.
- ★ The non-flying cassowary bird—it can run 30 m.p.h. and is powerful enough to kill a man.
- ★ The reptile, Tuatara, that has a "third eye" on top of its head.
- ★ Rattlesnakes with sensitive detectors for infrared radiation.
- ★ Kangaroo rats which live their entire lives without drinking water.

. . . and much, much more!

An introduction to the mysteries and marvels of the group of animals to which man himself belongs . . . *Vertebrates,* animals with backbones.

We would like to send you—absolutely free—with no obligation to purchase anything ever, a copy of Volume 1 of this new set of books: The Illustrated Encyclopedia of the Animal Kingdom.

We want you to see for yourself how exciting the Animal Kingdom is! Volume 1 is a complete book in itself—the story of the vertebrates, including some of the strangest and most fascinating creatures in the animal world.

Each additional volume continues your incredible journey into the animal world. From these 20 deluxe volumes, you and your children will gain a complete, basic understanding of all the species that inhabit the earth—how they feed, breed and survive, in a life filled with constant danger.

Pre-school children will be delighted with the fascinating pictures on every page (there are over 4,000 in full color!). The budding scientist will gain a full, rich background that can excite him to further and more intensive study. And adults will surely enjoy the photographs and text as much as their youngsters. The entire family will use this wonderful set—one that you'll be proud to display in your home library.

SEND FOR YOUR FREE BOOK NOW—WITH NO OBLIGATION!

Let us send you *Vertebrates,* Volume 1 of The Illustrated Encyclopedia of the Animal Kingdom—to keep as a gift whether or not you purchase a single additional volume. We think you'll be so delighted that you'll want to become a Subscriber and receive additional volumes of this compelling new encyclopedia each month.

As a Subscriber, you will always have the privilege of examining each new volume in your home—and if you're not completely satisfied, you simply return it *at our expense and owe nothing.* Any time you wish to cancel, just say so—no more books will be sent. If you want to keep any of these beautiful books—you pay the amazing price of only $3.98 each (plus a small shipping and handling fee).

To send for your *free* volume, simply fill out and mail the attached order form, or write to Danbury Press, A Division of Grolier Enterprises, Inc., Sherman Turnpike, Danbury, Connecticut 06810. Your FREE copy of *Vertebrates* will be on its way to you. Remember, you are not obligated in any way by sending for your *free* volume . . . it is our gift to you.

20 BIG DELUXE VOLUMES!

Filled with thousands of illustrations—full-color photographs on almost every page. Each volume is a beautiful, deluxe 9½" x 10¾" with durable, soil-resistant covers.

For those who have not yet decided to send for their free book—a word from the publisher:

Dear Friend:

Some people are skeptical of "free offers." Perhaps you feel that there has to be a gimmick . . . some hidden charge.

Let me assure you there isn't! Volume 1 is *actually free,* and is, quite by itself, a fascinating book to own and enjoy. If you decide that you do not want any more volumes, simply tell us and that will end the matter. You will *never* receive a bill; you will never receive another volume; no salesman will ever call on you; and *the free volume is yours forever.*

Cordially,

Ray Ramsey

Ray Ramsey
for the publishers of
"The Illustrated Encyclopedia
of the Animal Kingdom"

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
FOR YOUR *FREE* 144-PAGE BOOK!

Danbury Press, Dept. PJ
A Division of Grolier Enterprises, Inc.
Sherman Turnpike, Danbury, Connecticut 06816

This order form entitles you to receive—as a FREE GIFT—Volume 1 of the 20-volume ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, with no obligation to buy anything. As a subscriber you will be notified in advance of all future shipments and you may reject any shipment or cancel your subscription simply by notifying us before the shipment date indicated on the invoice accompanying your advance shipment notice. (This procedure is designed to provide time for mail delivery and computer processing.) Also, if not completely delighted with any volume after FREE examination in your home, you may return it at our expense and owe nothing.

If we do not hear from you after you have received your FREE volume, we will send you Volume 2 next month, then Volume 3 the following month, and all of the remaining volumes the month after that. Those volumes you decide to keep will become a permanent part of your home library, and you will be billed for only 1 volume per month until they are paid for at the amazingly low price of only $3.98 per volume plus shipping and handling.

Remember, you are free to cancel at any time after taking as many or as few volumes as you like—even none at all if you so choose. The magnificent FIRST VOLUME is yours to keep ABSOLUTELY FREE no matter what you decide.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip.....

Signature .....

Also available in Canada.
Shipment and services from Canada.

96297

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

land direction. The trains, which the Indians called "hiu chick chick," had certainly covered the Northwest.

Meanwhile, both cities prospered, although there were plenty of ups and downs. While Tacoma had the advantage of being closer to the Columbia River, Seattle was the first big town on the way into Puget Sound from the Pacific, and captured quite a lot of business because of its location. The 1858 gold rush to the Fraser River in Canada, for example, brought some 20,000 people surging through Seattle, looking for supplies to buy in the infant community. Seattle was naturally situated for shipping, and built up its wharf facilities and a steamship business early in the game.

But Tacoma was not about to be shown up. In 1879 the Tacoma Mill Co. installed electric lights, and Tacoma's city streets were first lighted electrically in 1886. Two years later, Tacoma began to run a street car line, and the Northern Pacific moved into handsome new headquarters on Pacific Avenue. A big smelter turned into a major industry, which was brought out by the American Smelting and Refining Co. in 1905, with Bernard Baruch acting as agent.

Seattle turned on gas street lights in 1874, constructed board walks over muddy main streets, boasted an important flour mill, and built two opera houses, the Watson C. Squire in 1879, and the Frye in 1880. Seattle was the seat of King County, and Tacoma was the seat of Pierce County. Both towns had important lumber and fishing industries, and both rolled out the red carpet to welcome visitors like Presidents Benjamin Harrison and Theodore Roosevelt. Tacoma nearly became the state capital during a political fracas, and built an outstanding stadium, remodeling a fine old hotel on the property as a high school.

However, the two communities competed vigorously in just about everything, and it was always open season on mutual jeers and barbs. One item written in praise of Tacoma was called, "Seattle, Seattle, Death Rattle, Death Rattle; Tacoma, Tacoma, Aroma, Aroma."

Some of the honors they competed for were pretty silly. For instance, there was the matter of the totem pole. A businessman in Tacoma became disgusted by all the

Washington State Historical Society

Seattle waterfront in 1871.

publicity being given to Seattle's famous totem pole, which he insisted had been stolen from some Indians. He decided that Tacoma needed a bigger one, and hired some Alaskan carvers to create it. After months of work on a huge cedar tree, they turned out a totem 105 feet high at a cost of $3,000.

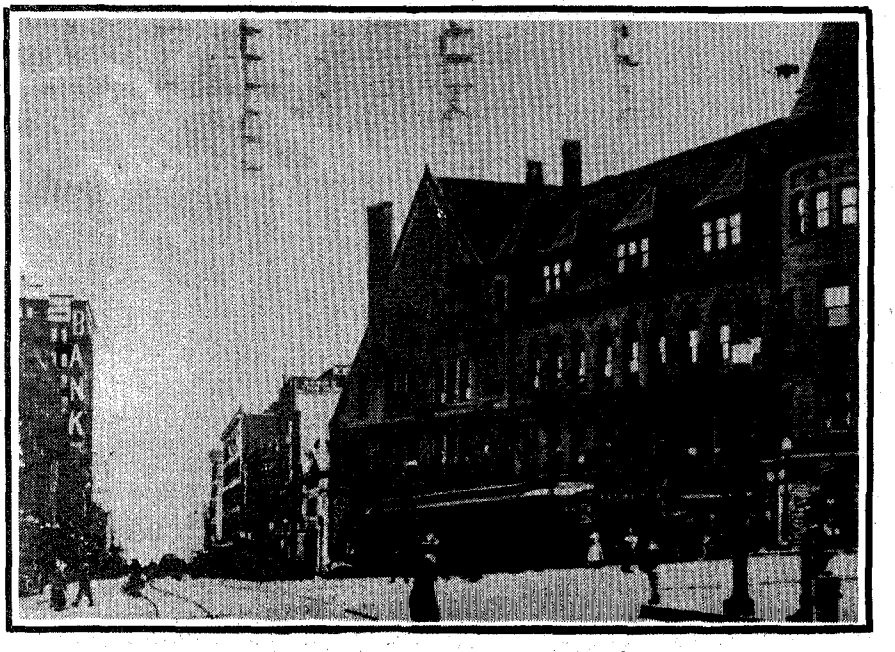
The towns often swapped accusations, as when Tacomsns accused a U. S. Senator from Seattle of fastening the name of "Mt. Rainer" on what they claimed had been called "Mt. Tacoma." They denounced the name (which was Vancouver's choice) as unpatriotic, saying that Rainier was a British admiral who fought against the colonies in the American Revolution.

But competition is good for cities, just as it is good for business everywhere. Although Seattle had Seattle University and the Territorial University, which in time became the great University of Washington, Tacoma built the University of Puget Sound in 1888, and Pacific Lutheran College in 1890. While Carnegie endowed a fine library for Seattle, Tacoma built an elegant hotel at a cost of $267,000. It was designed by Stanford White, and was certainly the finest north of San Francisco for some time. Both cities had successful newspapers, and established beautiful parks and worthwhile civic organizations. Both were rich in timber, well-watered, fertile soil, and a generous variety of natural resources. An amusing article that appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY during 1894 reflected the tone of the rivalry, although the writer had a few prejudices:

"I would not intimate that the rivalry between these two most prominent cities of the sound is bitter, or partakes in any degree of the nature of a quarrel. On the contrary, it is most generous, and is conducted with extreme courtesy. They are about forty miles apart by

{Continued on next page}

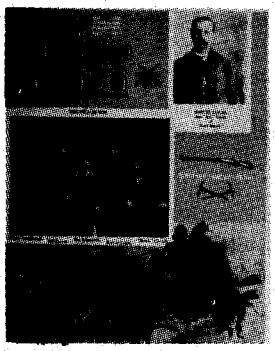
Collections of the author



Broadway, Tacoma, Washington in 1915.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL WEST BACK COPIES



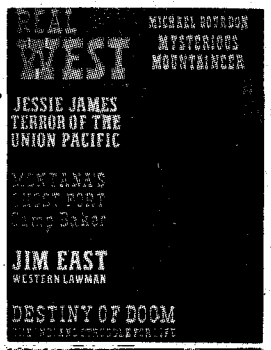
MAY, 1971

HARVEY LOGAN alias "Kid" Curry of "Wild Bunch"

Long Riders of the Outlaw Trail

Fabulous Cripple Creek

Mangus Colorado Giant of the Desert



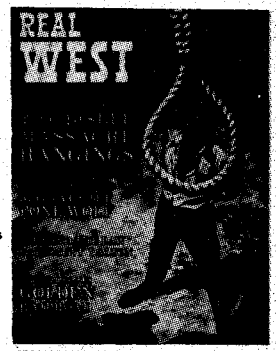
JUNE, 1971

Jessie James Terror of the Union Pacific

Montana's Ghost Fort Camp Baker

Jim East Western Lawman

Michael Bourdon Mysterious Mountaineer



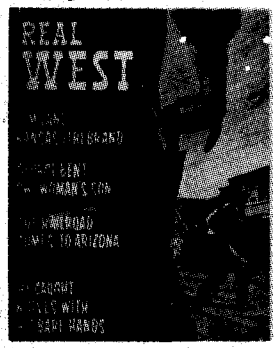
AUG., 1971

The Bisbee Massacre Hangings

Death Defying Kiowa Chief Lone Wolf

"Beyond The Law" by Emmett Dalton

The Glorious Golden Railroad



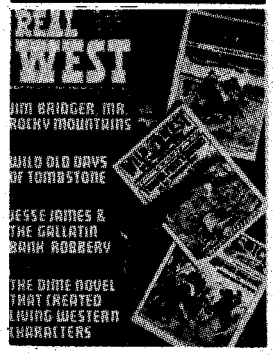
SEPT.,1971

Jim Lane, Kansas Firebrand

George Bent, Owl Woman's Son

The Railroad Comes To Arizona

He Caught Wolves With His Bare Hands


REAL WEST
JIM BRIDGER, MR. ROCKY MOUNTAINS
WILD OLD DAYS OF TOMBSTONE
JESSE JAMES & THE GALLATIN BANK ROBBERY
THE DIME NOVEL THAT CREATED LIVING WESTERN CHARACTERS

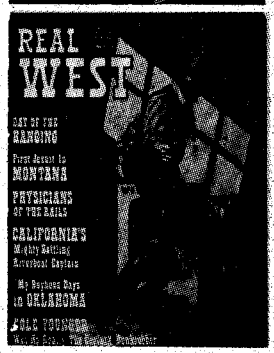
OCT., 1971

Jim Bridger, Mr. Rocky Mountains

Wild Old Days Of Tombstone

Jesse James & The Gallatin Bank Robbery

The Dime Novel That Created Living Western Characters



NOV., 1971

Day Of The Hanging

First Jesuit In Montana

Physicians Of The Rails

California's Mighty Battling Riverboat Captain

"My Boyhood Days in Oklahoma"

DEC , 1971

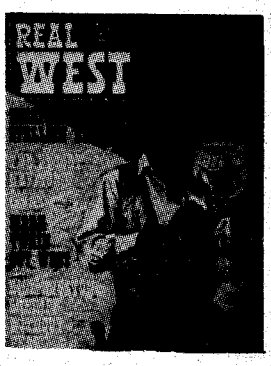
Boone Helm Man-Beast of the Frontier

The Man Who Took Custer's Place

Boone Helm Man-Beast of the Frontier

The Mysterious Message

More Facts Revealed Jesse James' Death



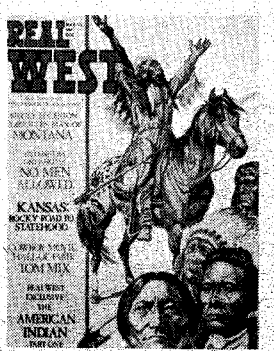
JAN , 1972

Escape of the Stallion King

The Bloody Hayfield Fight

Mark Twain Out West

Bill Houston - Sheriff Without Fear



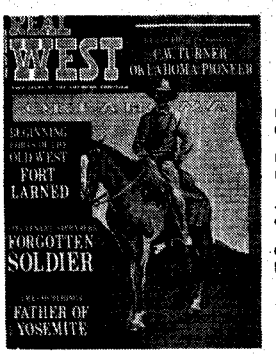
MARCH, 1972

Sidney Edgerton-Forgotten Man of Montana

Bethshebe, Oklahoma--No Men Allowed

Kansas: Rocky Road to Statehood

Cowboy Movie Hall of Fame--Tom Mix



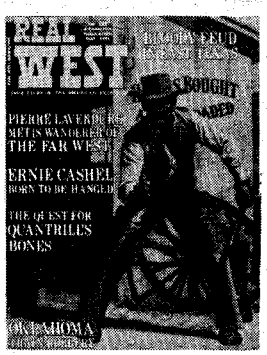
APRIL, 1972

Beginning Forts of the Old West--Fort Larned

Lieutenant Sternberg--Forgotten Soldier.

James Hutchings, Father of Yosemite

C.W. Turner--Oklahoma Pioneer


REAL WEST
PIERRE LAVERDURE METIS WANDERER OF THE FAR WEST
ERNIE CASHEL BORN TO BE HANGED
THE QUEST FOR QUANTRILL'S BONES
OKLAHOMA

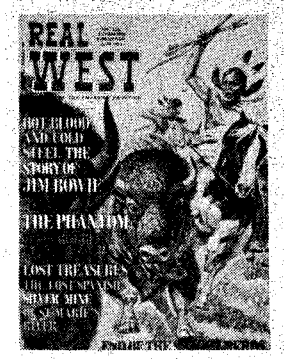
MAY, 1972

Pierre Laverdure--Metis Wanderer of the Far West

Ernie Cashel--Born to be Hanged

The Quest for Quantrill's Bones

Oklahoma Train Robbery



JUNE, 1972

Hot Blood and Cold Steel, The Story of Jim Bowie

The Phantom Mail Robbery

Lost Treasures-The Lost Spanish Silver Mine of St. Marie's River

End of the Shaggy Herds

50¢ PER COPY

$2.00 ANY SIX

$4.00 ALL TWELVE

CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Dept. RW-1172
CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN. 06418

Enclosed is $..... (Canada Add 25% - Foreign 50%)

Please rush me the following back issue (s) of REAL WEST:

☐ MAY, 1971 ☐ SEPT., 1971 ☐ DEC., 1971 ☐ APR., 1972
☐ JUNE, 1971 ☐ OCT., 1971 ☐ JAN., 1972 ☐ MAY, 1972
☐ AUG., 1971 ☐ NOV., 1971 ☐ MAR., 1972 ☐ JUNE, 1972

☐ ALL TWELVE ISSUES

Name.....

Address.....

City .....State .....Zip .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the present connecting line of railroad, and twenty-nine by water... The two cities are constantly exchanging visits and courtesies. The fire department and Oddfellows and knights of various orders that march in either city gladly seize upon every pretext for entertaining similar organizations in the other. The two Chambers of Commerce, while straining every nerve in behalf of their respective cities, are firmly united on all matters pertaining to the Puget Sound regions in general, or the State of Washington at large...Each is the terminus of a great transcontinental railroad, Tacoma of the Northern Pacific, and Seattle of the Great Northern...

"Seattle, with its population of over 50,000 is the larger of the two by 10,000 inhabitants. It makes the more money and transacts the greater amount of business. Tacoma spends more money, and has a better time. The tourist visits Seattle, but lingers in Tacoma; the drummer stops at Tacoma, but hurries on to Seattle. The most flourishing hotels in Seattle are those located on its business streets. In Tacoma those are most popular that offer the finest views and broadest piazzas...

"...After all, I doubt if any summing up could be more conclusive than that of a recent visitor to the Rainier Club (in Seattle), who remarked, at the conclusion of a long consideration of the relative merits of the two cities, 'Well, gentlemen, if I were a man of wealth seeking a home and investments in Puget Sound, I would live in Tacoma and invest in Seattle."

Population wise, Seattle's growth was phenomenal. Beginning in 1852 with 24 pioneers, Seattle had 3533 people in 1880. But by 1890, "New York Alki" had really begun to put on steam. Despite a great fire that destroyed most of the business section and caused $15 million in losses, the census of 1890 listed 42,800 people in Seattle. In 1900, the number was up to 80,671, and in 1910, Seattle's population was 237,194 people, establishing it as the principal city of the State of Washington.

The fire of 1889 brought immediate aid to Seattle from all of the surrounding communities, but none quicker or more enthusiastic than Tacoma. When the chips were down, the rivalry between the two cities turned out to be nowhere near as bitter as some people had thought. Tacoma's people responded to news of the disaster with food, blankets, clothes, and every kind of help and encouragement. The bond of friendship between the two rival cities was cemented then and there.

Although the coming of statehood in late 1889 was a boost for both cities, the biggest boon to Seattle's continued growth after that was probably the Alaskan gold rush in 1897. The news of the big strike first came to the states when the S. S. PORTLAND reached Seattle in August of that year, carrying more than a million dollars in gold from the Alaskan mines. One miner, who had lost his railroad job in Tacoma's rather depressed economy, arrived there from Alaska that summer with $85,000 worth of gold.

The rush was on, but Seattle had two big advantages in the business of supplying and transporting miners to the fields. Seattle already had established shipping lines ready to do the job, plus a branch of the U. S. Mint, and a little more ready money at the right time.

As they shared so many things, Seattle and Tacoma both had serious anti-Chinese trouble in 1885, many Chinese people were forced to leave both places. The basic cause of the problem there, as everywhere, was unemployment, and as local newspapers and many elected officials were among the most insistent that "the Chinese must go!" neither city is very proud of these incidents. Labor troubles plagued both towns, too, but they apparently had a more permanent effect on Tacoma's fortunes than on Seattle's.

Now nearly a century has passed since the Northern Pacific made its exciting announcement that Tacoma would be its western terminus. The two rival cities of Seattle and Tacoma have grown since then, until they nearly touch each other, quite a contrast to the two struggling little villages they had been, poised perilously on the edge of a great primeval forest. Their story is one of courage and enterprise. The history of the great Northwest is richer because of it. ●RW

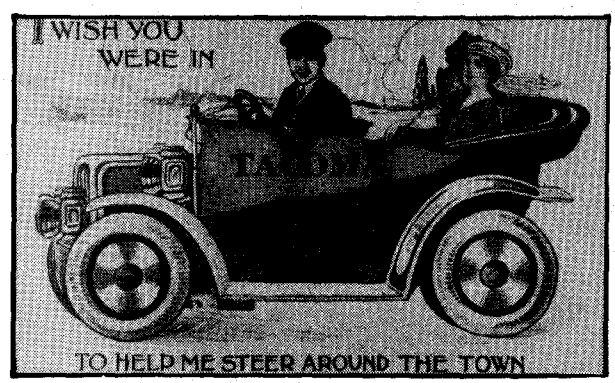
Denny, Arthur A., *Pioneer Days on Puget Sound.* Seattle, W. T. :C. B. Bagley, Printer, 1888.

Harvey, Paul W., *Tacoma Headlines.* Tacoma: Tribune Publishing Co., 1962.

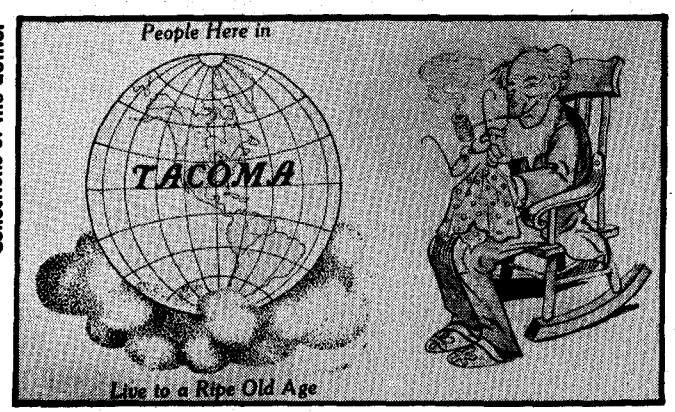
Meany, Edmond S., *Three Cities of Washington.* Reprinted form the Washington Historical Quarterly (not dated).

Warren, Sidney, *Farthest Frontier.* N. Y.: Macmillan Co., 1949.

Washington (WPA Writers' Program). Portland, Ore.: Binfords &Mort, 1941.



Collections of the author



Collections of the author

Two post cards, 1915 vintage, boosting Tacoma.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL WEST

MAGAZINE

Take a Walk Through

Old Western Times....

REAL WEST
HOMESTEADING McCUTCHEONS OF MONTANA
JEAN BAPTISTE LAFRAMBOISE, OREGON'S TOUGHEST FUR TRAPPER
MURDER IN WICHITA
HENRY MILLER, THE CATTLE BARON OF CALIFORNIA
GHOST TOWNS OF THE WET MOUNTAINS
GRAND PORTAGE OF THE
REAL WEST
MARE TWAIN OUT WEST

Featuring:

- ★ Authentic Stories of the Old West
- ★ Exclusive Rare Photographs
- ★ The Truth About the Famous Men and Women Who Built the West
- ★ True Accounts of Famous Indians, Outlaws, Lawmen, Soldiers, Places and Events.
- ★ Factual Data and Maps of the Fabulous Lost Gold and Silver Mines of the Frontier.
- ★ 84 Exciting, Action-Packed Pages.

SPECIAL MONEY SAVING SUBSCRIPTION -RATES-

$5.00 for 12 issues (one year)

$8.50 for 24 issues (two years)

MAIL COUPON TODAY !

REAL WEST, Dept. RW1172
CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN.
Gentlemen:

Enclosed is ☐ $5.00 for 12 issues (one year)
☐ $8.50 for 24 issues (two years)
Canada Add 25% - Foreign 50%

☐ **New Subscription** ☐ **Renewal**
(check one)

Please enter my subscription to REAL WEST now!

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State** ..... **Zip** .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAGNIFICENT SIOUX

(continued from page 17)

language was TA-TANK-KA YO-TANK-KA, meaning Sitting Buffalo Bull, which was shortened by the whites to Sitting Bull. Running Elk continues:

"Dakota names were very important to us. Often we were given a name as a child and another name as an adult. One might be named by an uncle or grandfather. When a young man became a warrior or hunter he could earn a new and proud name. My name as a young boy was Horse. I have heard the white people say how Rain-In-The-Face got his name in a rain storm. This is not so. He and others, like Crazy Horse, had special names. I am a Sioux and even I have never questioned how they got their names. Sometimes a Sioux baby might be named by his father from a dream he had. I have known children who would have no formal names until they grew up. They were known by a nickname given them by their mothers. Later, during our reservation days, we were ordered to school. At this time the school teachers gave us new first names. This is because several of us might be called Big Elk or Black Elk or Running Elk. So the white teachers would call us James Big Elk, Frank Big Elk and so on. We young boys would go home and tell our mother and father our new name. I remember telling some old men that I was James and my brother was Albert, and then we all had a good laugh. You see, these new names were strange to us just like Big Road and High Hawk was strange to the white man."

The warrior societies were numerous within the Dakota Nation, among them were the Spirit Lake and Leaves Band of the Santee; Oglala, Brules, Hunkpapa and Blackfeet Bands of the Teton and the End of the Village Band of the great Yankton Clan. Customs and regulations differed tremendously within each band. Running Elk explains:

"My people, the Dakota, were many. Each band had its own chief and leaders. We try to marry in our own band but sometimes a man might want to marry a girl of another band. When this happened it was accepted and the couple lived with her people, but not always. If children were born from such a marriage they were considered to be of the same clan as the mother. We have a band called Sihasapa, meaning Blackfeet. They are of the great Teton Clan. There is also a tribe called Blackfeet from Canada and Montana. They are not the same as us. No, in fact they are our old and bitter enemies. They speak another language that is hard to understand. Many white people think we are all one and the same. The white people do not take time to study our people. We are different in many ways. Some of our people hunted the buffalo, others farmed and lived in the pueblo. Some of us are dark and others are light. And we all speak a different language. In fact, with the Sioux people we do not all speak the same language, but it's not hard to understand. There are three dialects of the Dakota language; they are the Yankton, Teton and Santee. In the Santee and Yankton Bands the sound of "L" is never spoken. With the Teton Band the sounds of "N" and "D" are changed to the "L" sound. We Indians in my band say "Dakota" but my brothers of the Teton Clan pronounce it "Lakota", so you see it is not hard to understand one another. We were a proud people in the old days."

From the collection of the author

Sitting Hawk and his wife. A good character study of a Sioux warrior and hunter.

From the collection of the author

Wounded Bear. A member of Big Foot's band. He was killed in December 1890 at the battle of Wounded Knee.

In 1881 when Sitting Bull and his people returned to the United States from Canada to surrender to General Nelson A. Miles history was made. Among them were some of the greatest warriors this Country will ever know; for here were the Santee, Oglala, Burned Thigh, Blackfeet and Hunkpapa.....the magnificent Sioux! ●RW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK BUYS FOR ALL BUFFS!

INDIANS

AMAZING RED MAN, THE, Parker	$3.95
AMERICAN INDIAN, THE, Northey	$4.95
AMERICAN INDIAN CRISIS, Pierre	$8.95
AMERINDIAN EDUCATION, Jones	$5.95
ANGEL TO THE PAPAGOS, Poe	$4.95
CANNIBAL COAST, Kilman	$5.95
CHILDREN OF NANIH WAIYA, Bounds	$3.95
CHOCTAW LITTLE FOLK, Martin	$3.95
CLIFF DWELLERS, Dickerson	$4.95
COMANCHE LAND, Harston	$5.95
DAKOTA INDIAN LORE, Woodyard	$3.95
DEERSLAYER, Beals	$3.95
DESIGN MOTIFS OF THE PUEBLO INDIANS, Wadsworth	$5.95
HEAP MANY TEXAS CHIEFS, Holt	$7.95
HIGHLIGHTS OF PUEBLOLAND, Jones	$4.95
INDIAN CULTURES OF THE SOUTHWEST, Jones	$3.95
INDIANS AT WORK AND PLAY, Jones	$6.95
JICARILLA APACHES, Van Roekel	$5.95
KARANKAWA BOY, Adams	$3.95
LATEST AZTEC DISCOVERIES, Powell	$4.95
MOHAVE PEOPLE, Scrivner	$6.95
NAVAJO INDIANS TODAY, Robinson	$3.95
NAVAJO SAGA, A, Bennett & Bennett	$6.95
RED MAN'S TRAIL, Jones	$3.95
RED MAN — WHITE MAN, James	$5.95
REVOLT ALONG THE RIO GRANDE, Ryan	$4.95
SAM HOUSTON'S INDIANS, THE ALABAMA-COUSHATTI, Malone	$3.95
SIOUX ARROWS AND BULLETS, Sanford	$5.95
SMOKE HOLE, THE, Newcomb	$6.95
SO SAY THE INDIANS, Jones	$6.95
TARAHUMARA INDIANS, Cassel	$6.95
WHEN THE PINES GREW TALL, Magee	$3.95
WHITE PATH, THE, Dickerson	$4.95
WORLD OF WAKARA, Sonne	$4.95

TREASURE

BLAZE OF GOLD, Woods	$3.95
DIG HERE!, Penfield	$4.95
GHOST GOLD, Arnold	$3.95
JIM BOWIE'S LOST MINE, Francis	$3.95
LATEST AZTEC DISCOVERIES, Powell	$4.95
LOST MINES AND HIDDEN TREASURE, Lovelace	$4.95
PADRE ISLAND STORY, THE, Daly & Reumert	HC $3.95
	SC $1.95
TREASURE OF THE BUCCANEER SEA, Rieseberg	$4.95

NOTORIOUS WESTERN CHARACTERS

BAD MAN OF THE WEST, THE, Hendricks	$5.95
FIGHTING EDITORS, Schmitt	$3.95
GREAT GUNFIGHTERS OF THE WEST, Breihan	$5.95
GUNMAN'S TERRITORY, Baker	$7.95
JESS SWEETEN, TEXAS LAWMAN, Lindquist	$4.95
LAW WEST OF THE PECOS, Lloyd	$3.95
PIONEERS OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER, Farnsworth	$3.95
REMNANTS OF THE OLD WEST, Farnsworth	$3.95
SUPPRESSED MURDER OF WYATT EARP, Boyer	$3.95
WILY WOMEN OF THE WEST, Ray	$5.95

Published by

The Naylor Company
Book Publishers of the Southwest
San Antonio, Texas

Please send me these books:

_____

_____

_____

_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

( ) Check ( ) Money Order

Please add sales tax where applicable.

Send all orders and checks to:
VICTOR SPECIALTIES Dept. RW1172
Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. 06418

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now, CHET ATKINS can teach you guitar with his new recorded course!

How would you like to learn to play the guitar in your own home? Well now you can... with personal instruction from the master guitarist, Chet Atkins! It's the exciting new Chet Atkins Strum-Along Guitar Method.

This easy step-by-step course teaches you how to hold and tune the guitar and all the chords required for strumming your favorite songs, Pop, Country, or Folk. The entire course is narrated by Chet Atkins himself on three LP records. All you do is put one of the special Chet Atkins recordings on, open your Chet Atkins Strum-Along book, and Chet, in his own voice will guide you through hundreds of different chords and 42 songs. And to make your sessions more fun, you'll practice all chords by strumming along with a combo on every song! You'll learn at your own speed, in the privacy of your home, and can repeat each fun session as many times as you like.

"My unique recorded home study course offers everything you'll need to learn guitar except the guitar itself and the desire to learn."

Chet Atkins

The Chet Atkins Strum-Along Guitar Method will soon be offered nationally for $12.95, BUT RIGHT NOW, YOU CAN ORDER YOURS FOR JUST $9.95, plus freight and handling costs. Don't delay. This offer will not be extended. Send your check for $9.95 plus 50¢ for freight and handling (total cost $10.45) and we'll rush your complete Chet Atkins Strum-Along Guitar Method to you.

Available in Cassettes Too!

If you prefer your Chet Atkins Strum-along Guitar Method in cassette form rather than record, specify on the order form and include your check for $12.95 plus 50¢ freight and handling (total cost $13.45). The entire course is on two long playing cassettes, and includes the same instruction book.

42 Strum Along Songs

"The joy of learning guitar with the new Chet Atkins Strum-along Guitar Method has brought me a lot of personal satisfaction. When my friends and I get together, they always ask me to bring out my guitar...and I love it."

You Get It All!

- **Illustrated instruction book including 8 pages of full color photos of Chet Atkins**
- **Three 12" LP records narrated entirely by Chet Atkins himself**
- **A set of Chet Atkins guitar picks**

There's nothing more to buy!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER!!

Order your CHET ATKINS STRUM-ALONG GUITAR COURSE and enjoy it for 10 days. If you do not believe it is the finest and most entertaining method of guitar instruction, return it within 10 days for a full refund. We're *that* sure you'll be satisfied!!

CHET ATKINS STRUM-ALONG COURSE
Dept. RW1172
Charlton Bldg., Derby, Conn. 06418

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is (check one):

$10.45 for LP Record Version
$13.45 for Cassette Version

Please rush me my New Chet Atkins Strum-Along Guitar Course.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

(Make checks payable to: "Charlton")

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the ad the Racing Form refused to print!

Winning at the Races May Not Be Your Idea of Fun, But...

Here I sit, trying to write about Larry Voegele. And all the while I'm working and sweating, the guy I'm writing about is out at the racetrack. Not a worry in the world—and probably making more money in a day than I make in a week.

What's his secret? *He knows how to beat the races. Really* knows. Knows so much that he runs a school for handicappers. (It's the only one of its kind in the world. Which is why he was asked to appear on "What's My Line.")

He charges his "students" two hundred bucks apiece. He tells them that if they're not completely satisfied he'll return every cent they've paid, and *nobody* has ever asked for his money back.

What's more, he went on a live radio show (The Pete Smith Show on KMPC, February 20, 1971) and did something that had never been done before. Mr. Smith really threw it to him: asked him to pick the winners in the 7 races that were being run at Santa Anita, while the program was on the air. Two out of seven would have been good enough to show a profit. Three would have been phenomenal. Larry Voegele picked *five!*

If he'd been at the track betting, say $20 on each race, he would have picked up a cool $404... net profit! Not bad for an afternoon's "work."

And all the knowledge that Larry publicly *proved* that day... *every* fact that he teaches in his $200 course... is in his book.

If you've never bet on a horse in your life, you'll read and enjoy every word. And end up understanding more than most guys who have been following the ponies all their lives.

If you're an oldtimer, you'll skip the background and get right down to the nitty gritty. If you can forget what you *think* you know, if you have the nerve—and the *discipline*—to follow his methods to the *letter*, you could make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

Why? Because you'll *know* more than 95% of the people who go to the track—and you're betting against *them!* The money they lose, *you'll* win! The track and the state take their cut, but there's plenty to go around.

At Santa Anita, for example, over *two million dollars* is bet every day. And it's a statistical fact that only one out of 20 walks out a big winner. You can be one of them!

Larry Voegele doesn't look like a racetrack tout. He's not.

He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legislative assistant to a congressman.

He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. *Was* because he found out that investing in horse races was *safer*—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Bulls and the Bears at their own game.

And that's the secret of his book. He approaches handicapping as a *professional.* It's *scientific.* No "hunches." No "tips." No so-called "systems."

It isn't even "inside information." Just simple, hard *facts.* Facts that *anyone* could see if they knew what to look for. In short, if they knew what Larry Voegele knows—and tells in his book.

It'll take you about an hour to read it. Another hour to practice what he preaches.

Then if you do *exactly* as he says, step by step... if you don't get reckless or greedy... you'll be on your way to the kind of life you want.

Is that worth a 2-hour investment? Because that's all you're risking. Just time. Not money.

Here's why: your check or money order will *not* be deposited for two weeks *after* your copy of the book is mailed. That'll give you plenty of time to receive your book, read it thoroughly, and put the principles into *action.*

If you're not thrilled with what you've gained, just send the book back within 14 days. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be in the return mail!

Ever heard of an offer like that? No. But there's never been a book like this either.

As to the price—*if* you decide to keep the book. Frankly, we didn't know what to charge. It isn't just paper and ink. It's *information.* Facts that dozens of people have paid $200 to gain—and were satisfied to pay.

Verified Results of the Voegele Professional Method of Winner Selection

Hollywood Park (75 days)
675 Races, 222 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.00 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $8,480.00

Atlantic City (60 days)
540 Races, 183 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.60 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,666.00

Bay Meadows (64 days)
576 Races, 178 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.90 31% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,356.00

Santa Anita (75 days)
675 Races, 218 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.68 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,237.00

Pimlico, Winter 1971 (30 Days)
270 Races, 97 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.84 35% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,140.00

Hialeah (40 days)
400 Races, 147 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $7.80 37% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,148.00

Aqueduct (42 days)
378 Races, 127 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.10 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,807.00

But there aren't many people who can afford that kind of money. Even for a sure thing.

So what do you think about 10 dollars? That's all—10 dollars. And you have something *better* than a money back guarantee. Because your check or money order won't even be cashed unless—and until—you decided to keep the book because it's worth a *lot* more.

Winning at the horse races, traveling first class and living in the best hotels may not be your idea of fun. As for me, I think it sure beats working for a living. See you at the track.

©1972 Financial Publishers, 466 N. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90004.

Financial Publishers, Dept. **557-F**
466 N. Western Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90004

OK—I'll take you up on your offer. Send me Larry Voegele's book. Enclosed is my check or money order for ten dollars, but DO *NOT* DEPOSIT IT FOR 14 DAYS *AFTER* YOU SEND MY ORDER.

If I return the book within that time, you'll return my payment, uncashed, by return mail.

(Please print or type shipping information. The book will be mailed in a plain wrapper)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LET ZANE GREY TAKE YOU OUT OF THE WORLD YOU'RE IN

Pick up a Zane Grey book and step into another world.

It's a world where the Plains Indians, the world's greatest horsemen, once more don their war paint to hunt scalps. And thin-lipped, soft-spoken men, squinting against the sun, carve out their destinies . . . on their own terms.

If you'd like to explore this world, we'll send you—for only $1—three of the greatest books Zane Grey ever wrote.

Riders of the Purple Sage, perhaps the most popular Western ever written. Against a background of fiery action, a mysterious rider and the girl he loves gamble their lives in the winning of the West.

Arizona Ames, the no-holds-barred epic of a hard-riding cowpuncher whose blazing six-shooter spread terror among the toughest badmen.

Wild Horse Mesa, a western "Moby Dick," that portrays a man's desperate search for the King of the Horses.

These handsome, hardbound books are clothed in sunset red, desert tan and cavalry bl stamped in genuine gold. They're the first could be a library of Western classics you'll to own.

You may wonder why we offer you thre Grey books (which are regularly $10.17) for

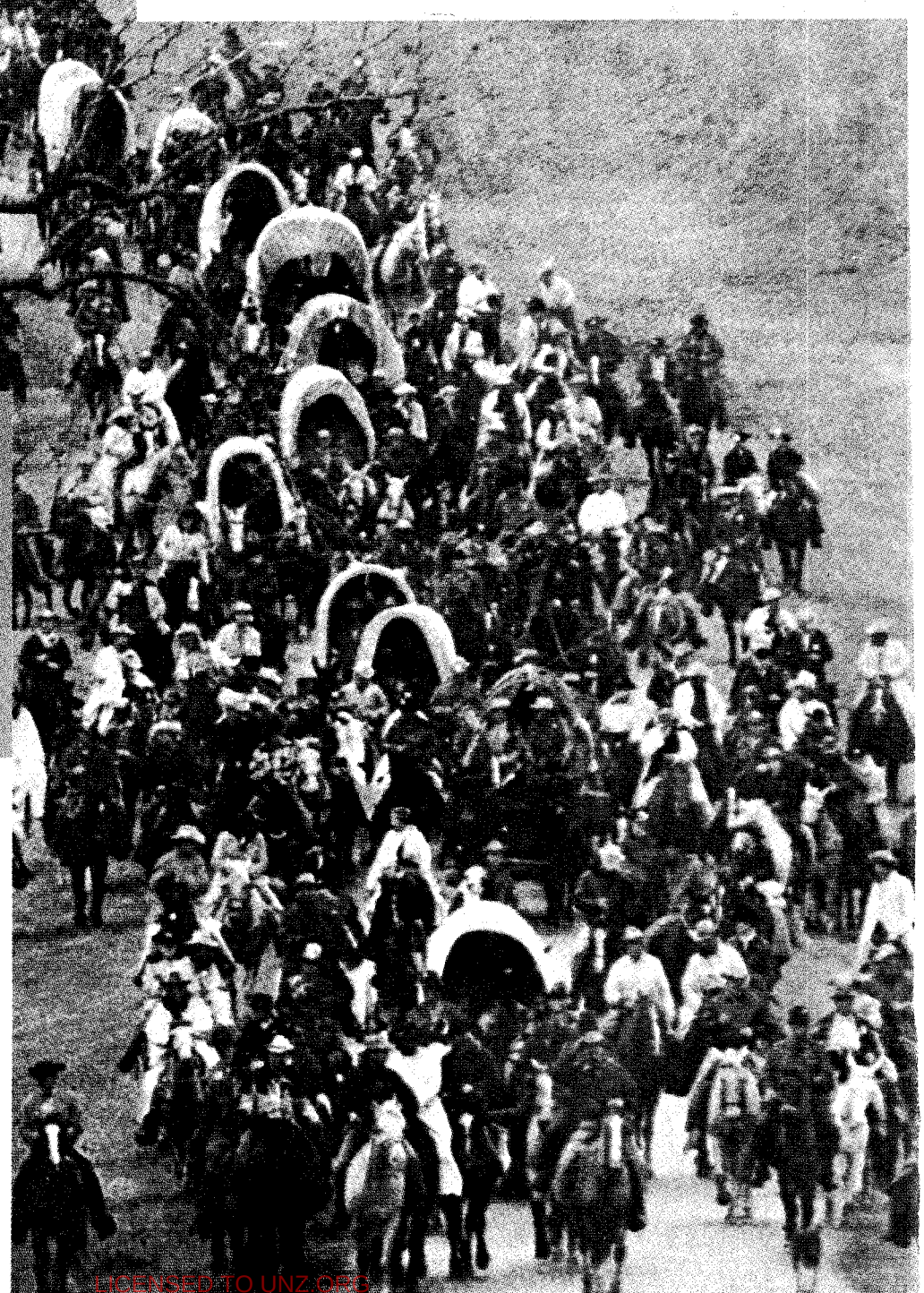
We think you'll be impressed. And th want to own others in the series as they co the presses.

They will include: Wildfire, The Thi Herd, The Vanishing American, Fighting C Maverick Queen, Thunder Mountain an more.

Because we print in large quantities and rectly to the public, we can offer our subscrib beautifully bound books for only $3.39 ea a few cents shipping.

Send no money. Just mail coupon to ge of the Purple Sage, Arizona Ames, an Horse Mesa at the special introductory pri

The Zane Grey Library, Roslyn, N.Y.



THE ZANE GREY LIBRARY

Roslyn, N.Y. 11576

Please send me Riders of the Purple Sage, Arizona Ames, and Wild Horse Mesa.

If I don't want these introductory volumes, I'll return them in a week and owe nothing. Or, I'll pay just $1 for all three, plus shipping.

Also reserve for me other volumes in the Zane Grey Library. I'll get advance descriptions of these volumes. I may reject any books before or after I receive them. For those I keep, I pay just $3.39 each plus shipping. And I may cancel my reservation any time. 2-BV

Print Name

Address 27A

City

State Zip

In Canada: ZANE GREY OF CANADA, Pendragon House Ltd., 69 Bathurst Street, Toronto 135, Ontario

Red Blue Black

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED